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1963 VOLUME 212 NUMBER 2

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The Atlantic Report *on the World Today*

WASHINGTON

IT HAS been twenty-one years since Swedish economist Gunnar Myrdal wrote in his monumental book *An American Dilemma* that "not since Reconstruction has there been more reason to anticipate fundamental changes in American race relations, changes which will involve a development toward the American ideals." It was Myrdal's thesis that the American dilemma was "the ever-raging conflict" between the American ideal, expressed in "high national and Christian precepts," and all the specifics of economic, social, and sexual jealousies which dominate the personal habits and impulses of white Americans.

In retrospect, it is extraordinary that the Negro in America has been so patient; if Myrdal was wrong, it was only in his timing. But the summer of 1963, sparked by the hideous fact of dogs and fire hoses used against protesting Negroes in Birmingham, Alabama, has lit up the racial scene from border to border for all Americans to see and ponder. And this is the centennial year of the Emancipation Proclamation. The meaning of that great act, and of all the ideals of the American system, now cries out for full satisfaction.

In the midst of World War II, Myrdal's inquiry in the United States led him to conclude that "Negroes feel that they cannot afford to sell out the rights they have under the Constitution and the American Creed, even when these rights have not materialized and even when there is no immediate prospect of making them a reality. At the same time Negroes show, by taking this position, that they have not lost their belief that ultimately the American Creed will come out on top." But making the American creed come out on top takes far more than mere proclamation, mere exhortation, mere elucidation, however vital all these are. And it is this problem which now faces the Kennedy Administration for the rest of

its tenure of office, regardless of the outcome of the current struggle to win from the Congress tools with which to effectuate the aim.

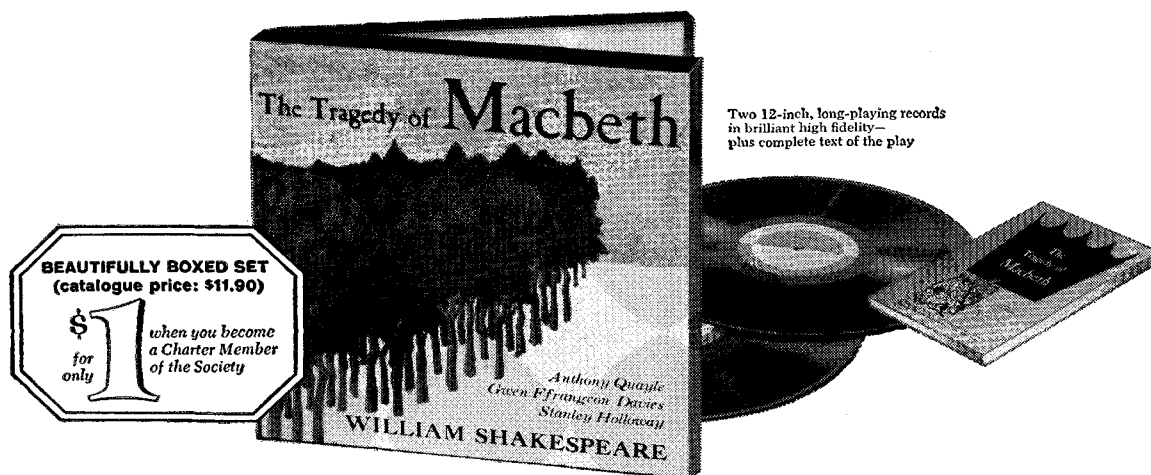
How much violence?

The great question, the question which has so greatly troubled the President, the Attorney General, and others in the Capital has been whether the transformation now can be made with only a minimum of violence or whether it will loosen emotions, in both whites and blacks, to the point of staining the American character.

In the history of our society, various segments have struggled, often with violence, to escape from conditions which they found intolerable. Farmers became Populists, and though they failed to elect Bryan President, they won a new position in society. Immigrants battled their way out of the lower East Side and fought with rocks in the streets for recognition that their racial and religious backgrounds were no bar to their Americanism. Perhaps the most apt comparison to what is taking place this year was the struggle of the laboring man in the Depression years of the 1930s, a struggle in which newly organized labor took the law into its own hands by means of both bloody strikes and peaceful sit-downs inside the factories.

Yet in none of these cases was the difference of race, of religion, of occupation between the minority and the majority as critical as is the difference of black skin from white. The increasing fluidity of American society, its great mobility, and its heightened sense of religious toleration, however imperfect that may still be, all made accommodations far easier than is possible in the race situation now. But the critical factor in earlier cases of changing positions in our society was the same factor which now must be critical if the new transformation is to succeed: the sense of justice,

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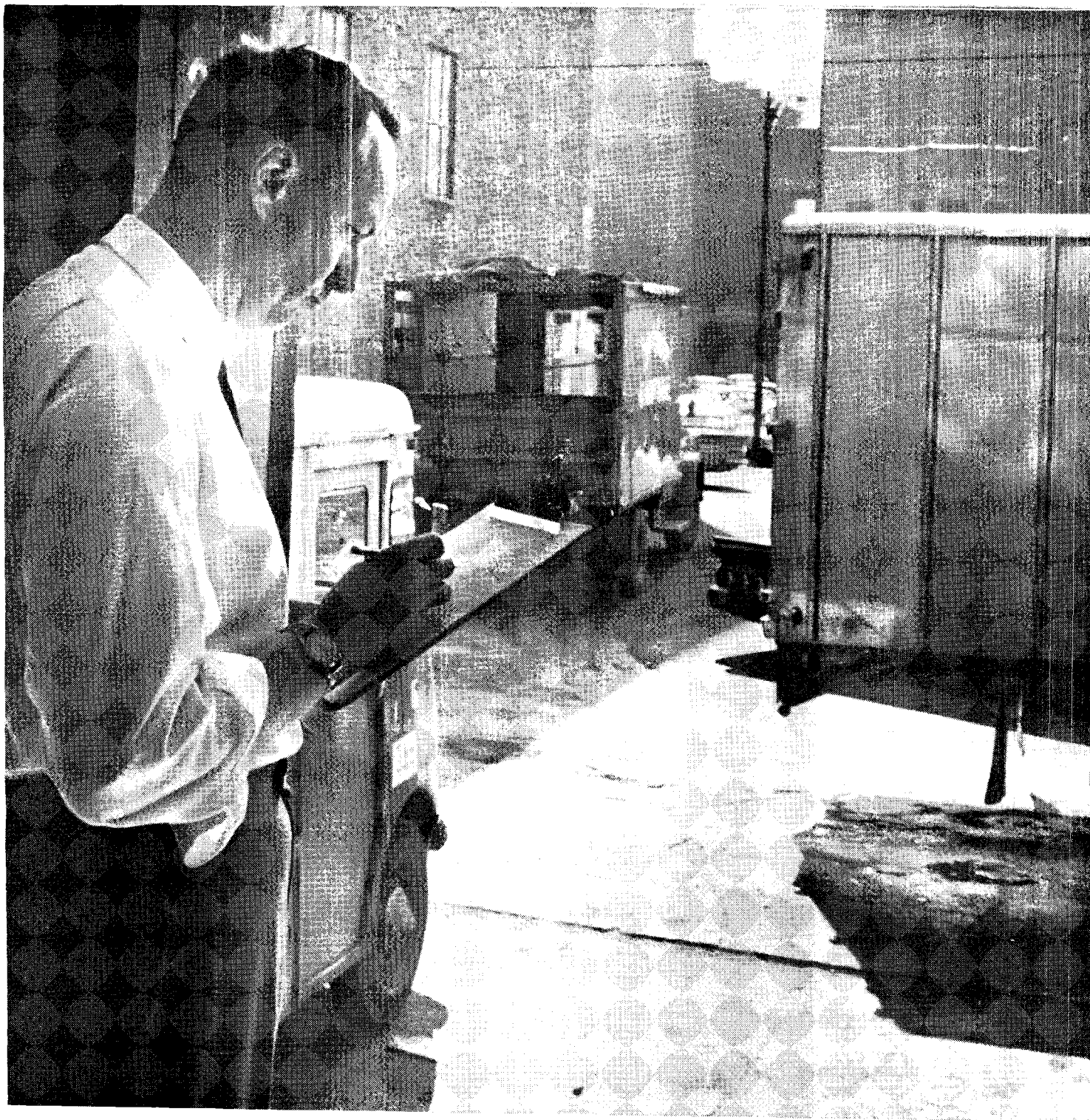
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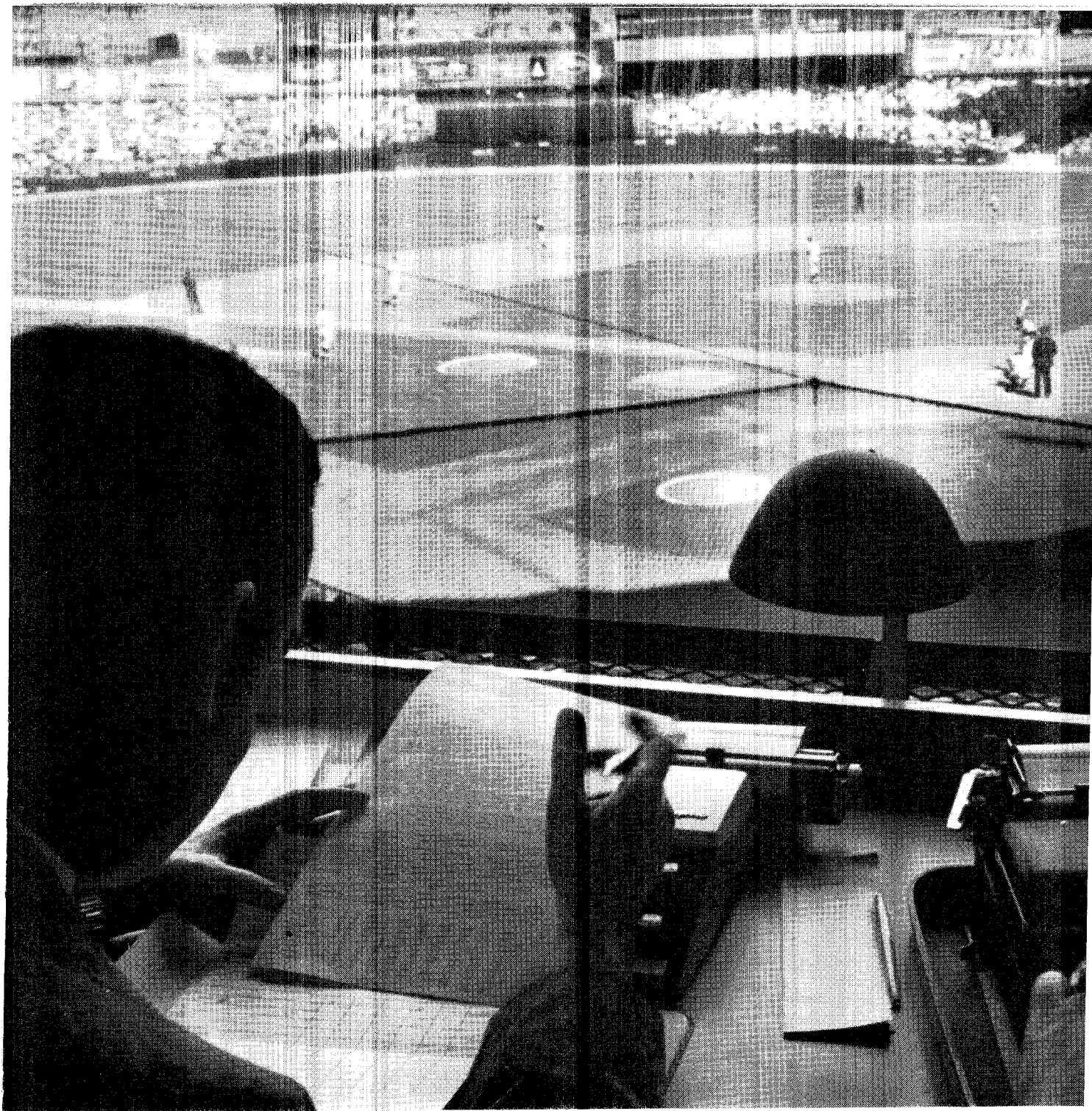
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Report on Washington



of fair play of the majority — in short, the validity of the American creed.

The Negroes brought to our shores in bondage numbered no more than 400,000; today the Negroes number some 20 million, and they are an increasing minority in many Northern states and a decreasing minority in the South. The problem is clearly a national problem, as the President has emphasized.

The road to equality

It is a tribute to American justice that the landmark in the Negro's movement toward equality in our society was the Supreme Court's public school desegregation decision of nine years ago. Since then the high court, insulated from the political buffets, yet sensitive to the political winds, has moved ever forward to break a long series of racial barriers. Looking back, one is impressed by how little was done by the executive, especially by the Eisenhower Administration, to ease in those changes.

Nor can the Kennedy Administration claim to be blameless. While it did step up the pace toward equality by numerous executive acts, both nationally and in the District of Columbia (with a Negro majority and the number of black-skinned diplomats increasingly rapidly), Kennedy has followed the Eisenhower policy of gradualism. Not until the Negro was driven into action by the acts of the white extremists at Birmingham did the Kennedy Administration move to the core of the problem. Perhaps there has been no better demonstration of Kennedy's pragmatism and of the often exhibited gulf between rhetoric and action.

Still, when the moment of truth arrived, the President clearly saw it and responded. He began what might be called an enveloping operation, a political flanking movement. Before he sent his legislative proposals to the Congress, where he knew from personal experience that the battle would be rugged, he sought to build a public climate of opinion which would shift the basis of the congressional argument.

The University of Alabama crisis came in the midst of this effort, and it caused the President to speak out to the nation by television and radio.

He did so in a manner which put the issue to the American conscience. In a sense, his speech was a second Emancipation Proclamation.

As the President told the nation, the passage of legislation by Congress will not solve the problem. That is why Kennedy has sought to rouse the conscience and the good judgment of the nation's businessmen, its mayors and other state and local officials, its labor leaders, and its clergymen. The great problem for the Negro leaders has been to keep on the pressure but not to let it get out of hand, not to let it produce a counterreaction, a wave of fear and resistance among the whites.

Every movement, in time, runs out of steam, and this will be true of the 1963 Negro drive for equality. Neither the Negro nor the nation can physically or emotionally sustain too long a campaign at fever pitch. Obviously, the tactic of the stalwarts, both in and out of Congress, is to delay, in hope that the pace will lessen. But if the President trims his requests to those in power either in or out of Congress, if the result of this historic summer is less than it ought to be, then the nation will have failed to meet its challenge.

The obligation of the Congress

Even before the President's proposals were presented to Congress, the racial bars began to drop with amazing rapidity in the South, where they were based on statute, and in the North, where more devious means have been used to maintain them. Regardless of what the Congress does, progress this year will clearly be the most sweeping in any single year since emancipation. But the Congress, the President, and the Supreme Court compose the federal government. And the Congress, the voice of the nation, now faces a supreme test of both its ability to act and its responsiveness to the new demand that it fulfill the American creed.

One can argue and dispute the specifics of the Kennedy program; indeed, the program underwent considerable change during its gestational period, when it was previewed by congressional and other leaders. This is the process of democracy in arriving at a consensus, the will of the majority, without acceding to the tyranny of a minority, be it black or white. Since the program certainly is not representative of the tyranny of the black minority, the basic question is whether those unwilling to compromise can enforce the tyranny of a white minority.

Legislative log jam

In recent years, about this time, the congressional log jam really begins to pile up. Senators and representatives have almost given up the idea of getting to the seashore or the mountains

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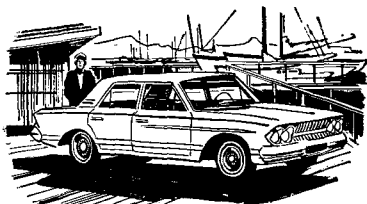
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Report on Washington

with their families, so they tend to hide in the air-conditioned Capitol and dash out of Washington on long weekends. The result is a slow pace for the legislative mill and a gradual pileup until the denouement, usually around September.

This year, with a controversial tax bill and now a major civil rights program, Congress is likely to be in session until Thanksgiving. In the process, a lot of legislation will be passed, and not all of it will be good. A key question, unanswered so far, is whether the Administration will hold to its determination to let the wheat farmer suffer the results of the whopping defeat of the Kennedy-Freeman proposal to impose the tightest controls ever on planting in exchange for high prices. Just how much the civil rights division will affect such a problem as wheat is hard to tell, but the chances are that it will increase the possibility of no new legislation until next year.

If there is no new bill, the Administration is convinced that wheat prices on next year's crop will begin to slide. By spring, when prices are down and the farmer has started to flood the bins with a huge new crop, so the reasoning goes, the 1964 referendum (for which no new legislation is required) will reverse this year's Administration defeat. That occurred once, years ago, in the case of tobacco, and the tobacco farmers have been strong advocates of strict controls ever since.

Federal aid to education is another major program likely to be caught in the jam, though basically it is the religious issue which precludes any real advances. Since the Administration is moving on civil rights, however, it could hardly deny the logic of antisegregation amendments to a school measure.

Perhaps the most important facet of the school-aid problem is the rethinking of Catholic educational leaders—indeed, of many high in the church hierarchy—of the entire problem of parochial schools. The situation has reached a point where there is public discussion of dropping the first six grades, or of dropping instead the high school years, or of

working out a shared-time program which would put parochial students in public schools for certain courses that are expensive to provide.

The basic reason for all this discussion, whatever may come of it, is the population curve. There simply are far too many children in Catholic families for the parochial schools to handle. Existing schools have expanded classes to the point where they compare, more often than not, unfavorably with nearby public schools; for example, classes of forty or more, compared with twenty-five or thirty, are common.

Furthermore, the services of non-paid nuns have had to be greatly supplemented by those of paid lay teachers in order to keep the schools in operation. Finally, there is a realization that even federal aid, if the constitutional bar could be vaulted, would not be enough. Seventy percent of the Catholic school population is concentrated in ten populous states, but federal aid would be spread across the nation, and by some proposed formulas those ten states would all be in the lower third of states requiring federal assistance because of their relative wealth.

The post-war baby boom, central to the problem of both public and parochial schools, also is at the heart of much other legislation before Congress, measures ranging from the domestic peace corps, designed in part to combat juvenile delinquency, to the Kennedy tax program, designed to create new jobs for the millions now coming into the labor market.

Mood of the Capital

In early summer, Washington was more concerned with domestic issues than with foreign problems. True, the foreign crises were everywhere, but the lull in the Washington-Moscow confrontation throughout the spring, enhanced by the internal Communist bloc schism, gave the Capital time to turn its eyes inward. Only the very rash would dare predict the outcome by year's end of the Negroes' second drive for emancipation. Yet only the most callous could deny the feeling in their bones that this is a historic moment for the United States and for the American ideal which has so long sustained it.

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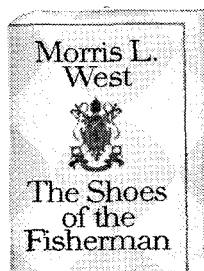
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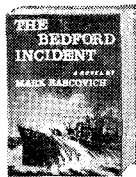
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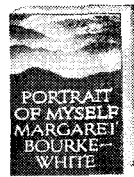
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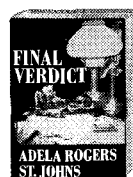
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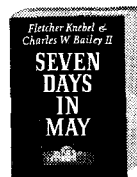
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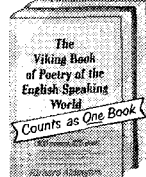
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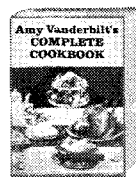
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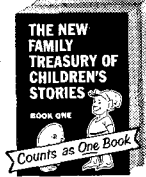
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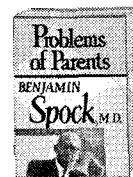
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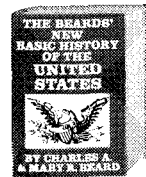
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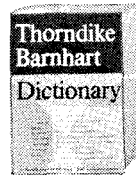
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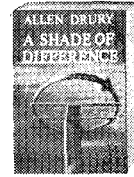
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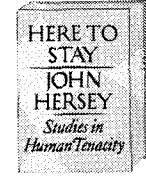
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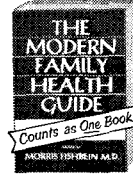
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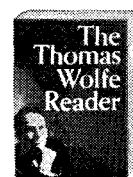
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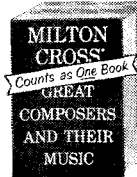
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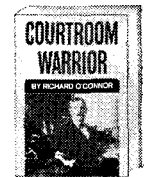
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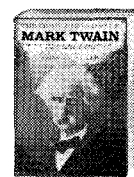
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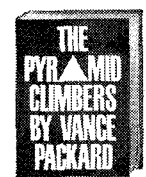
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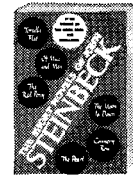
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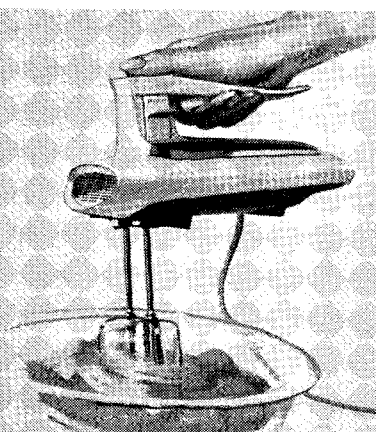
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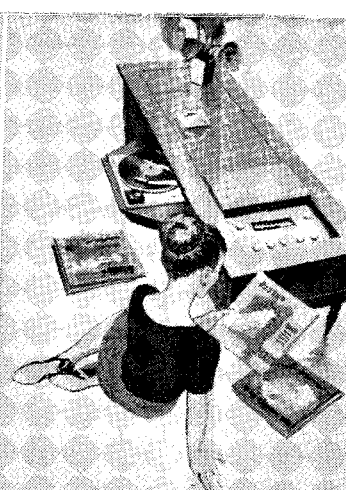
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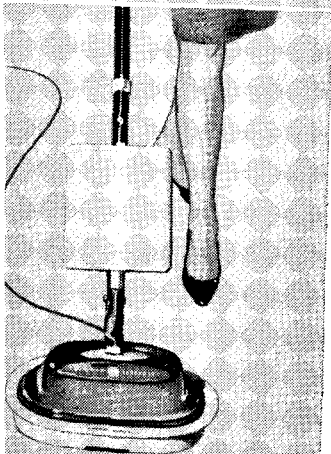
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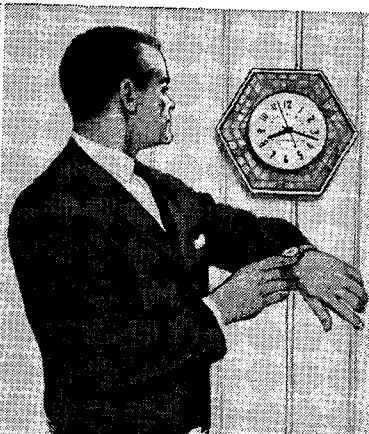
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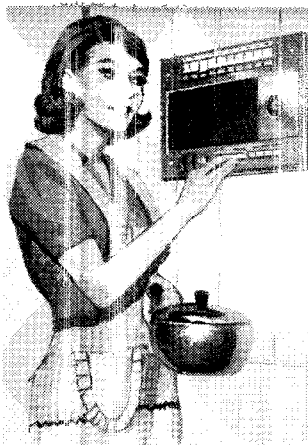
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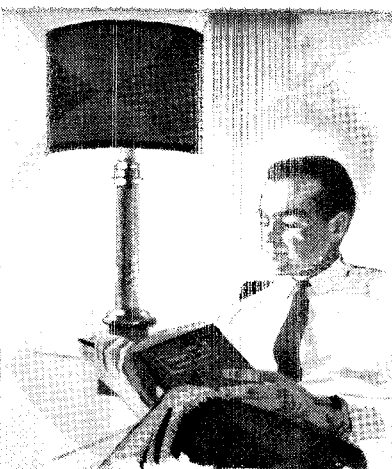
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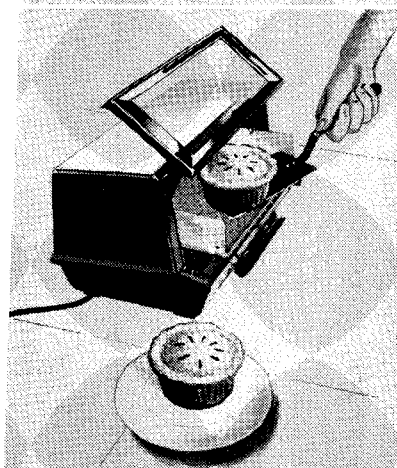
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WHEN Winston Churchill coined the expression "summit conference" more than ten years ago, he could hardly have foreseen the immense vogue both phrase and practice were to acquire over the next decade. In recent years the predilection for this kind of diplomacy has become something of an epidemic, from the Bandung conference of 1955 to the Belgrade conference of September, 1961. More recently the craze has spread to Africa, where in the past three years alone there have been half a dozen summit meetings between various chiefs of state. The most recent and grandiose of them all, a congregation of twenty-eight African chiefs of state, took place in Addis Ababa from May 23 to 27 this year.

The Addis Ababa conference differed from its predecessors in being unexpectedly successful. Though there was the usual spate of angry anti-colonialist tub-thumping, the issues of the cold war and neutralism, which had sparked the earlier gatherings, were hardly raised at this one, and the conference ended with the signing of a charter laying the groundwork for a Pan-African association that might one day conceivably come to parallel the Organization of American States in the Western Hemisphere.

The success of this conference was due in no small part to the moderating influence exercised by its chief sponsor and architect, His Imperial Majesty Emperor Haile Selassie I. He seems to have nursed this pet project for some years, and he prepared for it by having erected a special building auspiciously baptized Africa Hall. Upon its completion two years ago, the hall, a kind of miniature United Nations with a vertical slab of secretarial offices and a hatbox auditorium, was turned over to the United Nations Economic Commission for Africa.

For this modest purpose it proved quite adequate; but it is a commentary on the rate at which things are changing in Africa that the hall was altogether too small to accommodate the delegations and the horde of attendant journalists, diplomatic observers, wives, and security agents

who converged on the sprawling Ethiopian capital. It is too early to say whether the Addis Ababa conference will prove to be a milestone in the history of an emerging Africa. The unity of a continent of close to forty lands and 250 million inhabitants is obviously not going to be achieved overnight. Still, as the Prime Minister of Tanganyika, Julius Nyerere, remarked in a graceful concluding speech, "No good mason would complain that his first brick did not go far enough."

Frontier sensitivity

The conference proved particularly interesting in bringing out the schizophrenic contradictions which lie at the root of the Dark Continent's present predicament. Speaker after speaker rose to denounce "foreign subversion" and to plead for the respect and maintenance of existing frontiers. Their restraint has not been easily come by, for the borders in many cases resulted from the purely arbitrary and haphazard division of the spoils among the half dozen European powers which undertook to carve up Africa at the end of the last century. The same tribe thus found itself segmented into two, or sometimes three, distinct national entities.

Yet to challenge the validity of these frontiers is, inevitably, to challenge the legitimacy of the various postcolonial regimes which have sprung up in the past three or four years and to justify almost any kind of subversion on the pretext of rationalizing the map. The result could throw the entire continent into interstate conflict and chaos.

The explosive dangers were dramatized at the conference in two notable instances. The first concerned the refusal of a number of African states, led by Guinea and the Ivory Coast, to admit a representative of the new Togoland government to the conference table. Prior to his assassination last January, Togoland's President, Sylvanus Olympio, used to refer to his brethren across the border as being part of "British Togoland," better known today as Ghana. This did not endear him to Ghana's President, Kwame



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The men who proudly wear the green beret of the Army's Special Forces are experts in a strange new kind of hit-and-run warfare — *counterinsurgency*. Their current mission: to help the struggling new nations of the Southern Hemisphere train troops that can cope with the guerrilla tactics of Communist-led insurgents.

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Report on Addis Ababa

Nkrumah. Immediately after Olympio's assassination, Nkrumah mobilized tanks on the Togoland border on the grounds that other African states were planning to intervene on their own behalf. For a moment it looked as though there was going to be a general scramble to carve up the remains of the "sick man of Africa," as Togoland has come to be called.

The other notable instance of frontier sensitivity involved Ethiopia itself. Like so many other African states, Ethiopia is anything but a homogeneous whole. The present empire, which covers an area equal to that of Texas, Oklahoma, and New Mexico combined, was carved out in the nineteenth century by several kings of the dominant Amhara tribe. The Amharas are to Ethiopia roughly what the Castilians are to Spain — a proud aristocratic people with a rather marked distaste for manual labor. This they prefer to leave to "lesser" and relatively subjugated breeds, such as the Gallas, the Walamos, the Shankallas, the Beni Shanguls, and the Somalis.

Although no formal census has ever been taken, it is estimated that of the 21 million people inhabiting the empire, 3 million or more are Somalis, most of them concentrated in the dry desert areas of the south. This area, a vast chunk of Ethiopia, has been claimed on ethnic grounds as rightfully belonging to present-day Somalia, a pretension which has generated considerable heat between Addis Ababa and Mogadishu.

On the third day of the Pan-African conference, Abdella Osman, President of the new republic of Somalia, felt called on, for reasons of domestic politics, to bring this quarrel out into the open, thereby provoking an impromptu rebuttal from Ethiopia's Prime Minister, Tschafe Tezez Aklilu Habte-Wold. Osman later made a private apology to the other delegates for this inopportune sortie, which had embarrassingly revealed just how fragile African unity really is.

If the Ethiopian government acceded to the Somali demand for a

local plebiscite to decide the issue, it could easily unleash unpredictable reactions in other parts of the country, inciting the Negroid population of western Ethiopia to demand fusion with their brothers in southern Sudan and spurring the Eritreans of the Red Sea coast, who were quietly absorbed into Ethiopia last November, to reclaim their autonomy. The proud empire of Ethiopia would then be reduced to a mere stump of a kingdom.

Haile Selassie's prestige

Perhaps because he shares this delicate problem with many another African state, Emperor Haile Selassie was able to set the pace of the conference and to outline the workable limits of present-day African cooperation. The third clause of the charter, specifically condemning outside interference in the affairs of other African countries and upholding the sovereignty and territorial integrity of each constituted state, was, in effect, written to his prescription.

In Ethiopia itself the conference did much to enhance Emperor Haile Selassie's personal prestige, which had not fully recovered from the abortive coup staged against his one-man rule in December, 1960. University students and the angry young men of the capital who, prior to the conference, were more or less openly skeptical about it were converted almost from one day to the next into enthusiastic champions of the charter and admirers of the Emperor in a contagious wave of patriotic and Pan-African fervor.

Just how enduring this enthusiasm will prove to be is the big question now facing Ethiopia. In essence, the Emperor's problem is the same as that confronting Shah Mohammed of Iran and King Hassan of Morocco: how to liberalize an autocratic regime without undermining the dynastic principle on which the whole structure depends.

The Emperor's critics, who since the 1960 coup have more or less gone underground and who probably do not number more than a few thousand, claim that Haile Selassie has not been going fast enough along the road of progress and democracy. In theory Ethiopia has been a constitutional monarchy ever since 1955,

New word

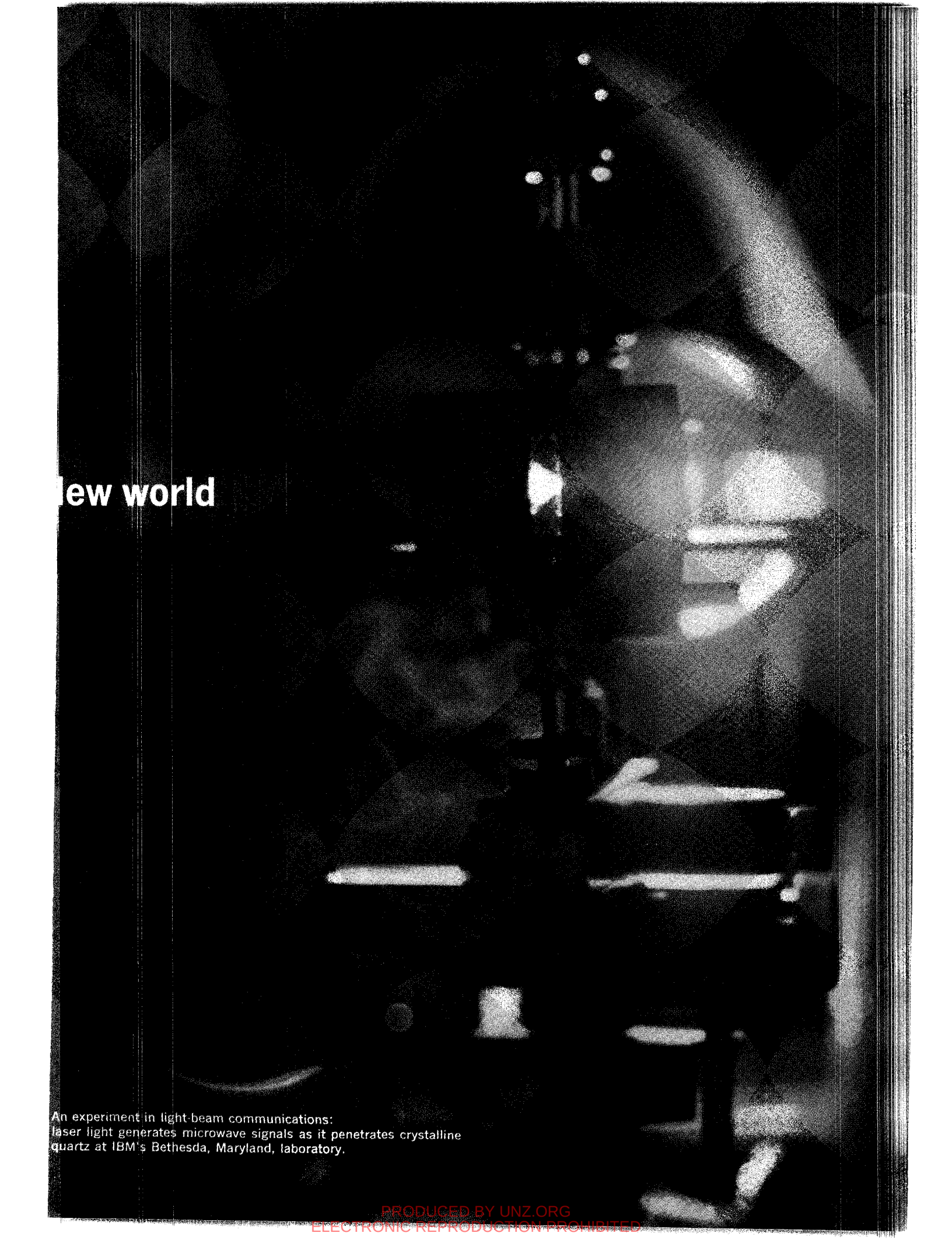
la'ser (lā'zēr), *n.* An exciting discovery which creates a new kind of light beam through stimulation of a crystal or gas. The light from a laser can be concentrated to a tiny spot, and with such intensity that it can burn a pinhole in steel. It may also be used for communications in the manner of radio waves—but with a message-carrying potential many times greater.

IBM scientists achieved a significant advance in laser research when they created a new type of laser from semiconductor crystal—the same material used for transistors. The device is called an injection laser. Electrons are "injected" into it from an externally applied electric current. More recently, IBM engineers demonstrated the first successful transmission of voice information over a light beam generated by an injection laser.

Such developments may eventually result in more efficient transmission of radio and TV programs, telephone conversations, scientific and business data over laser light . . . suggesting new computer applications and other uses as yet undreamed of.

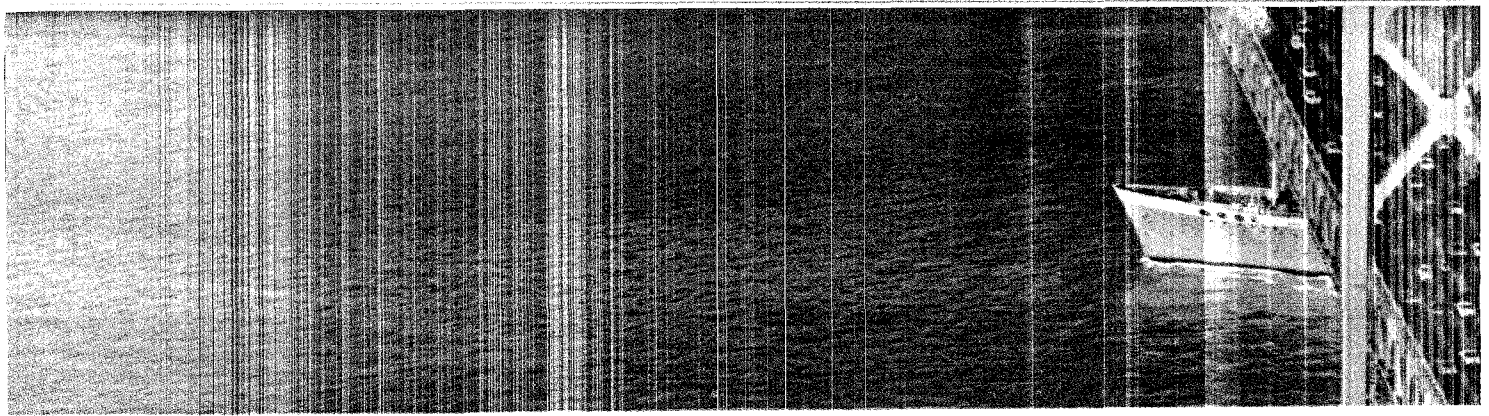
Laser progress has been surprisingly swift in recent months, with many research and development organizations contributing to this new science. One of them is

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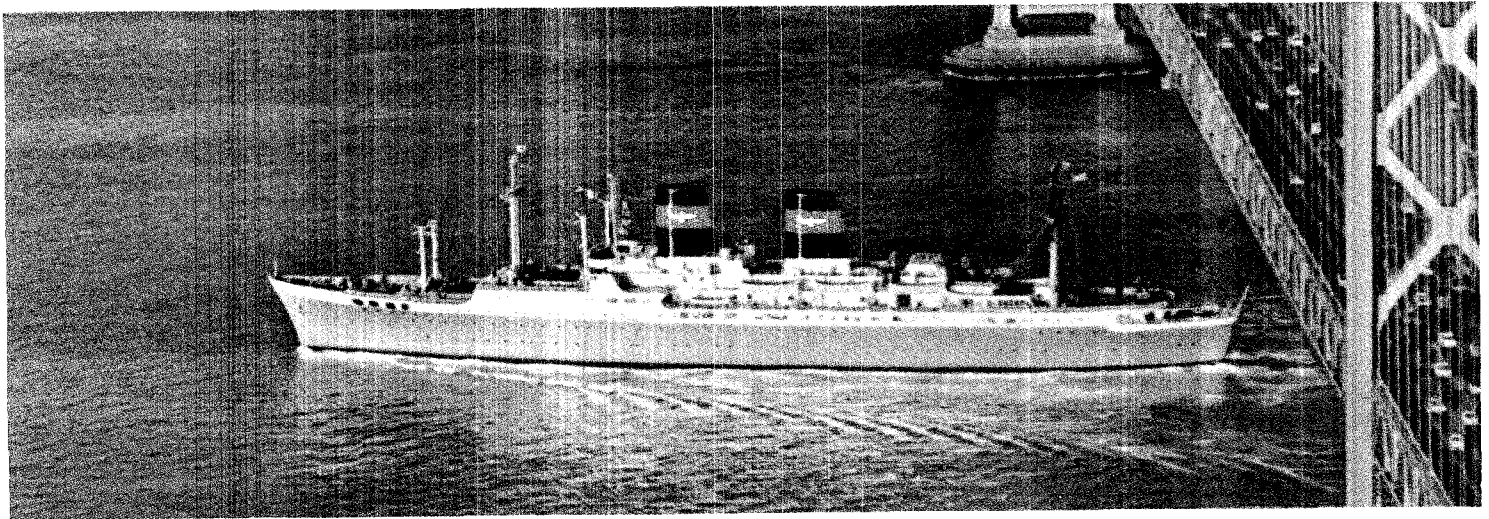


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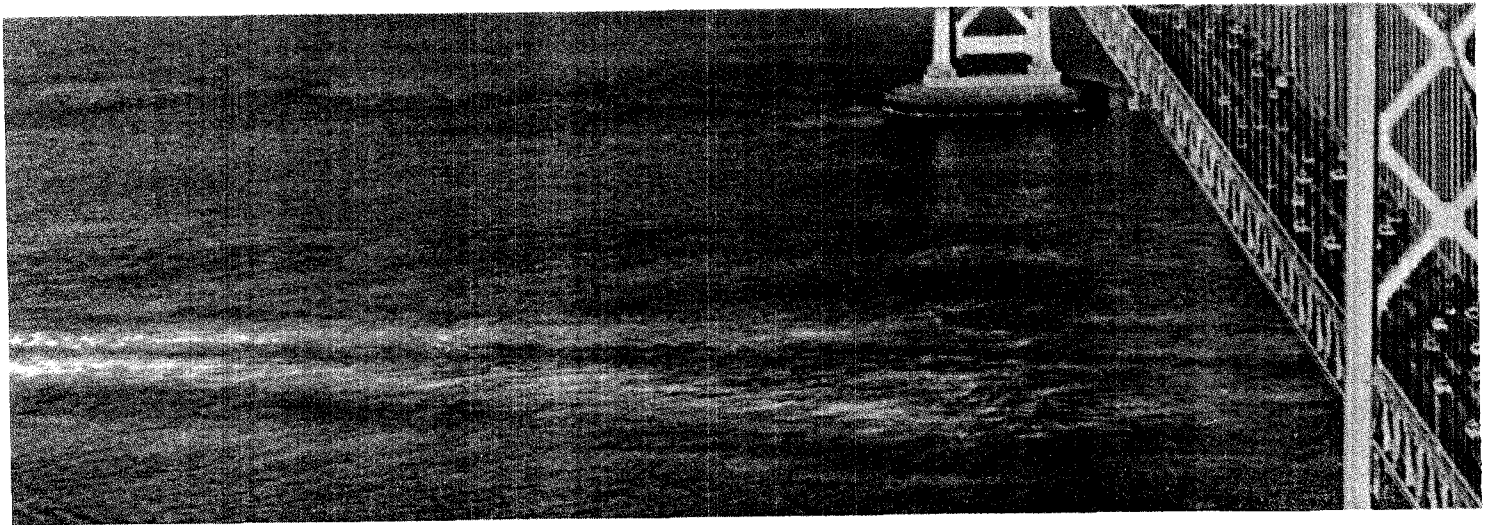
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Report on Addis Ababa

when a constitution was formally promulgated. There is a Parliament with two houses: a Senate, comprising 125 members appointed by the Emperor for six-year terms, and a Chamber of Deputies, whose 251 members are elected by universal suffrage for four-year terms.

In fact, however, the government of the empire is largely a one-man show. The Emperor personally supervises the activity of every government department, being careful, when necessary, to play off one minister against another. The Prime Minister, who, like all ministers, is appointed and can as easily be dismissed by the Emperor, is not responsible to the Parliament, whose debates are not open to the public and not even recorded. There are no formally constituted political parties, so that elections, when held, center around personalities rather than policies in an atmosphere decidedly more feudal than democratic.

The Emperor's supporters claim that this is inevitable in a country where only 5 percent of the population is literate, where one person in every three goes around barefoot, and where the average individual income — \$47 per annum — is one of the lowest in the world. As it is, considerable effort is being made to reduce this enormous margin of illiteracy, and Haile Selassie's interest in education is evinced by his personal retention of the portfolio of Minister of Education.

Aristocracy and Church

The Emperor's policy can best be described as one of gradual liberalization. It would be too much to expect anything else of a man who is now seventy-one years old and who has ruled his country since 1930—which is to say, longer than any other living chief of state, Salazar excepted. His task, furthermore, is complicated by the fact that his rule is based on a close alliance with the privileged Amhara aristocracy and the Ethiopian Orthodox Church, which pay a minimum of taxes while owning a maximum of land.

The Emperor's relationship with the Church is, by the same token,

equivocal. On the one hand, the Church is the central pillar of the regime, its own fate being intimately linked with that of the monarchy. When the imperial palace guard staged its abortive coup in December of 1960, the Emperor was in Brazil, and it was the Patriarch of the Ethiopian Orthodox Church, Abuna Basileus, who took the lead in publicly denouncing the rebels from the pulpit of Addis Ababa's Holy Trinity Cathedral.

On the other hand, the Church, which owns one third of all the land in Ethiopia, is a built-in obstacle to progress. The part of this land which is owned by the monasteries, of which there are hundreds, is worked by monks; the rest is rented out to peasant tenants, who sometimes are obliged to contribute up to 75 percent of their produce to their ecclesiastical superiors. These are so numerous that it has been calculated that one Ethiopian in every six is either a priest, a monk, or a deacon. The Church does not seem much interested in altering this privileged state of affairs, which helps perpetuate a condition of peasant apathy, subsistence farming, and primitive agriculture.

Ethiopia's rich earth

This is particularly regrettable in a country with a great agricultural potential. For Ethiopia is one of the few African countries to be blessed with fertile soil — seventeen feet of topsoil in certain of the central plateau areas — and adequate rainfall allowing for two and, in some cases, three crops a year. Properly cultivated, Ethiopia could be the breadbasket for all of East Africa, from Libya to Kenya.

As it is, this immense source of wealth has hardly begun to be tapped, and a few miles out of Addis Ababa one can see peasants tilling the earth with bullocks and wooden plows, exactly as they were doing in the days of Solomon and the Queen of Sheba, from whom the present Emperor claims descent.

The one agricultural commodity with which some progress has been made is coffee. Coffee exports account for 50 percent of Ethiopia's foreign earnings, and to keep them from shrinking in the face of ever-stiffer international competition, a

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Christopher Pinchbeck, a London watchmaker and toy-maker of the early Eighteenth Century, achieved a curious kind of immortality by inventing false gold made of copper and zinc, an alloy that still goes by the name *pinchbeck*.

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Lo and behold, Johnny's report card listed him as the Number 2 student in his High School class.

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"W-e-l-l," Johnny stammered. "There was *this* girl . . ."

"You mean you let a *mere* girl get ahead of you?" the father asked.

"You see, Dad," the boy explained, "girls aren't as *mere* as they were in your day!"

Likewise, to us Kentucky distillers in search of valued customers, today's grown-up girls are not as mere as once they were. In fact, American women, in their role as chief guardian of the household purse string, now account for upwards of thirty percent of all beverage purchases.

And across the land the cocktail hour is happily shared, as a pleasant respite from the cares of the day, by *both* man and wife.

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Mellow 100 Proof*

Report on Addis Ababa

Coffee Board was set up several years ago to stimulate the selection and cultivation of superior coffee. The result has been to encourage the emergence of a more dynamic type of farmer-entrepreneur. Some of the new farmers are graduates of the Jimma and El Amaya agricultural schools, which were set up in the early fifties with the help of agricultural experts from the University of Oklahoma.

This has led some people to think that the key to Ethiopia's agricultural problem lies in the extension of marketing boards to other commodities, like grain, livestock, and oil seeds, in all of which Ethiopia could more than double existing production. The absence of such a board for grain, for example, has perpetuated an almost total indifference to the quality of grain produced. The effects of this on Ethiopia's grain exports have been telling: in 1949 Ethiopia exported 52,000 tons of grain; by 1961 this had shrunk to less than 1000 tons.

The lopsided Five-Year Plan

The Second Five-Year Plan, which was officially announced early this year, makes little allowance for this situation. Ninety percent of the people are engaged in agriculture and provide two thirds of the national income, but only 1.4 percent of the Five-Year Plan's budget allocations is to be devoted to agriculture. The principal reason for this extraordinary disparity is that the plan's authors are Yugoslav technicians who seem bent on exporting to Ethiopia the Communist infatuation with industrialization at all costs.

In certain government circles there seems to be an awareness that the plan is lopsided and that the problem is going to be not how to implement it but how to ignore it. The mere fact that the plan has been published is, however, hailed as a noteworthy mark of progress. The First Five-Year Plan, for which the Yugoslavs were also responsible, was never published, and it is an open secret that most of its quotas were nowhere near being fulfilled.

There are signs, indeed, that the heyday of the Yugoslavs is coming

to an end. Their importation into Ethiopia was the result of the friendship between Tito and Haile Selassie, which began shortly after the war as a result of their joint battle against Italian invasion and encroachment. Recently the Emperor has favored the importation of increasing numbers of Israeli technicians.

The work of the Peace Corps

American influence still retains a privileged position. U.S. officers have largely supplanted Swedes in training both the army, of 25,000 men, and the air force, of 1500, whose continuing loyalty to the Emperor has been encouraged through pay raises. Americans occupy a commanding position in agriculture and education, and the 275 Peace Corps volunteers at work in Ethiopia have taken on a large share of the teaching of English in the secondary schools.

This is, in fact, the third largest overseas Peace Corps operation of its kind, and the initial reactions, since the program was launched only last September, have been very favorable. Both *Pravda* and *Izvestia* have belittled the altruism of this particular venture, but the Russians, whose competitive efforts have been limited to building a hospital at Bahir Dar, have been much frustrated by the fact that English, compulsory for all students from the sixth grade on, is the country's second official language.

The other major problem facing Ethiopia is the perennial problem of the succession. There is no strict tradition of hereditary rule in Ethiopia, but Haile Selassie has named his firstborn son, the forty-six-year-old Asfa Wossen Merid, as Crown Prince. Even though the latter was involved in the uprising of 1960, to the point of making a public broadcast in favor of the rebels, the Emperor has so far shown no sign of being ready to displace him.

The subject, for the time being at least, seems a trifle academic. Haile Selassie has given no sign of wanting to relinquish the reins he has held for thirty-five years. His performance during the Pan-African conference of last May was remarkable for a man of his age and led some observers to predict that he might last as long as Adenauer.

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The Atlantic Report GUAM



THE buffet at a garden party given by a leading Guamanian businessman recently was a culinary montage of the island's history. There were paella, frijoles, tortillas, and other foods that reflected the Spanish influence on the island, discovered by Ferdinand Magellan in 1521 and occupied by Spain for more than two hundred years. Hot dogs, roast beef, potato salad, and apple pie represented the period of American control, beginning with the island's capture during the Spanish-American War, after which it was under U.S. Navy civil administration until the Japanese takeover in December, 1941. The Japanese interlude, lasting until July, 1944, was recalled by sushi (raw fish) and tempura. And coconut, bananas, pineapple, and barbecued meats and fish were prepared in the style of the Chamorros, the native inhabitants of Guam.

At the far end the table was bare, to be used as a repository for leftovers and dirty dishes. According to some local residents, the bareness could symbolize the future of this farthest-removed patch of American soil, whose citizens are beset with enormous economic problems and annoyed at the reluctance of Washington to allow full representation there or to permit local election of the island's governor.

After World War II Guam remained under military government until May, 1946. Navy civil administration was then resumed. A locally elected legislature with little power was allowed in 1947 and began immediately to push for more self-government. In 1949, when the legislators refused the Navy governor's order to return to session following a walkout over an infringement of rights, mass meetings were held, and the Navy sent an SOS to Washington.

The following year Congress passed and President Truman signed the Guam Organic Act, establishing the island as an unincorporated territory of the United States, conferring U.S. citizenship on its inhabitants, and giving the legislature broader powers, including the levying and collecting of taxes. The civil administration of Guam,

which is 3330 miles from Honolulu and only 1358 from Tokyo, was turned over to, of all things, the U.S. Department of the Interior.

Today 70,000 Americans live among coconut palms and banana trees on Guam, 209 square miles in area, the largest of the Mariana chain. More than half of the residents of Guam are native islanders and statesiders who came to work or who remained after the war. The rest are military personnel and families of Navy and Marine units or of the Strategic Air Command.

Paper walls and grass roofs

The two most destructive forces to hit Guam have been the U.S. Navy, which shelled and bombed the Japanese-held island prior to landings in 1944, and Typhoon Karen, which did a more thorough job on November 11 last year. After World War II, Guam's reconstruction was shoddy. The Navy realized the need for permanent structures because of the island's location in the typhoon belt, but budget cutbacks and Washington indifference precluded this. As a result, old quonsets, makeshift shacks of corrugated steel, and other flimsy dwellings were erected. More expensive private homes and buildings were allowed to be constructed without safeguards against storms.

Typhoon Karen whisked away most of these in a day, destroying 90 percent of all homes and commercial buildings. Nine persons were killed and thousands made homeless. They are now living in tent homes, warehouses, and large "elephant" quonsets, Navy and Air Force dependent housing made to typhoon-proof specifications. President Kennedy declared Guam a disaster area, and \$16 million was allocated for emergency relief. Damages were estimated at \$100 million. But just as Guamanians were beginning to breathe easy and start the rebuilding task, Typhoon Olive lashed the island on April 29, undoing much of the temporary reconstruction and causing President Kennedy once again to proclaim Guam a disaster area.

Like post-war housing, Guam's economy has been built with paper walls and a grass roof. The



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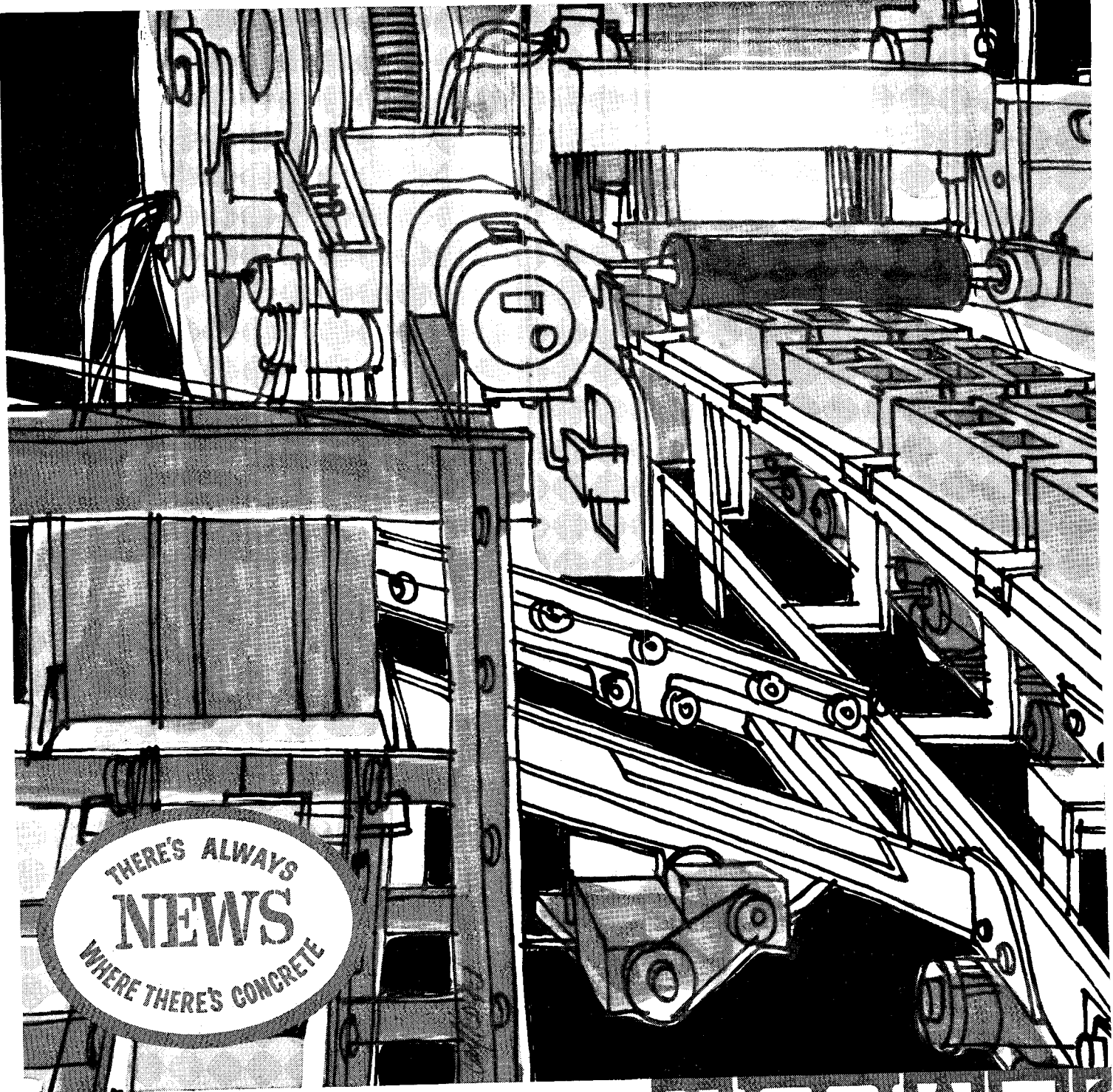
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Report on Guam

winds of change could cause its collapse overnight. Ironically, it is the presence of the Strategic Air Command, which provides the United States's largest security muscle in Asia, that has made Guam's economic future insecure.

Within fifteen minutes of the time a button is pushed at SAC headquarters in Nebraska, the classified number of B-47s on Guam can be off down the runway heading toward predetermined targets in China and Russia's Far East. Each plane carries nuclear destructive power equal to the total power of bombs dropped in World War II.

The prop of military spending

When the Strategic Air Command came to Guam in 1954, jobs were created on an unprecedented scale. There was no unemployment on the island. Navy contracts had earlier given Guamanians considerable help in this respect, and the standard of living had increased gradually. But when SAC came, economic boom accompanied sonic boom. Guamanians left their farms and small businesses en masse to work as clerks, mechanics, waiters, houseboys, construction helpers, plumbers, and in a hundred other occupations. Soon nearly every grass hut around the capital city of Agana had a new Mercury or Oldsmobile parked beside it. Agriculture deteriorated, and the SAC base, unable to find local supply, began flying in 10,000 fresh eggs every day from Japan.

A Massachusetts doctor who had served on Guam with the Navy in 1938 and later retired there said, "It's a shame. A whole generation is growing up not knowing how to weave a thatched roof or how to use nets to cast for fish inside the reef. Everyone wants to work for the Strategic Air Command. Today Guam actually imports fish!"

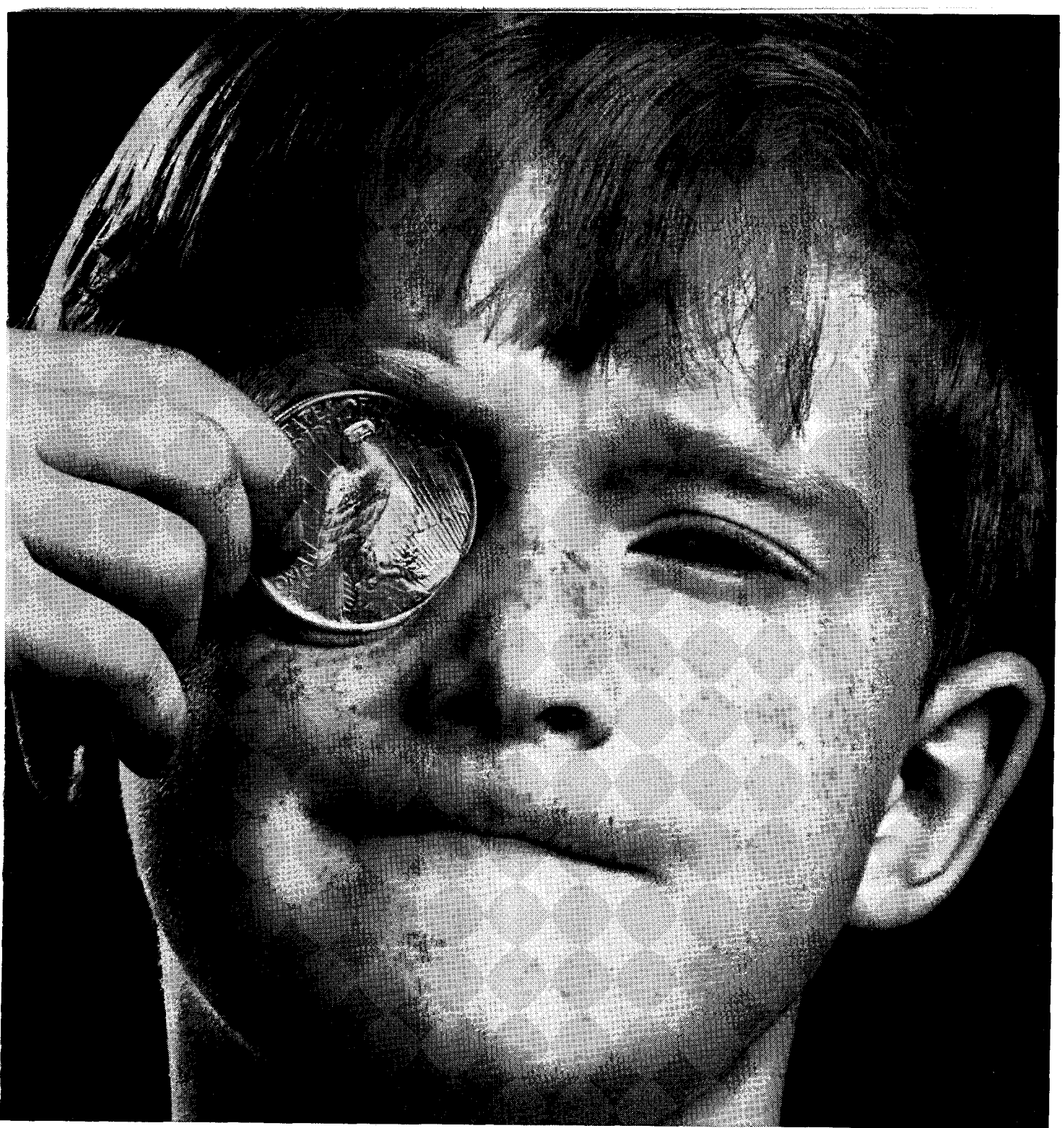
Most of the lucrative defense construction contracts have been completed. By recent Department of Defense order, SAC's B-47s are being phased out of the Strategic Air Command. Although B-25s have never been permanently based on Guam, they will be rotated there under a new program.

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Report on Guam

Guam has been designated as the home base in the Pacific for Polaris submarines, and they will arrive this year. Construction of pens and other facilities for the Polaris subs in Apra Harbor will provide relatively little new income for the island. If SAC pulls up its manned bombers and goes home, leaving the deterrent responsibility to the Polaris, Guam's honeymoon will be over.

Looking toward self-government

Guamanians want to prepare for that day, realizing their economy over the past decade has been built on the false foundation of crash military spending. They are also interested in building a solid foundation of self-government, as part of the United States. At present the people elect a 21-man legislature which may restrain the presidentially appointed governor. But in practice his decisions are upheld by the President, and he thus has a virtual veto power over the legislature.

Guam's present governor is a native — 48-year-old Manuel Flores Leon Guerrero. He was appointed by President Kennedy to take over for Bill Daniel, a Texan who was the best argument for having the governor locally elected. In Daniel's absence (he resigned effective January, 1963, but left the island for a world tour last autumn) Guerrero, as acting governor, guided the island through the emergencies created by typhoon damage and would probably win an election if one were allowed. After his formal inauguration in March, which followed a fast trip to Washington to appear before the Senate Interior Committee, the new governor got down to the island's challenging problems.

Guerrero, who has worked for the Navy and been a businessman, farmer, and legislator, is more optimistic than most Guamanians, who seem to feel they will soon be forgotten by Washington. Rebuilding the island's schools, hospitals, and public buildings and shepherding a vast urban renewal program, including the island's first sewers and modern penitentiary, will test Guerrero's ability. These projects will need additional federal assistance to be completed properly. Guerrero has already asked

Coming in the SEPTEMBER ATLANTIC

**ROBERT FROST
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KHRUSHCHEV**

by F. D. Reeve

In July of 1962 President Kennedy asked Robert Frost to go to Moscow, in a cultural exchange with the Soviet Union. From that moment, the poet began planning what he most wanted to say to Khrushchev should they meet. This is what took place, as recorded by the American translator.

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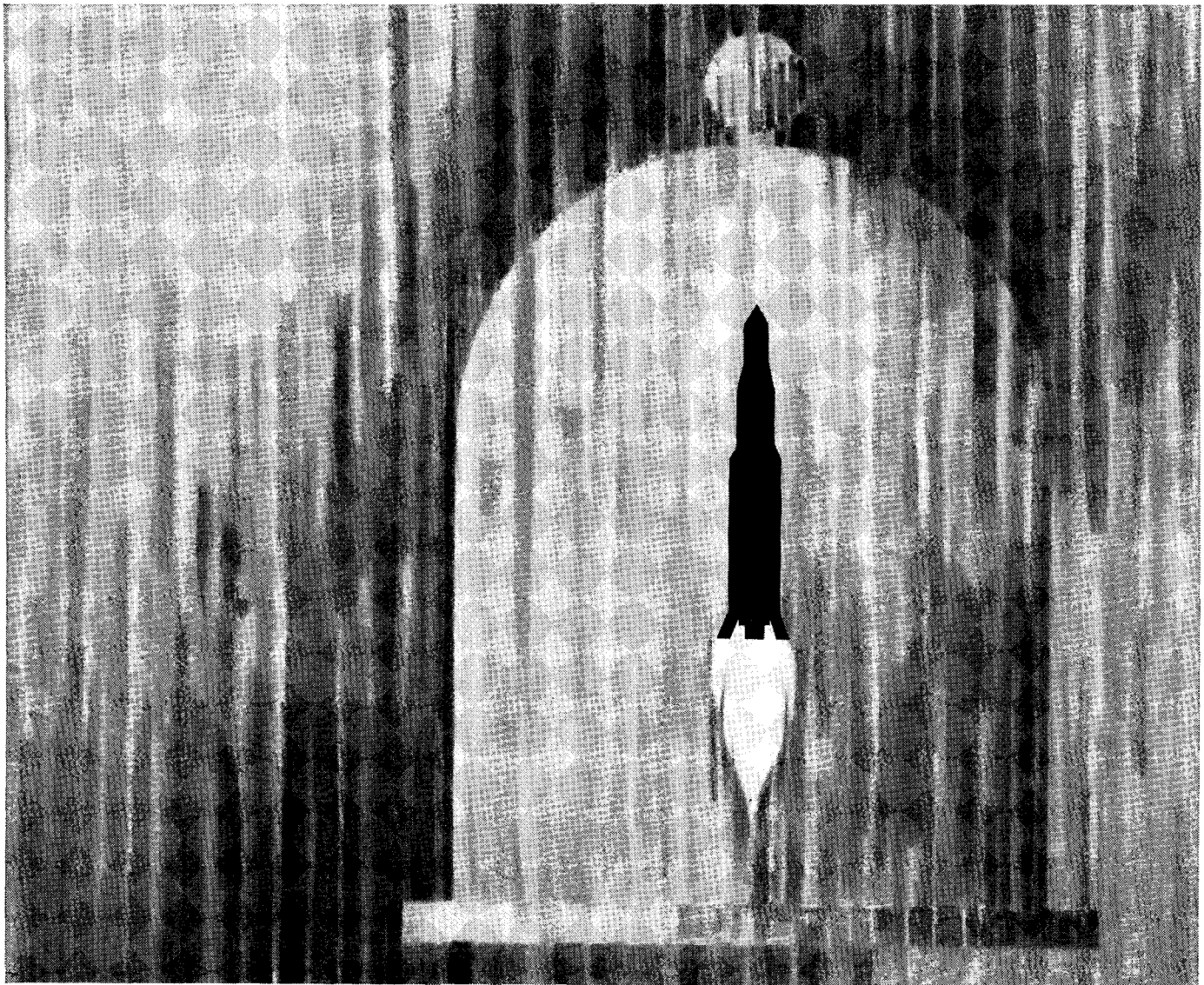
MR. DOOLEY'S FRIENDS

by Finley Peter Dunne

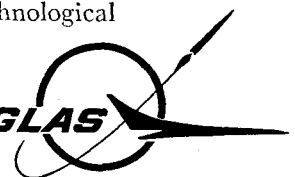
Shortly before his death in 1936, Finley Peter Dunne, the great satirist, began to write his reminiscences. Mark Twain and Teddy Roosevelt were two of the Americans he most admired, and here is how he knew them.

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Report on Guam

Congress for an immediate \$19 million supplementary budget and has estimated that a total of \$70 million will eventually be needed to do the job right.

Taxes and independence

Guam's annual budget is \$13 million. Five million of this is from federal income taxes levied against military personnel stationed on the island. A large deficit is expected in the current budget, which has been drained by typhoon rehabilitation projects. The local tax structure is wobbly, and the failure of the legislature, as well as past governors, to push through increases on liquor, gasoline, and other commodity taxes during the boom years has been one reason Congress has been reluctant to appropriate more aid. Guerrero is determined to tackle the tax problem. He is also insisting on such measures as village planning that will make all lots of regulation size, so that villagers will be eligible for loans from the Federal Housing Authority.

"We must get our own house in order financially; then we can expect more help from Washington," a stateside-educated Guamanian lawyer told a visiting reporter. He spoke enviously of the recent development in American Samoa which followed increased federal allotments.

Guamanians are proud of their U.S. citizenship and feel they deserve to have a liaison representative of their own permanently based in Washington to make this citizenship effective and meaningful. They reacted angrily when the State Department in 1961 asked the legislature to go along with a United Nations ruling that all non-self-governing territories should hold a plebiscite to determine whether they wanted to continue in their present status, become independent, or seek alignment with some other power.

The legislature reluctantly agreed to do this if it was necessary and would contribute an example of self-determination in the cold war. But since that time not a peep has been heard on the question from the State Department or the administering Department of the Interior.

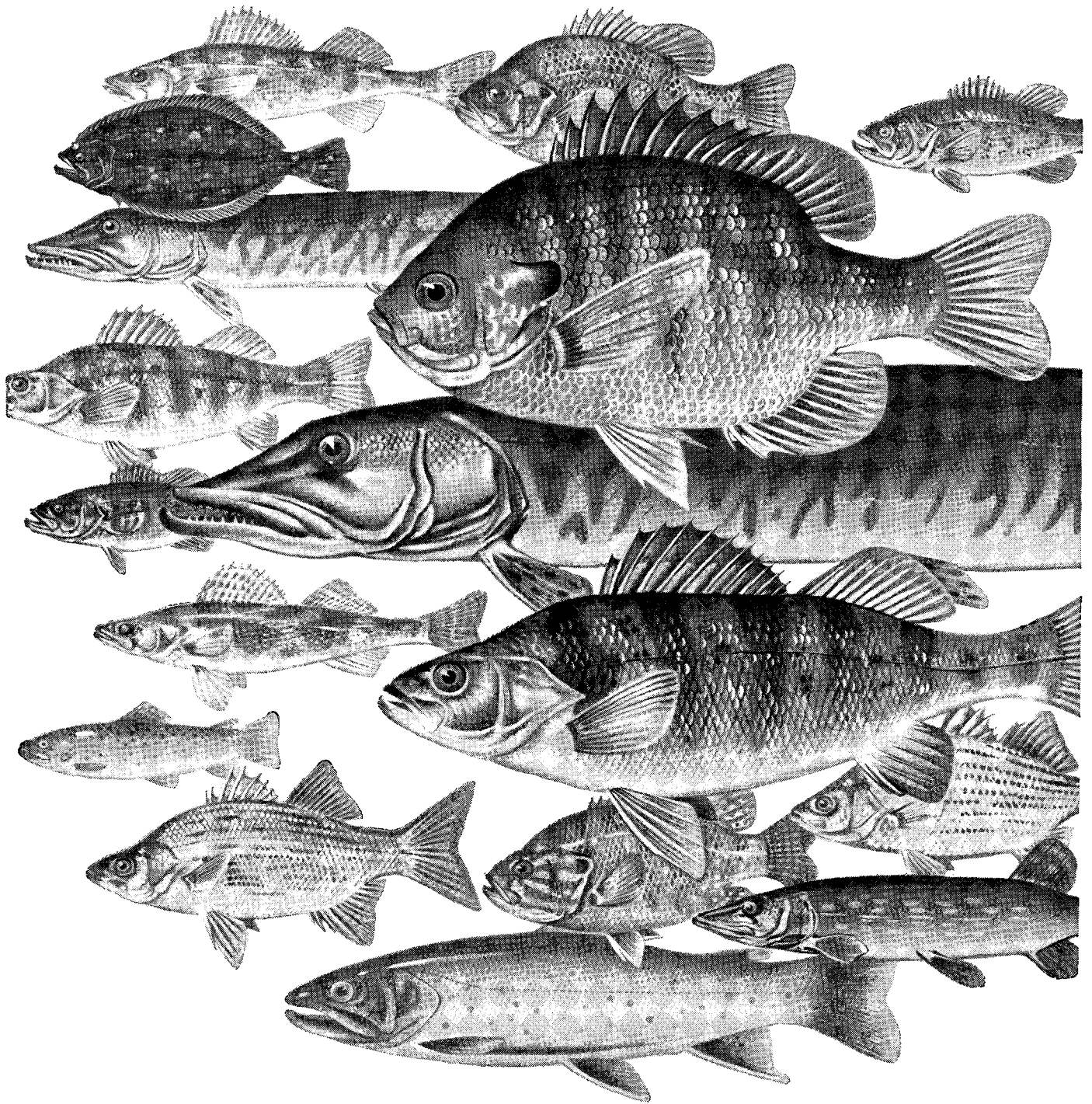
Most Guamanians were displeased by the appointment of 47-year-old Bill Daniel as governor in 1961. Brother of Texas politician Price Daniel and a longtime friend of Lyndon Johnson's, Daniel arrived in Guam direct from his Plantation Ranch at Libertyville, Texas. Upon his arrival, Daniel had the right idea in urging Guamanians to go back to the soil and started his own backyard vegetable garden as an example. He donated several prize cattle to start a beef herd. But Daniel stepped on too many toes. In one instance he aggravated the legislature by purchasing bulldozers from a Texas firm without first accepting bids from local suppliers.

Encouraging tourism

Guerrero has some ideas about making Guam a going concern when the well of military spending runs dry. One is tourism. Guam's scenery comprises the definitive postcard from the South Seas, and the governor, along with his top assistants, thinks that some of the Pan-American air traffic that passes through en route to Manila and Saigon can be induced to stop over for a few days. The first step toward promoting tourism has been the lifting of military security restrictions which barred all visitors. Now any American citizen may visit the island. The second step has been to try to lure Honolulu hotel owners into locating on Guam. So far several have inspected oceanfront sites, and one group has purchased land and built a road.

The other area of future emphasis is expanded economic interplay with the United States Trust Territory, the galaxy of ninety-seven atolls and islands spread around Guam that is also administered by the Department of the Interior.

There have been suggestions that to be economically viable, Guam should someday be permanently linked with the larger nearby islands like Saipan, presently the Trust Territory headquarters; Tinian, base of the Hiroshima-bound American B-29s; and Rota. While plugging for more federal assistance themselves, Guamanians realize that development in the Trust Territory would in turn improve Guam's position as the economic, communication, and transportation hub of those islands.



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Atlantic Repartee

LETTERS TO AND FROM THE EDITOR



The undertakers' racket

SIR:

Congratulations on the lucid and factual report by Jessica Mitford, "The Undertakers' Racket" (June *Atlantic*).

After dealing with undertakers for some years, I decided to keep my money — and my body — out of their hands. The solution is very simple. One donates one's body to a medical school through the National Society for Medical Research.

ELIAS AMADOR, M.D.
Peter Bent Brigham Hospital
Boston, Mass.

SIR:

A thousand thanks for the courage to print Jessica Mitford's article on our barbaric, unethical, and irreligious funeral practices. The clergy could adduce example after example of all that she said, and worse. By noting the abominable conspiracies of those who feed on the grief of others, she will help to free us all.

THE REV. PHILIP RANDALL GILES, S.T.D.
Vice President for Field Relations
Unitarian Universalist Association
Boston, Mass.

SIR:

I have read and appreciated your article "The Undertakers' Racket." I belong to the Peninsula Funeral Society; I do not know how much territory it covers, but I know there is a similar society in Berkeley.

Our society managed to have the supervisors reduce the funeral cost for paupers from \$500, which the boys had been collecting, to \$350, which is quite enough.

The society also got a law through permitting ashes of cremation to be

turned over to the family instead of the funeral director.

I believe an article on funeral societies would do a lot of good. I am sure many people do not know that such societies exist.

B. F. JAKOBSEN
Menlo Park, Calif.

SIR:

Congratulations on the publication of "The Undertakers' Racket." Being a former member of the funeral profession, I can authoritatively say that Miss Mitford is on the right path and that an article such as this is long overdue.

This subject has been treated ineffectively in several popular magazines. The authors of these articles have seen fit not to search out the facts. Miss Mitford has done this, and the evidence is conclusive.

LAWRENCE E. MILBOURN
Laramie, Wyo.

SIR:

For years I have regarded the *Atlantic* as being conservative and dependable. Perhaps that policy proved not to be in the interest of circulation. I am, of course, referring to the pernicious piece by Jessica Mitford about undertakers.

Subversive influences, financed by parasitic rackets, are at work in this country to confuse and destroy many customs and tax-paying enterprises which have been projected, improved, and accepted by sensible citizens. Of course, there are faults and frauds in all of them, but agencies of government gradually apprehend and punish the evil few. When will Christmas, Mother's Day, our Independence Day, and even our

churches be attacked by sensational writers and profit-prone publishers?

I want no more of such vulgar literature in my home or in the library that files my used copies. I will miss the *Atlantic*, which I have regarded as being thoroughly excellent for many years.

J. WILFRED CORR
Public Relations Counsel
Orosi Chapel Study
Orosi, Calif.

SIR:

Congratulations on "The Undertakers' Racket." It is indeed a pity that the memorial society movement which Miss Mitford endorses is not better known to the general public. We of the Philadelphia Memorial Society stand ready to assist those who prefer not to be made a spectacle of after death.

Family savings may be better spent on an orphan's education than on the barbaric customs invented by the undertaking trade.

ELSA NOBLE
Philadelphia, Penn.

SIR:

Did you know that some morticians furnish mattresses for coffins, at a price? Could another article be an appeal to mourners not to lose their sense of proportion when under the spell of the morticians?

PAULINE W. MACMILLAN
San Francisco, Calif.

SIR:

I am not qualified to get into the writing or publishing rackets, so I will not write you any lengthy letter about Jessica Mitford's article "The Undertakers' Racket." On my own

behalf I request an apology for the cheap sensationalism of the title, ill-becoming to the *Atlantic*.

In these United States no groups, institutions, or customs are above criticism, but nobody gains from smart-aleck pseudo-intellectuals turning a personal bias into a *cause célèbre*.

I am not canceling my subscription.

HENRY O. ZIEGLER
Ziegler Funeral Home
Zelienople, Penn.

SIR:

When death walks into a house, the survivors' reason seems to run through the open door. I know a woman who, when her sister died recently, telephoned a friend and asked her to go to the mortuary with her. "I'm going to go put some bed socks on Louise," she said. "You know, she was always complaining that her feet were cold."

HAYES B. JACOBS
New York City

SIR:

Speaking as a former life insurance agent, I remember so many times when I saw the funeral parlors get all of the life insurance money of the insured. Little or none of the insurance money was left for the survivors. In one way or another the funeral parlors found out how much insurance the deceased had. I do not mean that all morticians were this greedy, but many of them were.

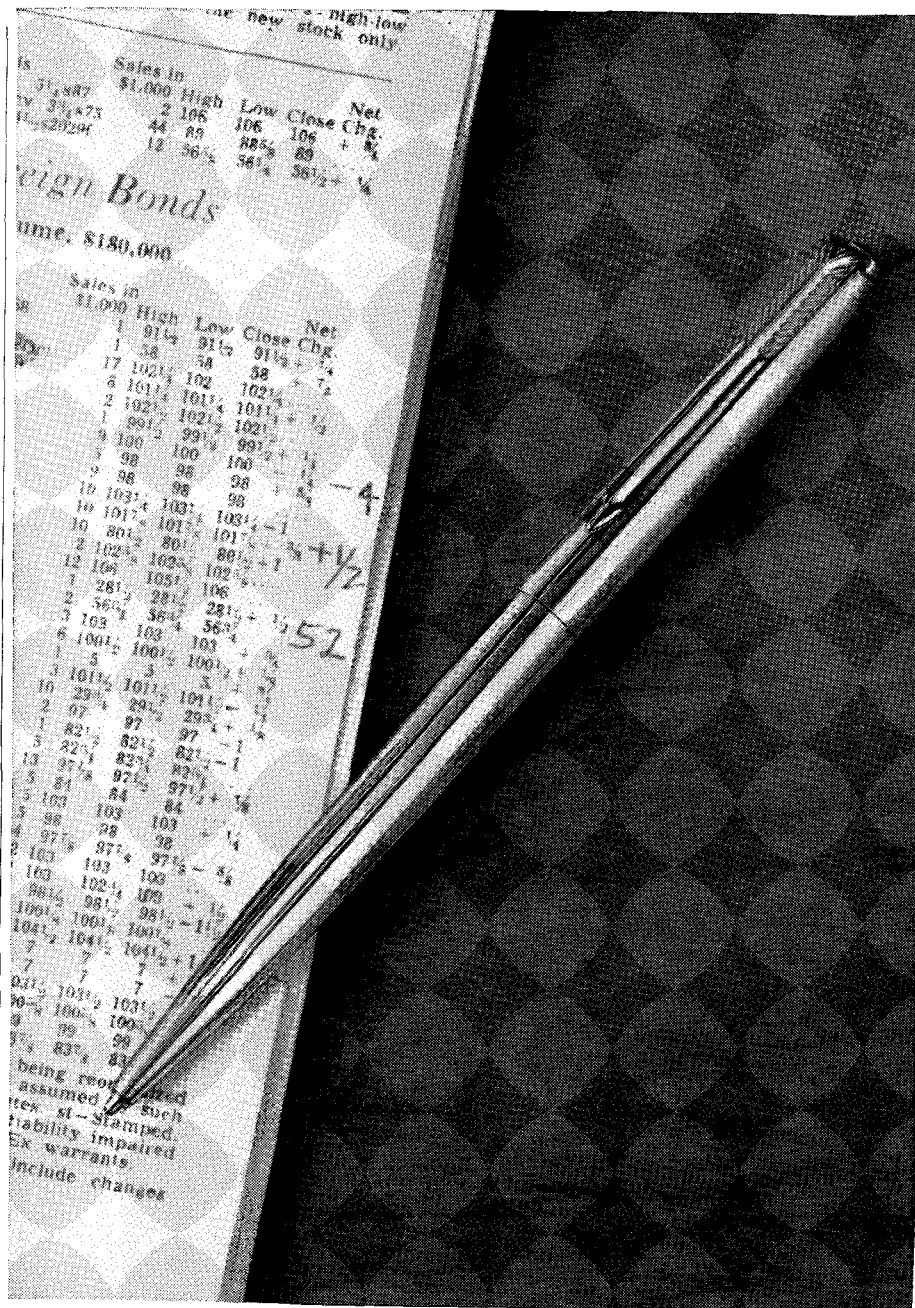
I tried to educate my policyholders that life insurance should be used to pay miscellaneous debts and take care of the family left behind for a while rather than be used on a fine funeral. After death, it is too late to do anything for the departed.

J. WILSON HARRISON
Spartanburg, S. C.

SIR:

Almost every minister I know is opposed to all the "Grief Therapy" described by Miss Mitford and would welcome a return to simpler and more honest burial practices. We do what we can in education, personal counseling, and informal conversation, but we do not want to add to the emotional problems of a bereaved family by fighting with the undertaker over every funeral.

THE REV. RALPH W. JEFFS
St. John's Episcopal Church
Tulare, Calif.



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Think ahead. Far ahead—to your one hundredth birthday. And think big—about what you'd really like for this very special birthday present. A two-week Martian cruise with a quick side-trip to the Moon for some free-port bargains? A round-the-world-in-80-minutes rocket tour? Or a quiet family dinner to celebrate, after the doctor has said you're good for another twenty years?

These things are by no means as preposterous as they sound. Longevity experts say that today, according to actual—and actuarial—calculations, 1 in 10,000 Americans can look forward to a birthday cake with 100 candles to blow out. Long odds? Not half as long as your ancestors'. Back in 300 B.C. Euclid's actuarial tables showed the average Greek's or Roman's life expectancy to be something around 25 years. Your grandfather could look forward to reaching, at best, the ripe old age of 47.

You're the lucky one in the family. You were born at a much better time, a time when, after moving at a snail's pace for centuries, we soared into the rocket age of knowledge. In little more than a century, we saw and understood things about health and longevity that had previously escaped our vision.

Scientists everywhere—in universities, in laboratories, in corporations like American Cyanamid Company—started asking questions, questions about disease, about why the human body aged so quickly, about the effects of heredity, nutri-

tion and environment on our life span. They found answers, and applied them in practical ways. As a result, you just may be the first in your neighborhood to live 100 years.

Look what you've already survived. The childhood diseases that used to clip years off young lives are checked by modern vaccines and serums, by antibiotics like Cyanamid's DECILOMYCIN® demethylchlortetracycline. Thanks to modern insecticides, mosquitoes have almost no chance to inject malaria into your bloodstream. You can handle the increased stress of modern life and still stay healthy, thanks to a scientifically balanced diet, an abundant intake of high-quality proteins.

Cyanamid has played its part in these advances. Anything that can make you live better or longer is, for us, a matter of major concern. Drugs, for instance. And specifically, AUREOMYCIN® chlortetracycline, the first broad-spectrum antibiotic, which was developed by Cyanamid's Lederle Laboratories. You've heard about that one, of course. But you may not know about DIAMOX® acetazolamide, a newer drug used in the treatment of congestive heart failure and glaucoma. It's just one in a long list of drugs developed by Lederle scientists for the treatment of many of the dread degenerative diseases.

Some Cyanamid scientists take a different approach toward helping you live longer and more comfortably. They try to check and control conditions that might make you sick

or uncomfortable. They're working to perfect a catalyst that removes smog-forming impurities from automobile exhaust. Others are trying to find safe and more effective ways to control noxious weeds, insects, fungi and animal pests.

Still others at Cyanamid work down on the farm—on one of the largest privately maintained agricultural research centers in the world, at Princeton, New Jersey. Here, products to help protect our sources of proteins and carbohydrates are explored, experimented with, improved. The goal: to let you eat better—and spend less.

Well nourished, well cared for as it may be, the human machine occasionally breaks down. When surgery is needed to repair the damage, chances are that one or more products from Cyanamid's Davis & Geck Division are right on hand in the operating room. They help today's highly skilled surgeons perform real miracles in preserving and extending human life.

Cyanamid, of course, is a profit-making business. But for the 29,860 people who work in its plants, offices and laboratories across the country and around the world, it is also a personally satisfying business. The job being done is meaningful. It's important.

You may or may not be the first in your neighborhood to live 100 years. The important thing is to enjoy that life, in comfort and good health. And that's one of the things we work for at Cyanamid.





OUR GAMBLE IN SPACE

The Search for Life

BY N. J. BERRILL

Following the challenge of Sputnik, President Eisenhower in 1958 established NASA, the civilian space agency. After the Russians put the first man into orbit in their Vostok I, President Kennedy, warmly supported by Congress, embarked on an all-out space program. In the two years which have intervened, some of us have had second thoughts. What are the long-range objectives? Why should we land on the moon? What are the military threats in space? And what are the costs? These four aspects of our most portentous adventure in this century are here examined in depth, and the first contributor is the eminent Canadian biologist and author N. J. BERRILL, professor of zoology at McGill University.

IN THIS age of space and atoms, hitching our wagon to a star seems to be the goal of man. Certainly in this first, fine, careless but expensive rapture, the accomplishments and prospects are exciting. The motives, however, are many and are generally mixed or confused. Although military performances already in the news, such as the recent attempts to place a belt of copper needles in the ionosphere and the calamitous high-level explosions of Operation Rainbow, seem like blundering footsteps of blinded giants intent on carrying out a suicide pact, the momentum of military expediency has borne aloft the satellites and rockets that are set off into outer space for peaceful explorative purposes. The question is, what are we really trying to do?

The idea of venturing to planets of other solar systems is not now being seriously considered. This solar system has a magnitude and interest that are challenging enough without any thought of more distant, greener fields. Our own neighborhood comes first for many reasons. Even so, the real excitement tends to be overlooked in the publicity given to space exploration as such, just as in Antarctica the race to the Pole during the International Geophysical Year at first dominated

the news, whereas in the coming Year of the Quiet Sun the increasingly cooperative international scientific investigation of that mysterious continent is unlikely to make headlines. A reporter can dwell more readily on the human aspects of a man in space than he can explain, for instance, the purpose and method of an orbiting geophysical laboratory.

Human nature is blessed, or perhaps cursed, with an inquiring mind and an itch for adventure, two qualities that may well spring from the same fount, although the mind can outstrip the body anytime. This is something we should be clear about in relation to exploring space. Dr. Philip Abelson, the new editor of *Science*, states that the billions of dollars now being spent on the moon race will not advance scientific knowledge as rapidly as knowledge might be advanced without sending a man to the moon, although he has no doubt that the manned lunar program will be carried to a successful conclusion in spite of the wasted time and cost. He says, "But let's be clear. This isn't science. It's adventure and propaganda." It is fun, to be sure, like any other spectator sport — although, fortunately, not at all imminent, since putting a man on either the moon

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or Mars in our present state of ignorance could spoil what may well be the most significant investigation mankind can make. For we are primarily searching for evidence of life beyond the limits of the earth, and it is vitally important not to contaminate other planets with any of the microbes that live so happily within us.

The development of military rocketry set the stage for the use of rockets and satellites for other purposes, which have concerned physicists, chemists, and engineers. The hardware had to come first. This has been put to use as a direct extension of projects and points of view developed or established as integral parts of the International Geophysical Year, primarily by physical scientists intent on furthering our knowledge of the earth as a particular kind of planet lying within the outermost zone of the sun's atmosphere. The biologist has had to wait on the engineers and physicists for the application of space science to anything so delicate and complex as living organisms.

The National Aeronautics and Space Administration is aware of this, and the director of the Office of Space Sciences of NASA states flatly that the principal object of the space-science program is to extend human knowledge, and that it is fundamentally a basic research effort; obtaining environmental data on the atmosphere and space for other scientific uses, including support for practical applications, is a secondary objective.

Thus, the space-science program is at present concerned with geophysics, astronomy and solar physics, lunar and planetary investigations, interplanetary investigations, and, last, the biosciences. Briefly, in the area of geophysics, sounding rockets are used for the exploration of the atmosphere, for the testing of instrumentation, and for initial try-outs of experiments; in astronomy and solar physics the mainstay is the observatory type of satellite; obtaining samples from the moon's surface is high on the priority list but late in the schedule because of the cost and difficulty involved; investigation of interplanetary space is regarded as an important area of research in itself; finally, in biosciences, NASA is still in the process of developing a program which will include the instrumentation of planetary probes for the search for extraterrestrial life, and also the development of a small recoverable satellite for conducting bioscience space experiments and the like. Roughly 15 percent of the total funds to be received by NASA are assigned to the space-science program.

FOR biologists especially, the search for extraterrestrial life far outweighs the other two aspects of space biology, which are the admittedly im-

mense task of putting man into space, adequately protected from hazards and sustained by a good simulation of his natural earthly environment; and the exploitation of the space environment for experiments on organisms under conditions hardly possible here on earth. No matter how great the effort and cost, there is no certainty that the search for life will be or can be successful. Yet the intellectual appeal is so overwhelming that nothing should stand in the way. The scientific question at stake is the most exciting, challenging, and profound issue of the whole naturalistic movement characteristic of Western thought for three hundred years, ranking with the revolutionary impacts of Darwin and Copernicus. According to Dr. Reynolds of the Office of Space Sciences, what is at stake is the chance to gain a wholly new perspective on man's place in the universe, a truly new level of discussion on the meaning and nature of life.

The Darwinian revolution in biology contained the implicit conclusion that life itself was a part of the natural history of the planet as a whole. In the twentieth century the Russian biochemist Oparin made this explicit in his theory of the origination of life as a fully natural and virtually inevitable stage in the development of the earth, resulting from the sequence of chemical changes in the early history of this planet. This leads us directly to the question of the uniqueness of man and the life around him, and so toward the significance of man in the universe. Are we solitary freaks on a small planet of a middle-sized star in one of several billion galaxies and without significance in the scheme of things, or is life commonplace, as we now believe planetary systems to be? If any one of the other planets of our own solar system possesses any form of life that cannot be regarded as some stray from the earth, Oparin's theory receives substantial support, and we can assume that where planets are, there life will also be. The fact of the existence of even the simplest form of life on another planet would overshadow in importance anything concerning its particular character. Martian microbes would suffice to prove the point, without need to find intelligent canal diggers or beings with prowess enough to have put the two small satellite moons of Mars into orbit, a suggestion that has been made.

Life as we know it is based on carbon and can exist in an active state only when incorporated in liquid water. The elements as a whole appear to be the same throughout the universe, and nothing that we know of them suggests that any other basis for life is possible. Within the solar system the search for life is reasonably restricted to those planets lying in the zone around the sun within which temperatures permit water to exist in liquid

form. The orbit of the earth lies near the middle of this zone, and until recently the moon, Mars, and Venus were all considered to be within it, with Venus and Mars close to the inner and outer limits respectively. The moon has long been known to be without atmosphere or water and to be essentially dead. Mars is small compared with the earth but shows seasonal changes suggestive of some kind of life. Venus, virtually as large as the earth but covered with a dense cloud, has been a favorite prospect, with speculative proposals ranging from the presence of Coal Age types of forests and swamps to a surface entirely covered by oceans or oil fields, although spectroscopic evidence of an atmosphere heavily charged with carbon dioxide and seemingly devoid of oxygen and water vapor has been discouraging and more indicative of a dry and dusty planet.

Now, the Venus probe, Mariner II, has been highly successful both in its close passage to the planet and in its communication with the earth. Venus appears to be out-of-bounds, with a surface temperature above the melting point of lead and with no possibility of seas, however hot; with no magnetic field protecting its surface from solar and cosmic rays; and apparently with one face turned always toward the sun, like Mercury.

These facts are of great interest in our understanding the nature of the earth as a planet, for comparisons are essential, but they most definitely put Venus out of court as an abode of life of any sort that we can conceive. Mariner II confirms what had already been determined, somewhat less certainly, with earth-stationed instruments, particularly with radar systems.

From the facilities of the NASA deep-space tracking system at Goldstone, California, more than two hundred hours of radar contact and recorded data had been obtained, indicating a probable rotation period of once per orbit about the sun, as is the case with the moon's about the earth. Radar signals beamed through Venus' dense cloud cover, from laboratories in both the California Institute of Technology and the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, showed that the surface of Venus has no hills or valleys, or any irregularities of more than a few feet, and has the density of rock rather than of water or of any other liquid. Venus is, in fact, a much better radar reflector than the moon. All this is confirmed by Mariner II, and so successfully that a planned second Venus probe of the same type has been abandoned and attention is being directed to Mars.

MARS now offers the only real hope left for finding any kind of extraterrestrial life within the

solar system, and it becomes vitally important that we do not fumble this remaining chance. The possibility that Mars may prove barren is no reason for holding back, nor can circumstantial negative evidence be accepted as final.

Three steps toward detection and analysis of Martian organisms, should they exist, are in progress or being planned. The first is to make more precise photographic and spectrographic analysis of Mars by means of telescopes directed toward the planet from high-altitude balloons and from orbiting satellites, thereby obviating the confusion and disturbance caused by the earth's own atmosphere. This is of particular importance for understanding the nature of seasonal color changes, and also for detection of water vapor. Earlier observations show no sign of either water vapor or oxygen, although the fluctuating white polar caps of Mars are considered to be ice or frost rather than solid carbon dioxide. The seasonal green and orange colors of the lower latitudes in the Martian southern hemisphere, of even greater interest, may also be better examined from high-altitude or orbiting observatories.

The first stratosphere shot, made early in 1963, has been successful. The 36-inch Stratoscope II telescope of Princeton University has been sent aloft by balloon to a height of nearly fifteen miles by University of California scientists, from the site of the U.S. Scientific Balloon Flight Station in Texas. Water vapor and carbon dioxide have both been reported. Their presence is no proof of the existence of living organisms, but at least these facts are encouraging. Apparent lack of oxygen and the prevailing low temperatures suggest that any life on Mars is of a very low order, but even marginal forms of life can give us scientifically valuable information, particularly in the new branch of biological science known as molecular biology.

If, however, there is on Mars life which is responsible for the markings seen through terrestrial telescopes, then the suspected organisms must either be individually visible or must form colonies which cover the ground extensively. As such, they must also account for the color and the color changes, in response to changes in temperature and atmospheric moisture, and they must also account for the changes in size and shape of the dark and light areas and must be able to emerge again after being covered with yellow dust. No earthly organisms, such as lichens, for instance, could grow fast enough to account for these changes, although the general indication suggests something much more comparable to plant life than to animal life. Organisms comparable in any way to complex plants and showing extensive seasonal fluctuation would probably depend upon the coexistence of other organisms, comparable to

decay bacteria, for recycling dead substance into renewed life. For our primary purpose, the discovery and analysis of microbial life would give us the answers we most desire. If Mars can be shown to possess any sort of indigenous life at all, we may feel assured that living organisms originate wherever circumstances permit, as a natural and inevitable evolution of universal matter.

The requisite circumstances are those of a planet large enough to produce and hold outer envelopes of gas and water, and so placed relative to its sun that water as such can exist. Mars is a small planet, apparently just large enough to retain adequate outer envelopes, and is also close to the lower temperature limits for the existence of liquid water. In these circumstances we should expect little more than life of a marginal kind. The discovery of only lowly forms of living organisms on Mars is to be expected, and this would support the general concept; although a failure to find life would merely indicate that Mars either lies a little beyond the pale or is too small to have produced or retained sufficient water at its surface, which would be disappointing but would in no way disprove the theory. On the other hand, a discovery that astronomer Lowell's canals are real and that intelligent canal diggers have made them would be not only surprising and tremendously exciting but would be scientifically most disconcerting. According to theory, whatever Mars can do, earth should do better. However, although little is expected of Mars, that little may prove a lot.

THE study of life on earth has reached a critical stage in molecular biology. Bit by bit, living substance and living processes are being taken apart and reconstructed in the laboratory. The ways in which the commoner, lighter elements of the world around us, particularly hydrogen, carbon, nitrogen, oxygen, and sulfur, combine to form living matter, with phosphorus serving to energize it, are becoming more and more deeply understood. In the last two years, for instance, a Nobel Prize has been awarded to Melvin Calvin for tracing the paths by which the carbon of carbon dioxide becomes living substance during photosynthesis, and to James Watson and Francis Crick for cracking the so-called genetic code. This code can be likened to a four-letter alphabet making three-letter words responsible for directing the manufacture of the twenty amino acids, in various combinations and numbers, from which the essential living proteins of all organisms are made. The molecular basis of life is complex, almost infinitely variable, wonderfully organized, yet in certain respects beautifully simple.

The question is, how different could it all be and still add up to life? The answer can come in only two ways: by re-creating life in the laboratory but ringing the changes, a most ambitious project, or else by finding life on another planet and analyzing it for comparison with earthly life. Shall we find on Mars some of the unexplained peculiarities of terrestrial biology? With water apparently present but scarce, will Martian organisms consist of more than 90 percent water, which is the case for earthly organisms, except for their skeletons? Will the energy transfer system be based on phosphorus, as it is in organisms here, from bacteria to humans? If amino acids are the building blocks of living matter on Mars, will they all have a left-handed twist as they do on earth, or will right-handed forms be present instead, or as well, and with what consequences? Will organisms consist of cells with the same sort of chromosomal genetic mechanisms and apparatus for cell division? Will they have similar replication and information systems, as in the newly discovered genetic code? Will sex be necessary to ensure sufficient variability for evolution, and if so, will there be two sexes, as is customary here, or several, as in certain kinds of fungi? How much evolution has occurred, and how are Martian organisms adapted to their thin atmosphere, low oxygen, and the Martian range of temperature and seasons? And what evidence of the living past is recorded in the Martian rocks?

The answers to any and all of these questions would give us perspective with regard to our own evolution and the life around us. We would know better to what extent earthlings, including ourselves, are unique. In what degree are all planetary organisms basically alike, molded as they are from the common clay of inner planets? With this much understanding we, as human beings, could speculate with more assurance concerning the evolution of life and intelligence on other well-placed planets throughout the universe. Without it we could, of course, still speculate, but always with the haunting thought that we may be alone and insignificant. The missions to Mars will therefore be delicate and fraught with hope, however violent the blasts that send them off.

The first step is to send unmanned probes to Mars somewhat like that sent to Venus. The Russians launched such a probe late in 1962, which has already made its closest rendezvous, although so far there have been no reports. The United States plans to send a most elaborate instrument probe named Gulliver not later than 1966 and possibly much sooner now that Venus has already been examined so well and found wanting. Probes of the Gulliver type may well be our main concern throughout this decade.

Eventually, however, the search for life on Mars will almost certainly require that Martian samples be studied in manned laboratories, preferably here on earth. Many space scientists believe that the retrieval of Martian samples should be the ultimate purpose of exobiological projects and that it is unlikely that such retrieval can be accomplished by an unmanned expedition. Such a project is far more difficult than landing a man on the moon. Meanwhile, the unmanned missions will necessarily become fantastically sophisticated. Gulliver, as planned, is already so.

Whether or not Mars is inhabited by advanced forms of life, the objective of the Gulliver probes is to detect the presence of life at the microbial level. Gulliver is primarily a life seeker, no more and no less. The requirements, however, are rigorous. The instrumentation must be light in weight, small, rugged, able to withstand low temperature, low pressure, and vibration; it must survive eight or nine months of space flight and must complete the experiment rapidly; it must be sensitive to a small number of microorganisms and to as many kinds as possible; it must be able to transmit information back to the earth by telemetry; and it must withstand heat sterilization. Gulliver is designed to meet these needs. The missile itself has to land a miniature laboratory on the surface of Mars by parachute. The landed apparatus will then shoot out two projectiles, each containing twenty-three feet of sample-collection line, across the Martian earth. The two lines, impregnated with silicone grease for adhesion to Martian particles, will be wound back into a culture chamber, which will be sealed. Captured microorganisms multiply in a special broth containing radioactive substances and will liberate radioactive end products, particularly radioactive carbon dioxide, which can be detected by the instruments and reported back to earth.

During an international conference sponsored by UNESCO in which Gulliver was discussed, the Russian delegate asked if the proposed experiment does not assume that Martian bacteria would have the same taste in broth as terrestrial bacteria. The Americans conceded this, and efforts are now being made to devise experiments which would reveal the presence of exotic forms of microbes as well. The problem is to imagine forms with which we are totally unfamiliar and then to devise experiments to detect their presence. This is an extremely stimulating imaginative exercise to which a number of biologists are now applying themselves.

With so much at stake it becomes overwhelmingly important to safeguard Mars from invasion by terrestrial microbes which could seriously contaminate the planet or be picked up by the

instruments and confuse the whole issue, perhaps permanently. Sterilization of the space vehicles and all that they contain is essential, but is no easy matter. They can be sterilized only if attention is given to sterilization requirements at all stages of design and construction. This, of course, is well recognized, and even the original Russian moon shot was presterilized. If we should find microbes on Mars or elsewhere, and if they should be remarkably like our own, we have to be certain that we ourselves did not plant them there. The precaution must be taken even though earthly organisms probably would have short shrift if they landed in such a strange environment already inhabited by native forms of life. By the same token, any space vehicles returning to earth after a planetary landing, a more remote prospect, may carry microbes or spores of dangerous character. Probably they would find the terrestrial environment too hostile, but if by chance this was a heaven awaiting them, they might convert all earthly life into a broth of a Martian type. This chance also is unlikely, but it cannot be ignored.

THE greater problem will arise when we have done all we can with unmanned space instruments and are ready to send manned expeditions. The difficulties in sending a man to Mars and back, far greater than the man-on-the-moon project, are such that it may not happen during the present century, which may be all to the good. Sterilizing a space vehicle and its instruments may not be easy, but sterilizing a human being is impossible. Each one of us harbors a community of diverse microorganisms that not only live happily within us and on us but are in some cases essential to our health. No matter how we purify our exterior, we carry a rich flora and fauna internally. Sending a man to Mars, if he is to become in any way exposed, is as big a threat to the life of that planet as we can make, and having him return home as a carrier of exotic microbes would be just as dangerous to us. The devastating impact of the white man's germs on Pacific islanders and Eskimos during the nineteenth century should not be forgotten.

The question of spores in space is not new. Neither the cold nor the vacuum necessarily kills them, although cosmic radiation may be lethal. A theory of the origin of life, popular some decades ago, was that spores of living matter, which are known to be so small and light as to be driven by the pressure of light itself, long ago drifted onto the earth and started the proceedings here. The suggestion was intellectually unsatisfying since it shelved the final question of the origination of

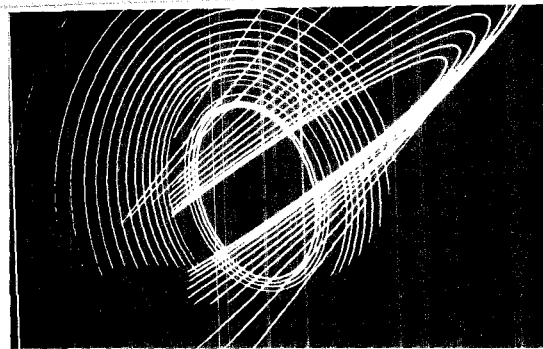
life by pushing it farther away in space and time. The fact remains, however, that spores of terrestrial microorganisms of various kinds drift to high levels in the earth's atmosphere and probably drift off into space, impelled away by the pressure of light. Certain reddish bacteria actually live high in the atmosphere, by what means we do not know, and their spores may well be transmitted to space. A certain amount of living refuse, in other words, continually leaves the earth and is driven outward from the sun. Such spores may reach the moon and Mars, while the earth might receive spores from Venus, were there any to receive — a one-way gift, in any case, from the sun outward. If by this means we have already contaminated Mars, a continuing event that must have first begun during the early days of earthly life, we will find a confusing situation, since so much time has elapsed for Martian life, from any source, to have become peculiarly Martian. The moon, however, may serve as a guide.

The moon is an extremely small planet but conveniently close by. Its surface is naked to the outer night and to the glare of the sun and is devoid of air and water, although the physical texture of its surface is still a matter for conjecture. Whether the lunar craters have been produced by giant meteorites or by lunar volcanoes of the past, there is no doubt that small meteorites and cosmic dust have fallen onto the surface from time immemorial. The surface layer itself is now known to be transparent to radio waves to a depth of several yards from the visible surface, so that the moon may be covered with a filmy or foamy layer of light porous substance. Such a layer might well shield from continuing exposure to lethal light any spores picked up from the earth and perhaps elsewhere during the long past, and some spores may have escaped death from radiation. Moon sampling, for practical reasons, may be made long before effective samples can be obtained from Mars and may well be rewarding, for the moon may be a veritable museum of traces of life, preserved unchanged but essentially alive through an interminable past. The recent recovery of bacteria embedded in European rock-salt deposits of 180 million years ago and their growth into living colonies, supposing the bacteria are not more recent intruders into the salt, support this anticipation.

Once we enter the deepfreeze beyond the orbit of Mars, where lie the frozen but far from inactive outer planets of the solar system, no life can be expected, although further knowledge of these

giant planets will greatly aid our understanding of the history and present nature of the solar system as a whole, as well as our understanding of the primeval nature of the earth and its atmospheres when earthly life was coming into being. If life exists elsewhere as highly evolved as it is here on earth, we will have to look for it far beyond the limits of the solar system; to other stars, like the sun, which are likely to be accompanied by planetary satellites. To assume that we are the one intelligent civilization in the universe would be presumptuous, yet there is little reason to believe we will ever travel beyond our own planetary neighborhood, the distances are so great. The distance even to the nearest stars is hard to visualize. For instance, if the earth is pictured as a barely visible grain of sand orbiting around a pea-sized sun less than three feet away, the nearest star, Proxima Centauri, is another pea 140 miles away, and the closest stars that might have habitable planets would be more than 600 miles distant. On the same scale it is only one foot to Venus or Mars. Space travel through such an immensity of emptiness is neither for us nor for our descendants.

So what is left? Perhaps only the search for signals from the inhabitants of planets of other stars in our galaxy. We can send signals and listen for answers, or we can assume that intelligent beings on those far-distant planets have already been signaling through space for ages past in the hope of receiving some response. Yet if we were to start signaling now by radio transmitters of sufficient power, it would take several hundred years for a radio message to reach a planet of stars such as Betelgeuse or Rigel, which are among the nearest possible planet-bearing stars. If a reply came back many generations later, we would have forgotten what was said in the first place. This difficulty of communication, supposing there is someone else at the other end, is what C. S. Lewis has called "God's quarantine regulations." Even so, the listening for signals possibly already sent in our direction has begun. The great radio telescopes, tuned in on the wavelength of the absorption band of hydrogen, are alerted to this possibility, on the principle that although the chances of receiving and then recognizing instellar signals may be almost nil, we should not let even so small a chance go by default. Meanwhile, we look to Mars with much hope and a certain amount of faith, for all that we shall ever know of life elsewhere than on earth may lie, so to speak, in our own backyard.



OUR GAMBLE IN SPACE

WHY LAND ON THE MOON?

BY ROBERT JASTROW AND HOMER E. NEWELL

DR. ROBERT JASTROW is a theoretical physicist who joined the National Aeronautics and Space Administration in 1958 as chief of the Theoretical Division of the Goddard Space Flight Center. He is now the director of the Goddard Institute for Space Studies in New York, and adjunct professor of geophysics at Columbia University. DR. HOMER E. NEWELL joined NASA at the time of its formation in 1958 and is director of its Office of Space Sciences in Washington. Previously he taught mathematics at the University of Maryland and served as chief of the Division of Astronomy and Atmospheric Physics at the Naval Research Laboratory.

CONGRESS has been asked to provide \$5.7 billion for the programs of the National Aeronautics and Space Administration during the current fiscal year, roughly 6 cents of every federal tax dollar. This level of expenditure has produced demands for a re-evaluation of the space program. Critics ask whether the exploration of the solar system is a valid enterprise for the United States to undertake at this time; or, granting the ultimate importance of the step, whether it must be carried out at the present pace.

The focal point of the criticism is the Apollo project for manned lunar landing, which absorbs \$3.7 billion out of the \$5.7 billion in the projected NASA budget. The Apollo budget which has produced the current outcry stems from a decision made in 1961. At that time the man-in-space program was expanded beyond the limited Mercury effort to a full-scale attack on the problems of manned flight to the moon and planets. The impetus for the decision came from a series of Soviet achievements in February and March of 1961, when the U.S.S.R. launched in rapid succession four spacecraft, each weighing 10,000 pounds or more. These were followed on April 12, 1961, by the successful orbiting of Major Gagarin in a 14,000-pound spacecraft and his safe recovery after a circuit of the earth in one hour and forty-

seven minutes. Thus, the world saw the Soviet Union achieve man's first flight in space.

On May 26, 1961, President Kennedy laid the Soviet challenge before the American people. He urged the nation to commit itself to the goal of landing a man on the moon and returning him safely to earth before the decade was out. The President's message suggested the reasons underlying this recommendation: we faced the gloomy prospect of standing second to the U.S.S.R. in manned flight for years to come; the manned lunar landing would be the first major space achievement in which the U.S. effort could reach its full strength; a vigorous effort could achieve a manned lunar landing by the end of this decade; and if the United States set 1970 as its target date for the lunar landing, it would have a good chance to reach this goal before the U.S.S.R.

President Kennedy asked for a careful examination of the proposed commitment: "I think every citizen of this country as well as the Members of Congress should consider the matter carefully in making their judgment . . . there is no sense in agreeing, or desiring that the United States take an affirmative position in outer space unless we are prepared to do the work and bear the burdens."

In July, 1961, the Congress voted overwhelmingly for the funds requested to move the space

program into high gear. In 1962 Congress reaffirmed its support by doubling the budget of the previous year. Now, in 1963, we see the substantial fruits of our increased labors in space. The manned-flight program is rapidly advancing through its intermediate objectives toward the milestone of the lunar landing. The space-flight program as a whole has produced a great volume of scientific research, as well as economically important applications to weather forecasting and communications.

At the same time, the Russians continue to show great vigor in their man-in-space program. The single-orbit flight of Gagarin was followed rapidly by Titov's seventeen-orbit mission, by other multi-orbit flights, and by the formidable accomplishment of a near rendezvous between pairs of cosmonauts. The Soviet science program in space has also been stepped up to a high level after a lull of some years, with eighteen Kosmos scientific satellites, a lunar probe, and a Mars probe launched during the last year. There appears to be no letup in the Soviet space challenge to the United States.

What, then, is the basis for the questioning of the commitment to the expanded U.S. space program?

THOUGHTFUL critics, concerned over the allocation of limited national resources, ask whether this is a good way in which to spend funds that might otherwise be used for the betterment of man's lot on the surface of the earth. Could some of the money going into space research be diverted into other programs of public interest — medical research, education, housing, technical aid to emerging nations — a variety of projects contributing to the welfare of our society?

This question implies that public funds are transferable. However, the reduction of support for one national program does not carry a guarantee of increased support for other projects. President Kennedy remarked recently, "Some people say we should take the money we are putting into space and put it into housing or education. . . . My judgment is that what would happen would be that they would cut the space program and you would not get additional funds for education."

But if space money cannot readily be rerouted into other channels, that negative consideration in itself is not a reason for these large expenditures. What are the positive values which we derive from this investment?

The nation can expect the following consequences of the space program: the fruits of research into fundamental problems of science; economic benefits from the application of satellites to com-

munications and weather forecasting; long-range technological benefits accruing to industry; a general stimulus to science and to science education; and, most important, the security which comes from U.S. leadership in space.

Scientific administrators ask, granted these benefits, can we afford the cost of the space program in technical manpower? Their concern is heightened by the fact that federal activities in defense, space, and atomic energy together consume nearly half of the science and engineering talent available in the United States. But is the space agency the major consumer of trained manpower within this federal complex of technical agencies? In actuality, NASA will be using 6 percent of the national manpower pool in science and engineering through its contracts with private industry, plus an additional one percent in government laboratories. If the space program has substantial value, this is not an overwhelming drain.

But scientists who see the benefits of space exploration are opposed to the timetable of the man-in-space program, and particularly the schedule set for landing men on the moon. They suggest that the objectives of space research can be realized by robot instruments, with the manned-flight program carried out at a slower pace.

This question requires a further exploration of the motives underlying the United States space effort. Is it primarily a scientific program? Or is it motivated by a broader concern with national interests and national goals? Looking back to the overwhelming support given the new space program by the Congress in 1961, it seems clear that this support was not tendered for purely scientific reasons, but came from a deep-seated conviction that the expanded program will make an important contribution to our future welfare and security. We believe that this is the reason why the people have supported the enlarged space program and the Congress has voted for it. That brings us to the point on which we take serious issue with some of our scientific colleagues, who complain, "The scientific exploration of the moon has been accorded a secondary priority in the lunar program." This remark is based on the premise that science should have top priority in the space program. However, while science plays an important role in lunar exploration, it was never intended to be the primary objective of that project. The impetus of the lunar program is derived from its place in the long-range U.S. program for exploration of the solar system. The heart of that program is man in space, the extension of man's control over his physical environment. The science and technology of space flight are ancillary developments which support the main thrust of

manned exploration, while at the same time they bring valuable returns to our economy and our culture. The science which we do in space provides the equivalent of the gold and spices recovered from earlier voyages of exploration. It is the return to the taxpayer for his investment in his nation's future. But the driving force of the program is not in scientific research alone, valuable though that may be in the long run. Thus, the pace of the program must be set not by the measured patterns of scientific research, but by the urgencies of the response to the national challenge.

IN THESE remarks we express our views as citizens confident in the destiny of this nation. Now, as scientists, we wish to turn to the scientific objectives of the lunar program. What are the important questions which may be illuminated by lunar exploration? One of the classical problems of science concerns the origin of the solar system — how we came to be here in the physical sense. It is a question which has occupied the mind of man for centuries, and a matter of the deepest scientific interest and philosophical importance. It is also an inquiry to which the space program can make a unique contribution, for, surprisingly, the exploration of the moon has a direct bearing on this basic problem.

In order to understand the relevance of lunar exploration, we must back off to supply the general context of the new ideas on the way in which a star, such as our sun, is formed, and how the planets may have been formed around it. The story will carry us through ten billion years of stellar history.

According to the current picture in astrophysics, a star is born when some chance fluctuation in density draws together the particles of gas and dust which make up interstellar matter; the gravitational attractions among the particles then act to draw them still closer together, building a very strong condensation at the center, with very high temperatures and pressures. When the temperature reaches about ten million degrees, the situation is ripe for the ignition of a thermonuclear reaction, in which the hydrogen nuclei combine or fuse to form helium nuclei, releasing at the same time enormous amounts of energy. This release of energy prevents the star from collapsing further under the force of gravity. But eventually the hydrogen fuel is used up, and the star again contracts, until a temperature of 100 million degrees is reached. At this point, the helium nuclei fuse to form the single heavier nucleus of carbon. From carbon, oxygen is formed, and then still other elements.

In this way, successively heavier elements are built up from the original hydrogen. The whole table of elements is developed step by step in this cooking process within the center of the star — a synthesis of all the elements of the universe out of the basic building block of hydrogen. We have duplicated this process for brief moments in the explosion of the hydrogen bomb, but we have not yet succeeded in producing it under controlled conditions.

Toward the end of the life of the star all available fuel has been consumed, and no further energy release can occur to support it against the massive pressure of the overlying layers. A collapse results, followed by an explosion and destruction of the star. The exploding star is called a supernova.

In a supernova explosion, most of the matter of the star, including the elements that were synthesized in it during its lifetime, is sprayed out into space. These elements join with the hydrogen of interstellar space to form an enriched mixture including the carbon, oxygen, iron, and other elements that were manufactured previously. The enriched mixture may then be drawn together in the body of another star later in the history of the galaxy.

Presumably our sun was formed in such a process. The planets are believed to have been formed as minor nuclei of condensation in the cloud of gas and dust around the primitive sun. If our own planet earth was formed in this way, then everything in the earth, including the constituents of our bodies, was once manufactured within other stars, dispersed to space, and condensed again to dust and solid matter.

We believe that all this happened 4.5 billion years ago, but we do not know precisely how it happened, or exactly what the tangled complex of events was which surrounded the genesis of the sun and the planets. The problem is a fascinating one and has been the object of much scientific effort during recent years.

IN THE study of this question the exploration of the moon plays a very special role because it is a body whose surface has preserved the record of its history for an exceptionally long time. On the earth the atmosphere and the oceans wear away surface features in 10 to 50 million years. Mountain-building activity turns over large areas of the surface in about the same time. There is little left on the surface of the earth of features that existed several hundred million or a billion years ago, and the same is probably true of Mars and Venus, whose properties resemble those of the earth. But on the moon there are no oceans and atmosphere

to destroy the surface, and there is little if any of the mountain-building which rapidly changes the face of the earth.

For these reasons the moon has retained a record which probably goes back billions of years to the infancy of the solar system. The moon is the Rosetta stone of the solar system, and to the student of the origin of the earth and planets, this lifeless body is even more important than Mars and Venus.

The internal structure of the moon can also provide clues to the origin of the solar system, quite apart from the study of its surface features. One of the two principal theories for the formation of the planets, which is still generally popular, holds that they were created during a near collision between our sun and another star, in which the gravitational forces between these two massive bodies tore out huge streams of flaming gas. As the second star receded, the masses of gas which happened to be near the sun were captured by it into orbits in which they eventually cooled and solidified to form the planets.

If such a collision was the way in which the solar system was formed, the moon and the planets must have been very hot at an earlier stage in their histories. In that case, the heavy elements in their interiors would melt and run to the center to form a dense core. Iron is the most abundant of the heavy elements, and all planetary bodies would therefore have iron cores, according to this theory.

The other leading theory holds that the planets were formed out of condensations of gas and dust around the primitive sun. We know that stars themselves are probably formed in this way, by the condensation of interstellar gas and dust.

If the moon and planets were indeed condensed out of cold gas and dust, the iron in their interiors would not necessarily melt and flow to the center. Planets as large as the earth might be expected to melt completely, as a result of the heating due to decay of radioactive elements in the interior, and thus to develop iron cores in any case. But the moon is smaller, and if it was formed cold, enough heat could be lost from the lunar surface to prevent subsequent melting. As a result, the moon would not form an iron core but would retain a structure in which bits of iron were distributed through the main body of rock, like raisins in a fruitcake.

So, during the lunar exploration program we will study this and other questions related to the internal structure of the moon, by landing on its surface instruments of the kind used to study the interior of the earth. These will include a seismometer for the study of the internal structure directly, and radioactivity detectors, which have an indirect bearing on the problem by indicating

the amount of heat released within the moon by decay of radioactive uranium and other elements. This radioactive heat supplements the heat of the moon at its formation and must be known before the early history can be deduced from the internal structure. The radioactivity detector and seismometer are included among the experiments being developed for the Surveyor spacecraft, an unmanned craft scheduled for landing on the moon in the 1964-1965 period. Through this variety of experiments on the moon, first using unmanned instruments and later with trained human observers, we expect to deduce information bearing on the origin of planetary bodies.

The answers to these questions are interesting not only to people trained in the problems of science. They also have great philosophical and general importance, because they relate to the origin of life and the probability of other living organisms in the universe.

For, if the moon and planets were formed in the near collision of two stars, then life must be very unusual, and possibly unique, because space is nearly empty and collisions between stars are extremely rare. The following analogy demonstrates the void of space: if the sun is the size of an orange, in New York, then the next nearest star is another orange 3000 miles away in Los Angeles. This is the emptiness of space — a distribution of oranges 3000 miles apart. Under these circumstances we can estimate that only ten stellar collisions such as would have produced planets can have occurred during the 15-billion-year lifetime of the galaxy.

On the other hand, if the planets were formed as a natural accompaniment to the condensation processes in which our sun was born, the creation of planets must have accompanied the formation of nearly every star in the universe. Since most of these stars are expected to have planets around them, there must be many cases in which the size of one of the planets and its distance from the star are suitable for the development of life in a form somewhat as we know it.

THESE are the fundamental questions involving the physical origin of our solar system and its living organisms, on which a powerful attack can now be made with the aid of lunar and planetary exploration. They provide the scientific motivation for both the unmanned and the manned projects in the lunar program. But some scientists feel that most facts of scientific interest about the moon and planets can be learned by remote-control instruments alone, at less cost than manned operations. An editorial in *Science*, the journal of the American

Association for the Advancement of Science, estimates that robot instrument landings on the moon will see us through all the important phases of the lunar exploration program at one percent of the cost of the man-in-space budget. Actually, an inspection of the NASA budget indicates that the Surveyor project for unmanned lunar landings is more nearly 10 percent of the cost of the Apollo project, including the development costs in each program. On a per-flight basis in the long-range continuing programs, the cost ratio is 16 percent. When allowance is made for the increased chance of success in the mission which results from plugging man into the control systems, the comparison of costs is still more favorable to manned operations.

But a comparison of costs is not the only issue. The question is, will a robot instrument do everything that man can do?

The answer is that in early stages the simplest observations can be made by remote control. In later stages, when more difficult experiments are attempted for answers to the important questions, the trained human observer brings to the supervision of these experiments the ability to deal with unforeseen difficulties and to respond to unanticipated opportunities. The automatic instrument in this advanced stage of the program must be designed with great complexity, at a heavy price in reliability and cost of development, to achieve even a crude imitation of human sophistication and flexibility. The balance of cost and reliability then tips in favor of the human participant, expensive though it is to bring him to the scene.

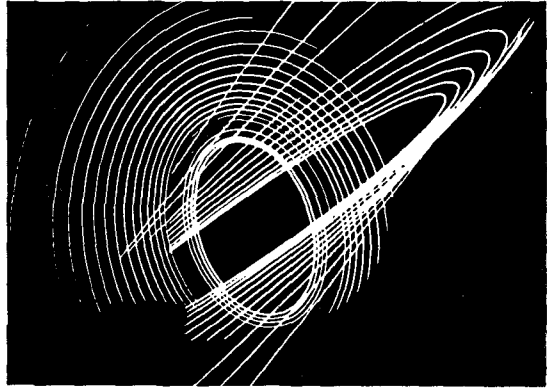
APART from these specific investigations, space exploration also has a general consequence for the physical sciences as a whole, and for science education. Scientists working on problems related to the exploration of space often refer to their field as space science. What is this new field? Is it physics or astronomy or geology? The answer is that it is the collection of all the problems of the physical sciences to which space-flight experiments can make a unique contribution not obtainable on the ground. Those are questions which encompass large segments of physics, astronomy, and the earth sciences. These fields, which together constitute what was once known as natural philoso-

phy, split apart several hundred years ago in the flowering of the scientific revolution. Now, for the first time in centuries, we feel again a unity in our efforts as we draw together people of widely different backgrounds, all united by a general interest in the external physical world, in natural events on a large scale and their causes. Out of this interest and activity a separate discipline is forming with a distinct character and integrity. We call it space science, and that name will probably persist. But the development also represents a renaissance of the older tradition of natural philosophy, as well as a move away from the specialization that has characterized science in these past years toward a broader spirit of inquiry into the physical surroundings of man. This revival of the spirit of catholicity in science is an important accompaniment to space research.

Even more valuable for the future welfare of the nation, the space program has a pronounced effect on young people. It appeals to the imagination of the student and provides him with an additional stimulus to remain in school, to discipline his energies to the attainment of constructive ends, and to acquire the training necessary for advanced scientific and technical work. This can be one of the greatest contributions of space research — that through its general interest it may assist in the transformation of values which is so badly needed for the realization of the full potential of talent and energy in the United States.

These are the specific values of space exploration: the benefits of basic research, economically valuable applications of satellites, contributions to industrial technology, a general stimulus to education and to the younger generation, and the strengthening of our international position by our acceptance of leadership in a historic human enterprise. The current discussion of these values of the space program has served the United States well in directing its attention to questions of national purpose. But, however we may try to break the program down into its elements and to attempt a detailed balancing of debits and credits, the fact remains that the space effort is greater than the sum of its parts. It is a great adventure and a great enterprise, not only for the United States but for all humanity. We have the power and resources to play a leading role in this effort, and it is inconceivable that we should stand aside.

Because of the importance of the subject and of this discussion, the ATLANTIC is prepared to supply reprints of the four articles on "Our Gamble in Space" to individuals or organizations, at cost. Address your inquiry to the Editor of the ATLANTIC, 8 Arlington Street, Boston 16, Massachusetts.



OUR GAMBLE IN SPACE

THE MILITARY DANGER

BY ALTON FRYE *A political scientist primarily concerned with the interactions of scientific progress and public policy, ALTON FRYE has been a close student of the national space program as a scholar, journalist, and government consultant. The article which follows grows out of his recent tenure as Congressional Fellow of the American Political Science Association.*

AMONG the many skirmishes in connection with the Kennedy Administration's budget proposals for fiscal 1964, the debate over the national space program seems likely to grow into a major political battle. The civilian space agency's program, for which the President is asking \$5.7 billion (an increase of \$2 billion), has come under unprecedented congressional scrutiny. With tax reductions and reform also in the air, this extraordinary spending increase can hardly fail to act as a magnet for the budgetary axes Congress is beginning to hone.

Meanwhile, sentiment is building up on Capitol Hill for a more substantial military space effort. The Republicans have already shown signs of picking up the military space issue as an important weapon against the Administration. The President's request for \$1.67 billion for Defense Department space activities, a negligible increase over the current year's expenditure for this purpose, came in the wake of GOP demands for an expanded military space budget. In a striking parallel to Democratic comments during 1960 on the anticipated missile gap, the Republican Advisory Committee on Space and Aeronautics charged that the Kennedy Administration is neglecting the needs of national security by its "niggardly" military space program.

This theme has become a familiar one in recent statements of Senator Goldwater and other Republican spokesmen. Such apprehensions are not confined to partisan expressions; similar remarks have come from prominent Democrats in Congress. During the past year one could detect a crescendo of alarm over a possible American lag in military space technology in speeches by Senators Howard Cannon and Thomas Dodd, both members of the Senate Space Committee. Other members of the responsible congressional committees, including Senator Stuart Symington, have also been disturbed by developments in this area.

Congress has always shown a special concern for the military implications of space activities. It was a congressional amendment to the original space legislation proposed by the Eisenhower Administration which made specific provision for space projects in the Department of Defense. Although it seldom appears in the public record, a major factor in congressional support for the rapidly expanding NASA budget has been the common expectation that the civilian space program would provide the basic technology to meet the requirements of national security in this new and uncharted environment.

Recent events have tended to shatter this happy illusion. Highly respected scientists such as Dr.

William Baker of the Bell Telephone Laboratories have sought to disabuse congressmen of the notion that the technological fallout from Project Apollo, the manned lunar-landing program, will satisfy military needs in space. In the meantime, Soviet space accomplishments have served to heighten the anxiety of many observers. Britain's Sir Bernard Lovell, commenting on the flights of the twin Soviet cosmonauts last summer, credited the Russians with a clear military superiority in space. Secretary of Defense McNamara has publicly indicated that "the Soviet Union may now have, or soon achieve, the capability to place in orbit bomb-carrying satellites."

As in most aspects of national security, many of the crucial facts are not accessible to the public, but it is possible to learn a good deal about what the United States is doing in this area and to review Soviet reaction to our activities. More important, one can try to assess the implications of the Soviet space program and to make some appraisal of present American policy.

THE MILITARY USE OF SPACE

In spite of astute attempts at rhetorical sleight of hand concerning the exclusive use of space for peaceful purposes, it is known that the United States already has a number of military space programs. We have launched experimental satellites designed for military reconnaissance and have explored the feasibility of satellites to provide early warning of an enemy missile attack. We have also tested satellites as navigational beacons to assist submarines, surface ships, and aircraft in determining their precise positions. Work is well advanced on a communications satellite system to help the Department of Defense improve its command and control capabilities. According to data published by the Senate Committee on Aeronautical and Space Sciences, the Defense Department budgeted almost \$650 million for these and similar projects during fiscal 1962 alone.

There is almost no information about the performance of these systems, but the public record does permit a few deductions. Reconnaissance satellites seem to be especially promising. At the time of the U-2 incident in 1960, the Eisenhower Administration justified its readiness to suspend operations of reconnaissance aircraft by implying that the United States would shortly be obtaining comparable intelligence from satellites. In December, 1962, President Kennedy, in a television review of his first two years in office, left no doubt that he expected the camera to play an invaluable role in the cold war. Observers interpreted his comment as referring to photography from space, as well as to the more familiar aerial reconnais-

sance which played such a vital role in the Cuban episode.

Progress on other satellite devices appears to be somewhat slower. The experimental early-warning satellite is reported to have been only partially successful. Congressman John H. Kyl recently made known the apparent closing of a ground facility at Ottumwa, Iowa, which was thought to have been part of the developmental system for early-warning satellites. Defense Department spokesmen declined detailed comment on the report but implied that some reorientation was under way in the program and that research would continue on a reduced scale.

A common feature of these and other systems which the Defense Department is thought to be developing is that none of the devices are weapons. The non-weapon character of American military satellites is the basis for our continued insistence that the United States space program is fully compatible with the reservation of space for peaceful purposes.

There appears to be no United States effort to develop a space-based force of bombardment satellites or other weapons. The major goal of American space policy has been to prevent weapons of mass destruction from being placed in orbit, thus opening a vast new realm for the arms competition. Several authoritative Administration figures, especially Deputy Secretary of Defense Roswell Gilpatric, have gone to considerable lengths to assure the Soviet Union that the United States would refrain from stationing thermonuclear weapons in orbit unless compelled to do so by Russian deployment of bombs in space. Apart from the dangerous acceleration which an American attempt to devise bombardment satellites might impart to the arms race, the Administration has argued strongly that such satellites offer no significant military advantage over existing delivery systems.

THE SOVIET UNION AND OUTER SPACE

In spite of the non-weapon character of American satellite systems and efforts to demonstrate that the United States space program is purely peaceful in nature, the Soviets have maintained a persistent and intense political attack against American activities in space. American reconnaissance satellites came to be widely discussed as the possible successors to the U-2, and in June, 1960, Khrushchev told a Bucharest audience that Russia would "paralyze" other American espionage activities, apparently referring to the so-called "spy in the sky" satellites. Since that time there has been nothing in Soviet behavior to suggest that the Kremlin has grown less sensitive to American

reconnaissance efforts. Even the Tiros weather satellites and other civilian programs have called forth Russian condemnation of American espionage and militarism.

At the United Nations the controversy over permissible and impermissible activities in space has come to focus on United States reconnaissance satellites. Western nations have consistently defended space reconnaissance and surveillance activities, while the Soviet bloc has bitterly denounced them as intolerable violations of the sovereign right of secrecy.

Communist representatives have also raised the specter of accidental war by stressing the danger that a false alarm by an early-warning satellite could trigger an American attack. Delegates from the Soviet bloc have further demanded that navigational satellites be used solely to guide merchant vessels and not to assist military ships or planes. Regardless of the American contention that our space program is peaceful and does not threaten any nation, the Russians clearly do not see it that way.

While castigating the United States for its alleged devotion to militarizing outer space, the Soviet Union has persistently sought to convince the world that its own space efforts are purely peaceful and dedicated to the good of all mankind. At the same time, the Russians have very successfully exploited their accomplishments in space to build an image of military might on earth.

Apprehension about the military implications of Soviet activities in space centers essentially in two areas: are the Russians developing an anti-satellite capability, and are they working on bombardment satellites? The consistent threats to paralyze United States reconnaissance and surveillance satellites suggest that the Soviets may indeed be seriously engaged in devising a satellite interceptor and that they are very likely to use it. Although Soviet warnings are generally vague, and although the Russians also have expressed interest in frustrating American intelligence efforts by camouflaging potential targets and by constructing sham installations to deceive photography from space, they may prefer direct action against the offending satellites.

The threats gain additional credence from reported Soviet progress in related areas of military technology. In October, 1961, Marshal Rodion Malinovsky, the Russian Defense Minister, claimed that "the problem of destroying rockets in flight has been successfully solved." Some months later Premier Khrushchev boasted that his rocket forces could hit a fly in space. Commenting on this claim recently, President Kennedy seemed to concede that the Russians might be able to hit one fly, but he questioned

whether they could counter a whole swarm of flies coming from many directions simultaneously. The implication was that the United States government credits the Soviets with considerable success in destroying discrete targets but doubts that they could meet a full-scale missile barrage.

It seems reasonable to deduce that Soviet progress in anti-missile technology is applicable in several respects to satellite interception, at least in the case of low-altitude targets. Moreover, since there are relatively few satellites and satellite orbits are more predictable than missile trajectories, the task of killing a satellite appears on the surface to be considerably more tractable than that of destroying a flock of incoming warheads.

Some commentators have seen another approach to satellite interception in the near rendezvous of the Vostoks III and IV last summer. The spacecraft are thought to have come within about three miles of one another, a range at which even a relatively simple weapon would probably have been effective. A co-orbital approach to satellite interception would, of course, be extremely expensive, and few authorities believe this to be a likely technique for Soviet anti-satellite operations. The Soviets might, however, want to rendezvous with an American satellite in order to capture the device. Once the satellite was returned to earth, Russian technicians could gain detailed knowledge of American satellite technology and learn how effective the satellites really are. For instance, the Kremlin would no doubt pay dearly to know just what sort of pictures U.S. reconnaissance satellites are capable of obtaining.

At any rate, the unclassified evidence about possible Soviet anti-satellite efforts, though slight, is susceptible of ominous interpretations. The Russians have left no doubt that they find a number of American satellites highly offensive, and they may soon have the technical capability to do something about these annoying devices. But what about the possibility that the Russians will perfect and deploy some sort of bombardment satellite?

The paramount fact is that the Soviets already have placed in orbit several enormous payloads, the Vostok satellites, which seem large enough to serve as space bombers. These vehicles are said to weigh well over 10,000 pounds, and some press reports have cited Russian payloads of up to 14,000 pounds. By comparison, the American Mercury capsules for manned space flight weigh roughly 3000 pounds. In addition, recent months have seen the Soviets explore a variety of new orbits, including some which provide maximum satellite coverage of the United States.

Not only is the awesome size of the Vostoks the

subject of much speculation; the satellites have been surrounded by a number of quite explicit Soviet claims of their military significance. In the wake of cosmonaut Titov's flight in Vostok II during August, 1961, Premier Khrushchev said, "We placed Gagarin and Titov in space, and we can replace them with bombs that can be diverted to any place on earth." In the midst of the Cuban crisis of last October, the Soviet Premier pointedly listed spaceships among the "deadly weapons" whose existence made a peaceful solution of the dispute imperative. And Marshal Malinovsky underlined the military implications of Vostoks III and IV when, in a message to the twin cosmonauts, he added, "Let our enemies know what techniques and what soldiers our Soviet power disposes of." Most recently, the commander in chief of Soviet strategic rocket forces, Marshal Biryuzov, injected a new degree of explicitness into the crescendo of threats, declaring, "It has now become possible at a command from earth to launch rockets from satellites at any desirable time and at any point in the satellite's trajectory." It is known that the Russians have indeed fired rockets from satellites to launch space probes, but the deliberate ambiguity of the marshal's statement was no doubt intended to suggest that targets on earth could also be reached by such rockets.

Do these declarations mean that the Vostoks are actually prototypes of orbital bombers? Too little is known of the satellites to offer a firm conclusion on that issue, but Western defense experts have generally agreed that space bombers are feasible. The main question has been whether bombardment satellites offer sufficient advantages to justify the great expense of developing and deploying them, particularly when effective and cheaper alternatives are available. In this country the Department of Defense has felt that existing or planned delivery systems are adequate to the nation's strategic needs and that there is no "clear and urgent military requirement" to work on bombardment satellites. This seems a sensible conclusion for a country with overwhelming strategic superiority, but does the situation look the same from the Russian point of view? On our answer to that question hinge some critical decisions which will have a grave influence on the security of the free world.

We are now reasonably confident that, in spite of their early achievements in testing intercontinental ballistic missiles, the Soviets have not deployed operational missiles as rapidly as the United States. In terms of strategic missiles, the Soviets must concede a long period of inferiority to the West. Since they have no prospect of overtaking the United States in the numbers of de-

ployed missiles, additions to the Russian missile inventory offer only marginal political and strategic advantage.

But a breakthrough into space-based strategic weapons might give the Soviets phenomenal returns on their investment, especially since the basic technology for such a deployment already has been provided by their research on large rockets and space vehicles. The Soviets could count on the novelty of bombardment satellites to shape the popular perception of the strategic balance and to inspire still greater respect for Russian military prowess. In terms of technological and military prestige, space bombers might well appear more attractive to the Kremlin than mere increments to Soviet missile forces. With their keen appreciation of the political utility of novel weapons, the Soviets could view bombardment satellites as promising tools of blackmail, even if they did not fundamentally alter the balance of strategic power.

In military terms alone, the development of orbital bombers might appeal to the Soviets. First of all, warheads de-orbited from satellites could reach their targets so quickly that a defending nation would lose the precious minutes of warning for which the United States has purchased such costly facilities as the Ballistic Missile Early Warning System. Still more threatening in this respect would be systems which did not require that warheads be delivered to a specific target on earth. Donald Brennan has suggested that devices of several hundred megatons in yield could be detonated in orbit, at altitudes comparable to those at which the Vostoks fly. Depending on weather conditions, such a weapon might set fire to much of a continent, approaching the ultimate in instantaneous devastation.

If the Soviets could bypass BMEWS and other warning systems, soft targets like airfields and naval installations would become even more vulnerable to thermonuclear attack than they are at present. Civil defense efforts would be rendered futile. Among other psychological effects, the Russians could hope that the appearance of bombardment satellites would seriously undermine Western morale. The special political and military advantages of bombardment satellites, even if rather more costly than other forces, could prove decisive to Soviet strategic planners. One factor in the surprisingly slow growth of Russian missile strength may be the progress of Soviet technology toward an operational bombardment satellite.

AMERICAN SPACE STRATEGY

There is a strong American consensus in support of the basic elements of national space

policy. The world will be a much safer place if we can succeed in maintaining space as a sanctuary for purely peaceful activities. But how do we keep the arms race from spreading to this new arena?

Presently the United States hopes to accomplish this noble purpose by a declared policy of abstaining from developing space weapons. While pressing for international agreement on the peaceful use of space, we promise the Soviets that we will refrain from orbiting weapons of mass destruction so long as they do not station such devices in space. At the same time, our emphasis is on unimpeded free access to space for non-weapon satellites, including some to which the Soviets strenuously object. But, sad to say, our dedication to peaceful activities in space, together with our repeated assurances to the Soviets that the United States will never begin a space arms race, may frustrate our search for a satisfactory understanding on permissible activities in space.

By voluntarily and unilaterally forgoing precautionary development of space weapons, especially anti-satellite systems and bombardment satellites, we remove the major incentive for the Soviets to come to terms on an arms-control treaty for space. Since the United States is abstaining from serious research on space weapons anyway, the Russians do not face a threat from that quarter, except insofar as they consider themselves menaced by American reconnaissance and surveillance satellites. So long as there is no inspection agreement and the United States refrains from substantial research on the military uses of space, the Soviets are free to test and possibly to deploy various military space systems at minimum risk.

In negotiations regarding space the United States has already given the Russians the very prize for which we propose to negotiate. The Soviets enjoy adequate security that the United States will not use space for deployment of weapons, while the United States has no comparable guarantees from the Soviets. From Moscow's point of view, there is no need to negotiate in earnest for arms control in space.

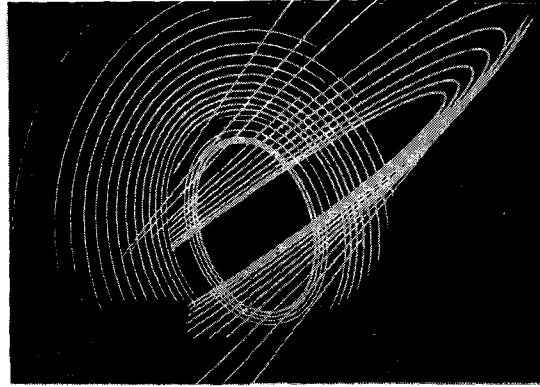
This seems to be a recurring pattern in Soviet-American relations. In its eagerness to demonstrate its good faith, the United States has time and again foolishly squandered its diplomatic capital. In Korea a hint of Communist willingness to discuss armistice terms led the United States to suspend its increasingly successful military operations, the principal factor which had brought the Chinese and North Koreans to the armistice table. With the pressure off, the Communists were able to regroup their forces and to drag out the negotiations interminably. In order to promote a nuclear-test-ban treaty, the United

States entered into the test moratorium. Since the Western powers were not testing anyway, the Soviets had no need for a formal agreement; instead they were encouraged to prolong the discussions indefinitely while secret research and test preparations wiped out the Western lead in nuclear weapons technology. The United States has yet to comprehend that most painful paradox of the cold war: concessions may sometimes be fatal to the success of negotiations, especially when those concessions involve the substance of the issue at stake.

A vital question for American policy makers in the months ahead is whether we are committing the same mistake in negotiations concerning space. There is no assurance that American restraint in the development of space weapons will evoke similar behavior on the part of the Soviets. Indeed, current political and technical trends make it seem more likely that the Russians will regard space weapons as highly advantageous, both politically and militarily.

It may be that in order to protect American satellites from Soviet anti-satellite operations, which seem only too probable in the case of American reconnaissance satellites, the United States must also possess satellite interceptors with which to threaten reprisals against Soviet satellites. Similarly, should Soviet bombardment satellites materialize as a threat, the United States may urgently need an effective anti-satellite system or possibly bombardment satellites of its own with which to bargain for mutual withdrawal of strategic forces from space. It has even been suggested that some space-based systems might be able to neutralize ground-based missiles. If so, the United States may yet require space-based weapons itself in order to maintain its deterrent posture.

It is a truism that successful negotiation requires a mutuality of interest among the parties. In efforts to achieve preventive arms control in space or elsewhere, the mutuality must reside in a recognition of common danger. The swelling chorus of demands for an increased military space effort by the United States stems not from repudiation of the worthy American goal of a demilitarized space but from a feeling that the potential dangers of military exploitation of space technology are much too one-sided in the present circumstances. A serious and substantial military space program by the United States may be necessary to induce the Soviets to enter into adequately verifiable agreements reserving space for peaceful activities. Only by making sure that the dangers of hostile use of space are mutual can we be confident of ensuring reciprocal restraint in the deployment of space weapons and of preserving a stable strategic balance on earth.



OUR GAMBLE IN SPACE

THE COSTS AND THE CHOICES

BY FRANKLIN A. LINDSAY *A graduate of Stanford University in engineering and of its Graduate School of Business, FRANKLIN A. LINDSAY has served as a consultant to government for nearly twenty years. In 1946 he was executive assistant to Bernard Baruch, then head of the U.S. delegation to the United Nations Atomic Energy Commission; in 1955 he was a consultant to Nelson Rockefeller at the White House; and in 1957 he was a member of President Eisenhower's Gaither Committee on national security policy. He is now president of Itek Corporation, a national company specializing in the field of information technology.*

MAN's exploration of space is both the greatest adventure and the greatest challenge for a technological society. But precisely because of this, it can also be of great danger to a society such as ours. The successful conquest of space can inadvertently provide us with easy diversions from the really tough problems on earth and ready excuses for not facing and solving them. For three days, Gordon Cooper's dramatic space flight in the *Faith 7* diverted public attention from the integration problem in Birmingham and provided us all a convenient excuse to forget about our shortcomings on earth. In the long run, if we fail to make reasonable progress on the problems at home, victory in space will taste bitter indeed.

Getting a man to the moon is a very expensive proposition, but given the funds, it is not a forbiddingly hard problem to solve. Solving the problems of economic growth and unemployment, or of urban renewal and education, will probably be equally expensive but much tougher and less glamorous than the exploration of space. Yet our space programs will have their impacts, some positive and some negative, on all these other problems.

Obviously, we are not faced with the alternatives

of a full-scale space program on the one hand and no program at all on the other. But where can we reasonably begin, and how can we progress in an orderly and well-conceived way so that the dangers are minimized and the potentially great contributions of space are actually realized?

First, space can provide revolutionary new ways to carry out a variety of important peaceful activities more efficiently and less expensively than conventional earthbound methods. Radio relay satellites will provide effective intercontinental communications at significantly less cost per voice channel than present undersea cables. For the past two years the remarkably successful Tiros satellite system has been providing global coverage of the world's weather, and an improved weather satellite series, Nimbus, is about to be put into operation. As these and more advanced systems become operational, weather forecasting will become an even more effective tool for economic management. The economic payoff in crop planning, harvest scheduling, pest control, and water supply management can potentially add several billion dollars' worth of food to the world economy. Photographic satellites can provide the underdeveloped areas of the world with maps, mineral

and forest resource surveys, and even human and animal population surveys far faster, cheaper, and more accurately than any other available means. The more developed countries can benefit from satellite photography through accurate and timely indexes of economic activity, such as new housing starts, industrial activity levels, transportation activity, and crop forecasts. The resulting improvements in planning and use of resources can add significantly to the real wealth of these nations.

Another valuable potential contribution of satellite photography is in the area of arms control, where orbiting cameras can provide effective means of inspection for international agreements with minimum reliance on troublesome and tension-producing ground inspection. Cuba has shown the importance of aerial photography, even in the absence of an arms-control agreement. Soon it may even be possible to detect clandestine underground nuclear explosions with satellite cameras that can observe subtle changes in the surface of the ground above the point of detonation.

Basic research on the nature of space and its gravitational and magnetic fields, as well as on the fundamental nature of matter and its distribution in space, is being advanced very greatly by use of special instrumentation carried aboard spacecraft. Earth-based astronomy, for instance, is seriously hampered by the atmosphere. The earthbound astronomer is like a man standing at the bottom of a pool of murky water, trying to observe what goes on above the surface. While the seventy-five-mile-thick envelope of air and dust surrounding the earth effectively protects living organisms from lethal radiation coming from the sun and other sources in space, this same layer severely limits our ability to observe much of outer space by optical or radio telescopes. What light does get through the atmosphere is often so seriously distorted that the image of a distant star appears as though it were observed through the turbulent air rising above a hot pavement on a sunny day. Space astronomy, by freeing scientific observation from the earth's atmosphere, will increase manyfold the knowledge that can be gained from the solar system and intergalactic space. In ways that are yet unknown, this new knowledge will surely be of great benefit to mankind. For it is significant that the basic laws of Newtonian mechanics, without which the machine age could never have occurred, were evolved from astronomical observations; and the basic concepts of the atomic age were developed by Einstein and others from observations of stars and planets.

A further advantage of spacecraft is that they offer the only known means of creating a weightless environment, and scientists believe that fundamentally new knowledge of the nature of life will

be gained by observing human and other biological life in such a space laboratory.

A major issue, now hotly debated, is whether man can accomplish more in space than can unattended instruments. There is a heavy weight (and therefore, cost) penalty for sending man and his elaborate life-support systems into space, and it is technically worthwhile only if he pays his way by being able to accomplish more than could an equal payload of instruments. The space-borne man must be protected from radiation by heavy shielding; he must carry oxygen and air conditioning, and travel in a pressurized vessel; and, finally, he must be brought back home through intensive heat. For every pound of man and his life-support equipment sent to the moon and back, very many added pounds of booster rocket will be required.

Dr. Edward Purcell of Harvard University has suggested that only the equivalent of man's eyeball and hands need be sent into space, leaving heart, lungs, brain, and other vital but noncontributing parts safely on the ground. Through a television extension of man's vision, it is possible to couple a television camera in space to the movements of his eyes on the ground so that he can see as clearly from the ground that which he would be able to see from space, simply by shifting the direction of his gaze. Similarly he could, from the ground, manipulate mechanical hands in space. Through remote radio control, it is likely he could thus accomplish most, if not all, of the operations he could perform from within the spacecraft.

Although a great deal has been said about the versatility of the human astronaut, it seems unlikely that in the foreseeable future there will be much opportunity for such human functions as repairs and maintenance in space. Reliability will be achieved primarily by designing and building better equipment. On the other hand, important missions may evolve which only a human can perform, and it is therefore important to develop now the capabilities for human travel in space.

THIS raises the inevitable question about one of our most ambitious and expensive space programs, Project Apollo. No one can help but share the tremendous pride of a successful human assault upon Mt. Everest or a dramatic conclusion to a multi-orbit Mercury trip. It is only when the cost becomes so great that other important things will have to be deferred or relinquished that many begin to question such a major space venture.

As the cost estimates to put a man on the moon mount from \$20 to \$40 billion to accomplish this feat before 1970, more and more protests are being heard that we are diverting too large a share of

our resources from urgent but less glamorous problems on earth. This mammoth program is the most expensive single program ever undertaken by man. Warren Weaver, vice president of the Alfred F. Sloan Foundation, has made some dramatic comparisons between the cost of the moon race and more earthly projects.

The sum of \$30 billion, which is undoubtedly an underestimate of the total cost of "putting a man on the moon," is a sum so large that the ordinary human being simply cannot grasp its magnitude. . . .

With that sum one could give a 10 percent raise in salary, over a 10-year period, to every teacher in the United States from kindergarten through universities (about \$9.8 billion required); could give \$10 million each to 200 of the better smaller colleges (\$2 billion required); could finance seven-year fellowships (freshmen through Ph.D.) at \$4,000 per person per year for 50,000 new scientists and engineers (\$1.4 billion required); could contribute \$200 million each toward the creation of 10 new medical schools (\$2 billion required); could build and largely endow complete universities with liberal arts, medical, engineering, and agricultural faculties for all 53 of the nations which have been added to the United Nations since its original founding (\$13.2 billion required); could create three more permanent Rockefeller Foundations (\$1.5 billion required); and one would still have left \$100 million for a program of informing the public about science.

Some of the arguments in favor of pursuing the moon program are, however, compelling. Champions of the program point out that we are in a race with the Soviets, and the nation which first lands on the moon will reap incredible rewards in cold war prestige and world leadership. They also say that the people of the United States need a new frontier to consume their energies. A dynamic society must maintain its momentum by heroic assaults on new obstacles. Further, it is suggested that the space race can be a psychological substitute for man's natural instinct to make war.

It is undoubtedly true that the United States will gain immensely in world prestige if we are first to the moon, and lose if we are second, or if we do not get there at all. This is especially true now because of the President's public commitment to realize this goal within the decade. There is no question that this is a worthwhile goal. Its opponents, however, point to the immense price tag — a price that must be paid not only in money, but in skilled manpower.

Clearly, NASA could not be expected to solve the integration problem, or the school problem, or the balance-of-payments problem, or the urban-renewal problem, or the underdeveloped-nations problem. Nevertheless, some argue that since most of the dollars going into the NASA moon

program will be for construction, test equipment, and fuels and engines, much of the human and material resources could be used on other programs. The construction industry could just as well be used to build new schools and new university research buildings. The vast array of computers and their programmers could be of great value if employed to support economists in a deep analysis of the complexities of our economy and its lagging growth. The physicians, physicists, and engineers building the equipment to support human life in a space capsule could also be employed in finding solutions to pressing medical and air-pollution problems on earth.

One of the most difficult problems raised by the increasing level of space activities is the potential diversion of scientists and engineers from teaching and other professional careers. We are entering a period which will be characterized by a great increase in the college population. If the present teacher-student ratio is to be maintained, our universities will, over the next several years, have to retain about two thirds of their Ph.D. output instead of the present one third. Thus, the flow in new Ph.D.'s to government and industry would have to be cut roughly in half. It is just at this critical point in time that NASA's requirements will be peaking. And it appears that there will not be a sufficient supply to meet the requirements of both an expanding space program and a mushrooming college demand, as well as to meet the needs of the rest of society. Hard decisions will have to be made on where to cut.

A further major issue is the degree to which we will need to create a military space capability. Barring an effective international agreement, there will be an inevitable requirement for military space capabilities. The military use of airplanes evolved from that of passive observation platforms during World War I to the full-fledged military doctrine of control of the air as a prerequisite to ground operations in World War II. Similarly, the use of spacecraft will evolve from today's passive observation platforms to a requirement for the control of space, at least in close proximity to earth and perhaps as far as the moon.

Spacecraft are already being used as relay points for worldwide communications, as television platforms for coverage of the world's weather and terrain, and as ultra-accurate navigational and survey systems. Each of these functions has important military applications, and we will become increasingly reliant upon them to maintain our deterrent capability. In periods of extreme tension, as in the Cuban crisis, or in times of actual conflict, it will be vital for the United States to be able to protect these information and communication services against disablement or destruction by the Soviets.

On the other hand, the United States must develop capabilities for identifying Soviet spacecraft, intercepting them, inspecting them, and, if necessary, rendering them harmless. Thus, it seems almost inevitable that the United States and the U.S.S.R. will find themselves in a race to develop defensive and counteroffensive capabilities in space, for the nation which first achieves the capability of freely operating in space while denying that privilege to all others will win a substantial strategic and political cold war advantage.

Whether there are real advantages to orbiting nuclear bombs is not so clear. Intercontinental missiles, based on land or under the sea, can probably form a much less expensive, more accurate, and more swift-reacting nuclear force than anything orbiting in space. There is the remote possibility, however, that the Soviets will consider orbiting a several-hundred-megaton bomb. Detonated at an altitude of fifty to a hundred miles, it would be possible with one such bomb literally to incinerate an area of several tens of thousands of square miles. In the light of this possibility, and in the absence of effective international controls, it seems imperative that we develop effective means of inspecting and disarming orbiting weapons.

ANOTHER critical space issue, but one which has received much less public attention than the glamorous moon program or the hair-raising military question, is the possibility of inadvertently upsetting the delicate natural energy balance between the earth and outer space. Rachel Carson has pointed out the dangers of upsetting the biological balances on earth. The danger may be equally great in space, and could conceivably result in catastrophic changes on earth. The balance between the energy received by the earth from the sun and the radiation emitted by the earth is so delicate that a very small change in the balance could ultimately result in the return of the Ice Age or the melting of the polar ice caps and the consequent flooding of the earth's lowlands.

No one can now be certain about the complex mechanisms of energy transfer in space, but competent scientists have expressed fears that the exhaust gases from a relatively few burned-out rocket engines could seriously alter the rate at which solar energy is trapped and held within the earth's atmosphere. Similarly, the explosions of nuclear weapons in space are believed by some to endanger this balance by altering the chemical equilibrium in the ionosphere, which in turn may affect the absorption of high-energy radiation by the earth. These possibilities have been of serious concern to NASA, and research on this

problem is being undertaken. It may be prudent, however, to spend even more time and effort studying the exact nature of this energy-transfer process before launching extensive new space efforts.

The proponents of the space program argue that new technologies of great significance will be evolved and that these technologies will give the economy a major boost. Critics of such a program agree that new technologies, such as miniature electronics or heat-resistant materials, will develop and will contribute to the economy and the advancement of society as a whole. But they say that this should not be a principal justification of the space program. If our economy needs new technologies as the basis for expansion, the critics argue, a greater result will undoubtedly occur if these problems are attacked directly rather than sought as a by-product of a space program. The massive research and development expenditures during and since World War II for defense and atomic energy have not, as yet, produced the stimulus to boost the rate of growth of the economy that has been predicted.

The important issues of space thus are not those that can be solved internally by the Department of Defense or by NASA. These agencies are both engaged in carrying out with dispatch programs that have been given them by the Congress and the Administration. Rather, the problems are such that they must be resolved by the nation as a whole. They are these questions:

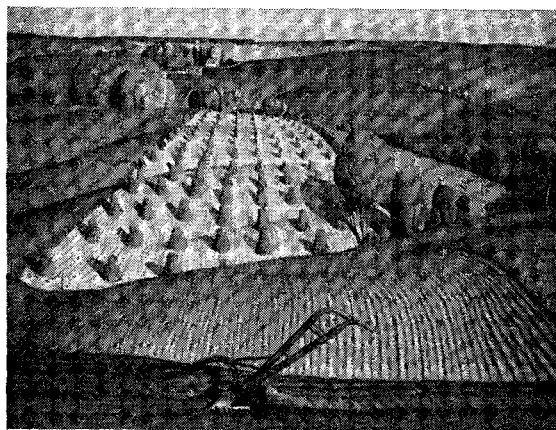
1. How fast must we proceed in order to be the first to put men on the moon; how important a national goal is it; and what risks should be run in the process?
2. What is the proper balance between this essentially political objective and scientific research in space, and how large a premium should we pay for political ends?
3. What is the proper balance between military and nonmilitary space activities?
4. Finally, what is the proper balance between all of our space activities, on the one hand, and the other important objectives of our society, on the other hand?

It is not, then, a matter of massive program versus little or no program. Into the balance of rockets, satellites, man in space, and bombs must be placed schools, hospitals, medical research, and consumer products. The dramatic success of the Mercury program, where we elevated man into space, must be balanced against our failure to elevate large segments of our own society to the level of equal opportunity. Certainly we could not solve our earthly problems by turning our backs on space, but we should be very careful before we turn our backs on earth.

OLD AND COUNTRY TALE

BY
SHIRLEY W. SCHOONOVER

SHIRLEY W. SCHOONOVER's stories have appeared
in NEW CAMPUS WRITING II, TRANSATLANTIC
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PRIZE STORIES. Her first novel,
MOUNTAIN OF WINTER, will be published by
Coward-McCann sometime next year.



HE HAD run away. Not so much run as walked, he thought, but it came to the same thing. However you did it, you went away from a place. He had taken the team to the north forty to finish the plowing, and all at once it had come to him that this was as good a time as any to go. Close after sunup it was, and she wouldn't be coming to check on him until noon. He had looked over his shoulder just in case, but the hill was empty of her; so he removed the bridles and hung them on the hames of the harness. "Let you have all you want without the bit in your way," he said to the horses. "She'll be coming soon enough to bring you back." The horses had begun to graze placidly, undisturbed by this change. He touched them once on their necks and then walked away.

He crossed the barbed-wire fence and left the Davidson property, always keeping to where the sun had burned off the morning mist in case she came early and looked to track him. He kept his eyes down to watch the grass spring up undamaged behind him. A lark flew up against the sky and, seeing no harm in him, returned to her nest. He went on until he reached the highway, where he stopped to look both ways — no cars in sight. He stepped across the pavement and walked along the bottom of the man-deep ditch. He'd hear cars this way and be out of sight. Five hours until noon, "Fall Plowing" by Grant Wood. Courtesy of Mrs. Marshall Field III.

five hours of fast walking; then he'd have to find a place to rest until night. She'd have found the horses and, along with her parents and brothers, would be looking for him. He held no bitterness about that; only he wouldn't be brought back.

He was sweating from his pace and looked to where the sun stood now. Nearly noon, and figure four miles an hour, he had come something like twenty miles since morning. Time to find a roost till night comes, he thought; and after a scrutiny of the highway he left the protection of the ditch to duck under another fence. Cornfield's good cover, least till somebody comes to start the harvest. Stepping carefully between the rows of corn, he put several yards between himself and the highway. He picked three ears of corn and sat down to munch them raw. Sweet and milky, they satisfied the hunger and thirst that had grown inside him. Now that the belly mumbling had hushed he lay full length on the ground. He could hear the passing cars; and if anyone wanted to start taking this corn, well, he'd hear that too, and be gone before they noticed him. He lay his forehead on an arm and let the afternoon grow hot and moist.

A beetle worked its way out of the tumulus. He watched it as it climbed down the bottom of the runnel between the rows of corn. He blew at it to see if it would notice him. The beetle squared

around and stood motionless. "Aren't you going to clack your mandibles at me?" he asked the beetle, and then remembered where he was. Like a kid you are, he told himself sternly. Can't keep a thing in your head any longer than a kid would. You, hiding in a cornfield so she can't find you, and then you go talking to beetles. All she'd have to do is walk quiet down the road, and she'd hear you. Aggravated, he put his head down again. After a moment he looked up. But the beetle was gone.

Late in the afternoon the tree frogs began calling for rain, and he knew it had gone past five o'clock. *Whee-whee-ee*, the tree frogs cried; and the sky hung heavy on the tops of the hills. Higher up the scale came the wheedling of the locusts, declaring frost within six weeks and their own end. He sat up, listening to the frogs and the locusts, and believed them, because once in a while they were right and they believed so hard themselves.

When the sun had gone down he got up and ate some more corn. Then he slipped from the cornfield down into the ditch to walk all night. He stopped twice for a cigarette and to relieve himself, but these stops were timed so that he could tell the hour by the stars. Orion had swung around to point northeast when he heard a car coming slowly along the highway. He pinched the cigarette out and lay down in the damp grass.

A band of light cleared the top of the ditch and illuminated the prickly-edged fence and the first rows of corn. He closed his eyes and ducked his face between his arms. The car went down the road without pausing. Spotlight on now, he thought, I'd forgotten that. He stood up carefully, watching the spotlight poke gently at the roadside. Well, he predicted, they'll come back the other side and look that over too. And tomorrow, early, they'll be like ants. I'd better make it over the Platte tonight, and then it's just one more night and I'm in Colorado. He walked quickly, watching the highway ahead and the ground beneath to keep from stumbling.

First it was just a fence to be crossed and a property line. Then a highway and now a river. Tomorrow a state line. How many lines will I have to cross before I've gone far enough? You'll not look long nor far, will you, Siiri? You'll give up soon and let me be wherever I land.

He saw the car coming back, beam touching the other side of the highway. He watched his wife driving past. Her father was with her. He could hear them talking above the car's monotone. Then they were gone.

NORTH PLATTE. He skirted the town, heading for the river. The town slept beside the river

and along the highway. Some grain elevators stood tall and spare against the sword of Orion. He walked over the bridge and saw a truck stand ahead. He waited until a truck pulled in; then he followed the trucker inside and sat at the counter. "Hot beef," he ordered. "Coffee and berry pie."

The waitress yawned and took the trucker's order too.

"This state got anything besides tornadoes and heat?" the trucker asked as the waitress served their coffee.

"Cold. We've got cold in the winter," Asher said.

"That I know, friend. Mean cold and wind." The trucker wiped his forehead and drank his coffee.

"Paper says rain," the waitress said, and laid their plates on the counter.

"Well, so did the tree frogs yesterday. Or was it still today?" Asher licked the gravy off his fork and took a stab at the pie.

The waitress stood in front of him. "That's ninety-five cents," she said, staring at him.

"I've got it." Asher handed her a dollar bill. "Keep the change."

She said, "Aw, I wanted to make sure you had the money. More coffee?"

"No. No, thanks." He drank the last of the coffee and wiped his mouth. He went out of the truck stand, hearing their chuckling. "Tree frogs," the waitress said.

He had gone a few yards down the highway when the trucker called, "Hey, you, want a lift?"

Asher went back, nodding his head.

"You going anywhere special, or will Denver do?" The trucker pointed at the large semi that dwarfed him.

"Colorado?" Asher asked.

"That's right. Unless there's a Denver in some other state."

"Fine. Thanks." Asher watched the trucker swing up into the truck cab. Then he went to the other side and climbed the ladder. He sat in the cab and jiggled his feet as the trucker made the diesel engine snarl and howl beneath them.

"You in any hurry, or will it be all right if we get there sometime around noon?"

"No. No hurry." Asher settled back and watched the truck make its way through the night. He stared out the window and thought, Siiri, you'd never think of this, that I'm going out and away in plain sight. With red and yellow lights to catch your attention. And enough noise to rattle your teeth. He smothered a laugh behind his hand and watched Nebraska surge by.

"Where you going, Harmless?" the trucker yelled.

"Colorado. Mountains," Asher yelled back.

The trucker said something Asher couldn't hear, so he yelled, "I'm running away from my wife."

The trucker looked at him and slapped his knee. "Harmless, you are a screw! Let me know if you get away with it." He added, seriously, "No kids left behind?"

"No. No kids. She never wanted any. She didn't like carrying on like that."

The trucker grunted understanding. Then he yelled, "What was it you said about tree frogs and rain?"

"Oh. Well, tree frogs call for rain. And sometimes it rains. They sing *whee-ee-ee*, and if they sing long enough, it rains for them."

"Where'd you learn that?"

"Books. Stories. Locusts can tell weather too. They know it'll freeze in six weeks."

The trucker shook his head and made silent laughter. He kept Asher talking until the sun had come to ten o'clock in the sky. The trucker said, "Now, Harmless, do you really want to go on to Denver? Or don't you think it would be better if I let you off somewhere on the road? You *can* work, can't you?"

"Oh, yeah. I work good and hard. You have a fine idea about letting me off before Denver. I couldn't work in a town. Where d'you think I should get out?"

"There's a dirt road somewhere up ahead," the trucker said. "It goes off to some burgs. But mostly it's ranch and farm country here. You want to take the chance of just finding work?"

"I never had to look for it before. It always came to hand natural. Seems like it was always following me around."

"See, here's the road I mean. Now, I come this way once a month. I don't mean to give advice, but if things don't work out, you come sit here and wait for me."

Asher nodded, trying to think of some good thing to say. But the words had gone dry in his mouth. So he only nodded again.

"Not that you need any help. Hell, Harmless, I act like you weren't a man. Here's a card with my name and address. You know how to write?"

Asher nodded and took the card.

"Well, you send me a postcard sometime. Let me know how you make out." He stuck out his hand, and Asher seized it. "Good luck."

Asher opened the cab door and climbed down. He stood back from the truck and waved. The trucker throttled the motor furiously and moved down the highway, blaring the horn in farewell.

How had it been with him, to make him run? He had been born and raised in a Swedish settle-

ment in the Sandhills of Nebraska. He had been a slow baby to walk and talk. He had grown into a strong-bodied boy with wheat-colored eyes and pale, no-color hair; and he helped his father around the farm, but he was missing something inside. Not brains, for he learned how to read and write. Slowly. He learned everything slowly. And he had to be reminded of what to do next, even urged. In school he did all right if you kept at him. "Dodo," the other children called him; and he didn't resent it, if he even noticed it, for he was always that pale husk of a child who lingered at the edge of your attention.

No, it wasn't that he was short on brains, they said. There's a saying that goes: When it came time to hand out the brains, you stood behind the door and didn't get any. Well, Asher had got his share of brains. It was something else he had missed, standing behind that door when the others were out grabbing. His brain was good — look at the time he had remembered how to spell "Tyrannosaurus rex" in the science test. And he could talk, but the talk came like the spilling of grain from a sack, in bursts of fullness that were shut off in mid-sentence as if someone had closed the sack abruptly and there was more talk inside. So it wasn't brains Asher was missing. It was something else, and the lack made him a cripple.

He went through the eighth grade in that way, then quit school to stay home and work the farm with his father. He spent the next years working the fields, coming home at night to milk the cows and eat supper, listening to his father talk, reading the books his mother kept in the glass-doored cabinet: Indian lore, a book about nature with colored pictures, Greek mythology, and a book about the stars and how to tell fortunes by them. Asher's mother had been a schoolteacher before she married, and she had kept her favorite books. She was Finnish and, according to the Swedes, a little weird, for she could tell fortunes, even the weather, by the stars and with cards. She died when Asher was fifteen, but she had left so much of herself in the books that Asher didn't feel the loss.

The Davidson farm was across the road from Asher's. They had made their farm grow and spread by means that Asher's father envied. Old Man Davidson had three sons and a daughter, Siiri, and all of them worked like demons on the acres of corn, winter wheat, and sorghum. Asher's father would watch from his farm as the combines went over the tilting hills across the road; he envied the Davidsons, and yet there was something that made him tighten his fence lines.

"That's a big farm," he would say to Asher. "Gonna be the biggest in the state."

His tone made Asher come to attention for once. "Isn't it good to have a big farm, Pa?"

"Well, if you ask it like that. Yeah."

Asher waited.

"Who owns that place?" Asher's father asked.

"They all do. Don't they, Pa?"

"That's how it looks on paper. I mean, who really owns it? Never hear about the boys except as Davidson's boys. And they're all married." Seeing Asher's blank face he went on. "I mean, that's a big place. You listen to me now, boy. No place is big enough if you ain't your own man. When I go, you start to think for yourself." He meant to go on, but Asher was lost again, so he put it off until another day.

When Asher was eighteen his father died, and he was left with the mortgage-hounded farm. The crops fell off because Asher would start the day's work and then subside in the rhythm of the heat waves on a hill, or he would plow late and the crop would freeze before it ripened. The farm lost money until Asher awakened to himself. He had one good year. That year he plowed early and got the crops in on time. Summer went well, and he would make back some of what he had lost.

Siiri Davidson was five years older than Asher. She would come to borrow Asher's Angus bull when a cow was in season, and she came to borrow mower blades. One night she came for no reason that Asher could see, perhaps just to visit. They went out to look at the tasseling corn, and the locusts sang their green and silver song. Asher could see the locust's vibrating bodies, the silver strutted wings that trembled with the sound. Siiri wore a dress that night, and her hair was short and soft like dandelions that have dried. She leaned on him; she was soft and full in front. She leaned on him, and it made him ache and hot. He said, "You're too nice, Siiri." But she leaned harder, and there was an open space between her legs that smelled strong and good. She kissed him, and her tongue was like a kitten's, soft and rough, tasting of milk. She let him kiss her, and she put her tongue deeper into his mouth, let him touch her breasts. She said, "Marry me." And he said, "Yes." Then she put him inside her like you put money into a purse.

They were married the next week. Because Asher was still a minor, Mr. Davidson let him sign the mortgage over to the Davidson name; it was to protect Asher from losing the farm, he said. Asher went to live with Siiri at her father's house. Living at the Davidsons' was different from his own home. They all sat down to table, but only after the Old Man had sat down first, and they got up at his signal. That was what Asher noticed first: the Old Man gave little signals. And life ran according to those little signals: a knife laid across his plate meant that they could leave the table; the Old Man's coughing in the morning

meant that they could come down for breakfast. He would talk to them at supper, and you knew when he wanted you to listen, for he would lean in your direction, not looking at you, merely leaning his head and eating through his words.

But those were the small things. There were things that Asher missed: his books, time to read them, and time just to — Asher didn't know what he wanted to do with his time, for now there was no time to spare; it was all used up. Time with Siiri was scarce, and it was only at night. They shared a room and a bed, nothing else, for she turned away from him and shamed him when he would press against her body. "No, please," she said, her back straight like a board across the bed. Once he had come against her buttocks and made her nightgown wet. She had been sick all night, even though she changed into a clean gown. And she hated it so that he couldn't get any feeling for her again. They hadn't spoken of it between themselves or to anyone else; there was only the look Siiri gave him, cold and passionless.

WHEN he worked in the fields someone would appear on the hill to watch him. Some days it would be Siiri, and she would watch, never waving or calling to him, just watching him with her cold eyes, then going back to the house. It was that way in the barn, too; he would look up from milking and find one of them at his elbow, never speaking. And they traded looks about him with one another, shutting him out of the circle of their family and their talk. He mooned to himself more and more, unable to find a chink in the Davidsons for himself; never alone, yet lonely.

The supper table, cleared of the dishes, was the Davidsons' gathering place. Old Man Davidson would sit down at the head of the table, and one by one the rest of the family would take their places. The Old Man would outline in his dragging, heavy and light Swedish accent the long-range plans for the Davidsons. These plans were simply, Be something. Even Siiri was part of it. Be something. The farm was what they would be, and it had to be a bigger farm so they could be more and more something. "Men need to be something in our family," the Old Man said. "You work hard and put more into the farm, that's the way."

Once Siiri said, "I want to be something, too, Pa."

The Old Man leaned toward her. "Ah, now. You're a woman. Women ain't got no place in it, except to help."

"I could be something on my own, though," Siiri said. "When I was little —" She hesitated.

"Eh. Yeah, we know when you were little.

That's done now, and I ain't going to hear about it anymore."

Siiri looked so worn down, sitting there with all the family covering their mouths at her, that Asher stuck his hand out to touch her. But she moved away from him and frowned.

When Siiri had been a young girl she had heard, or thought she heard, voices in the silent fields. She had gone out many days to bring the cows home; and several times in the cottonwood grove she had heard the trees echo the stillness, or were they voices? Once she had fainted in the heat; it had been a dark space in the blue day. It had been something from God, she was sure; but she told no one, keeping it as her private ecstasy. Then, when she was fourteen, she had found traces of blood where there had never been blood before. Now confident that she was chosen by God, she had gone to her parents. "I'm a child of God," she said, breathless and almost out of her senses.

"Oh. Now," her mother said.

"I am. I know. I heard voices in the fields, and now God gave me a sign." She told them where the blood was, expecting them to be awed, and that they would agree with her.

"Nay. You talk to her, Mama," said the Old Man. "The lilleh flicka is thinking wrong. You set her right." He went outside, frowning and embarrassed.

"Siiri, that blood. That's a sign, all right, but not what you think. It's only a sign that you're a woman now. You can have babies now."

"No, I don't want babies. I want to be special for God."

"Well, we all want to be special. But you ain't. Not that way. You be a good farmwife. That's good enough."

"But Pa wants me to be something. Like he wants the boys."

"Ah, Siiri. That's just for the boys. Women can't be that. You do best to marry someone who has a good farm."

Siiri looked stubborn, but her mother refused to listen to her. From then on they watched her and talked to her. "We all work the farm and make it grow, that's the best way to be something." She listened, of course, for it was said often. And she gradually believed them. But within herself she waited for that sign, and made her life a preparation for the sign. She married Asher because it was her father's wish, and she did it to please him, knowing that the marriage didn't mar her or her preparation.

Siiri had no feelings for Asher, unless they were mild scorn, for how could any real man let his farm be taken from him so easily? And he needed to be watched or he would moon away the day over a rabbit's nest instead of plowing. She had

tried to pray with him, but he disappointed her by humming in the middle of a prayer, or by talking to her. Once he had pushed himself on her in a carnal way, and it disgusted her; but that's what men were, animals.

Asher had lived at the Davidsons' for over five years; they were good to him in some ways, like they bought his clothes in town and brought them home to him. But it was the watching on the hill and the grinding down on him that made him think of running away. He might have stayed, even with the grinding, but that spring the Old Man had taken over the farm next to Asher's and had pulled the fence down to make one long rich cornfield where Asher's father had always grown sorghum. And the Old Man hadn't asked Asher what he thought about the fence. It was merely torn down. Asher had said, "How can anyone tell that's my farm?"

The Old Man answered, "Was your farm. Ain't now. *Our* farm. Who d'you think paid the taxes this year? You?"

Asher subsided, for he had forgotten the taxes. For that matter, he had forgotten the mortgage too. The farm was no longer his. When you looked at it that way, nothing was his anymore. He ran off the next morning.

ASHER walked along the gravel, admiring the pole fence that edged it, and walked to the open gate. He stopped to look around and to wait for the ranch dogs that came yiping, plume-tailed, to meet him. He held out his open hands to let them come close and sniff at him; when they were sure of him, they relented their assumed ferocity.

The house stood some fifty yards back from the road, and now a woman came out of the doorway to stand on the porch, shading her eyes with one hand to see who had stirred the dogs so. She yelled something Asher couldn't understand, and he went nearer. "Ma'am," he called.

But she was only calling the dogs by name. "Tobe, Sam, you quit that!"

"Oh, they don't mean any harm, ma'am. Dogs just like to come up and visit, like folks, sometimes."

"I guess they do." She laughed. "Come along there, you looking for somebody?"

"I was wondering if you had any work I could do?"

She smiled cautiously. "You hungry?"

"No, ma'am. Not yet, anyway. I'm looking for a steady job. Farm work."

"Oh. Well, you'd have to talk to my husband. He'll be coming for lunch pretty soon. Sit down on the porch."

Asher sat down on the top step, inside the overhanging eaves. "Nice cool porch you have."

"My husband built the house. He did a good job. Farm work, you say. Let me see your hands."

Asher held out his hands, palms up, and questioned her with his eyes.

"Well, I see you've done some hard work in your life. I always look at a man's hands," she explained. "You'd be surprised at how many young boys come here for farm work, saying they'd done it before. I look at their hands, and they're soft. No, a farming man has hard hands. Callouses and old scars."

From somewhere behind the house came the jingling and creaking of harness and horses' hooves thudding.

"Well, there he is now. You come in and wash."

Asher had washed his face and hands, smoothed back his hair, and sat down at the table when her husband came in.

"He's here to find work, Jamey," the woman said.

"Ah. You saw the ad in the newspaper?"

"No." Asher stood, and they shook hands. "Name's Asher," he said.

"Waller. Jamey Waller." Waller motioned Asher to sit down again, and they served themselves from the dishes Mrs. Waller brought to the table. "You good at farm work?"

"I was raised on a farm. Done it all my life."

"You intend to stay on permanent?"

"Yeah," Asher smiled. "I like farming."

"You ride?"

Asher was confused for a moment. Did he mean ride here from Nebraska, or ride horses? "I can ride. Not so good, maybe, but I can ride."

"I need someone who can ride good enough to help me with the stock. They're up in the summer pasture now. Come fall we'll have to bring them down. Not so many to herd, but they'll be a little woolly when we go up to get them."

Asher looked at Waller.

"I mean beef cattle, not sheep," Waller explained.

"Oh, yeah. I never worked sheep, that's all."

Waller glanced at his wife, and something passed between them. Asher could see the question and the understanding that came and went in their eyes. Waller looked at Asher. "How much do you want for pay?"

"I don't know. Never worked for money before." Asher turned hot and red at the disbelief in Waller's eyes.

"Well, you'd get your meals here. We got room upstairs or in the tack house, whichever you wanted."

Asher grinned. "I'd like the tack house."

"Well, a man's got to have some time to himself, I always say. And you wouldn't be under our feet that way." Waller grunted and drank some more coffee. "Saturday nights off. You don't drink much, do you?"

"No. Not much."

"That's good. Last man we had out here drank like prohibition was coming back. I drink some. All I want is that you don't make an ass out of yourself and can't work. Let me pay you seventy-five a month until fall. Then we'll settle it for good."

"That's fine."

Waller finished eating and sat back with a cigarette. "You come from Nebraska?"

Asher nodded, unwilling to say anything about Siiri or the farm.

"You got a family there?"

Asher shut his mouth in a determined line, not looking at Waller. There was a short silence.

"Ah-hum," Waller cleared his throat. "You aren't in any trouble that I should worry about?"

"No. You don't have to worry about me."

Asher met Waller's eyes and then looked at the floor.

So Asher was set to work, that first afternoon, doing small chores around the barnyard. Waller went back to the field with the team of horses.

That night, after supper, Asher settled himself into the tack house. The Wallers had provided sheets and blankets and a change of clothes for him. He made the iron bed up and went to lie down early. He turned the light out and left the door open so he could see outside and watch the road. "Siiri, you won't come this far looking, will you?" he asked softly. But he watched the road until he fell asleep.

WALLER took Asher out with him the next day to the hayfields, and they finished the mowing. Then they raked the hay and hauled it to the various hay barns. They did the milking and other chores, clearing up the barnyard, making ready for the winter ahead. And Waller would leave Asher to do chores alone without coming to watch him work.

Saturday nights they went into town together for some drinking; and, as Waller said, he did drink some. A few times Asher would have to load Waller into the box of the truck and carry him home, holding his head under the barn pump while Mrs. Waller stood by with black coffee and aspirin. Then Waller would go into the house and fall asleep.

Sunday mornings were quiet. Asher would do the milking alone while Waller slowly recuperated

from the trip to town. At second breakfast, Waller would come downstairs, mumbling about his head, "My God, my eyes feel like red-hot coals. And they're burning chunks out of my skull. I got up so I wouldn't set the bed on fire."

"You need a sauna. A good hot sauna on Saturday night before you go into town, and you won't be sick the next day," Asher said.

"Sauna?"

"Yeah, like the Finns have. A steam bath. Makes your blood go better. Carries the poison out of you faster," Asher explained.

"I don't know. Just the three of us. Would it cost much?"

"No. I could build it myself from old lumber. Pa built one, and I helped him. When it's done you could have friends over. Missus could visit with them, and we go to town later."

Waller and his wife made their eyes talk again, then both smiled at Asher. "Damned good idea. You could build it?"

"Yeah. Not much money. I'll do all the work."

Sunday mornings Waller and his wife would go to church, leaving Asher alone on the ranch. These were the best times for Asher. Time of his own; and he used it to please himself by reading, or lying down in the grass and listening to the chickens as they sang in their dust baths, or he could just listen to his own blood running in and out of his heart.

This Sunday Mrs. Waller brought a small box home from the church. After dinner she opened it and showed Asher the Apache tears. "Aren't they pretty?" she asked, taking a silver chain from the box. The dusky, dark, clear stones were suspended from the chain; they were oval, tear-shaped, and reflected the light softly. "I love holding them," Mrs. Waller said.

"What are they?" Asher hung back from touching them, they had such a fragile look.

"Apache tears, they're called. They're stones." Mrs. Waller laid them on Asher's palm. "They said that these are the tears shed by the Apache maidens for their dead warriors."

Asher held the stones gently, turning his head from side to side. Something, he thought, so good. He lost all his words, even in his head, and only looked at the stones.

Mrs. Waller went on, smiling at him. "They're found in the mountains. My uncle polished them and made them into this bracelet." She took the chain and laid it next to her skin. "Don't they make my skin pretty?" The stones fell along her arm, bringing out the candle color of her flesh.

Waller grumbled at them, not cross, but reminding them of his presence. "Taking on like kids over that bracelet, you two. You going to build us a sauna, Asher?"

"Yeah, if you want. It wouldn't take long, working nights at it. I'll start the foundation tomorrow."

THEY decided where they wanted the bathhouse, and by working evenings, they finished it just before the fall frosts started. The first Saturday night after it was finished they had a small party for themselves. Asher heated the sauna during the day, building the heat slowly in the cast-iron stove, so that the rocks over the stove would be evenly heated. He carried water into the steam room to heat in a large steel barrel, and he brought cold water for the rinsing. The steam room was small, with benches that went up the wall like bleachers of a ball field.

Waller and his wife went in first, undressing in the outer room and going into the steam room. Mrs. Waller sat on the wooden bench gingerly, for the wood was hot. Waller mixed a bucket of hot and cold water for her; he threw cold water on the stones and made copious amounts of steam. They sat and perspired like horses, washing themselves and finally rinsing with cold water.

When they came out, dressed, Asher asked them how they liked it.

"Fine. Damn fine, Asher," Waller said, clapping him on the shoulder. "You go in next."

Waller and his wife could hear Asher singing in the sauna as they sat on the front porch of the house. "Man's a good worker," Waller said, "even if he is on the dumb side."

"You shouldn't talk like that. He's done a lot for us."

"Well, I know. And I don't hold it against him." Waller took out a bottle of Old Crow and set it on the floor beside him. "Going to have a snort right now. See if that sauna works."

"I wonder about him sometimes. He never said anything about his home."

"I know how he got here. Came on a truck."

"How'd you find out? He didn't tell you."

"Hah, a trucker told me last week. He picked him up in Nebraska and gave him a lift here. Called him 'Harmless.' Said he'd run away from his wife."

"Oh." Mrs. Waller was shocked. Now she worried. "Was he in trouble?"

"Guess not. Trucker said no one had posted any bills."

"What kind of man would run away from his wife?"

"What kind of wife would make a man run away, I want to know." Waller took a second snort.

"He must've loved her sometime," Mrs. Waller said.

"Women." Waller sighed. "I figured it out. Loving's a lot like dying; you know you're bound to do it, but that don't mean you're going to like it. No. Nor even enjoy it." They sat quietly for some minutes, chewing that like a cud.

Mrs. Waller said, "You know, I got him a present. I thought I should because of the sauna and all. Now I wonder if I should give it to him."

"That's a daft thing to do. Give a hired hand a present. And because he did some extra work. You start that, and they'll all expect presents. Not to mention money." Waller wiped his mouth. "What difference does it make if he ran away from his wife? You can still give him the present. What'd you get?"

"Well, after what you told me, it doesn't seem right."

"Oh, hell. Takes a woman to think of right and wrong." Waller sat still. "Listen to those locusts yell. Damn few left anymore, what with the frost we had last night." He turned his head. "Hey, Asher!" he called.

"Yeah?" Asher answered.

"You in there for the night?"

"No, I'm coming right now." And Asher came out to join them on the porch.

"Damned good sauna you built." Waller offered him the bottle.

Asher took a small drink. "That's strong. I better not drink much."

"How will we find out if the sauna works? Can't tell if I'm not good and soused. Come on, keep up with me."

Asher took another drink and returned the bottle to Waller.

"Oh, Asher. I got something for you." Mrs. Waller handed a small white box to him.

Waller took another swig of the Old Crow and grinned in the dark.

Asher made his eyes open wider; he was sleepy, and the liquor had made his upper lip numb. He opened the box slowly, feeling hot and miserable. "I didn't need any present."

Mrs. Waller smiled and kneaded her hands together. "They aren't put on a chain or anything. I didn't know what you'd use them for, but I saw how you liked my Apache tears."

Asher stared at the five small stones and then at Mrs. Waller.

"You get the notions, don't you?" Waller asked. "What'll he do with them?"

"Oh, no. I like them fine, Mrs. Waller. Fine." Asher spoke hastily. "I thank you very much. You both been so fine to me."

Waller shoved the bottle at him. "Have a drink, Asher. That's something a man can always use."

Asher took a large drink this time and sat down

on the porch step to look at the stones, turning them under the dark sky to see how they held even this dim light. He wouldn't do anything with the stones, he thought, only let them be like they were.

Waller was beginning to feel good. He let a long draft of the liquor pour down his gullet, then said, "Here, Harmless. Have another."

Asher ducked his head, then looked hard at Waller.

"Oh, don't get riled up. I met that trucker that gave you a ride. Nice guy. Said to say hello to you."

Asher put the stones into their box and tucked the box into his shirt pocket. He took a long pull at the bottle to start his blood going. Would he have to run again?

Waller said, "I don't much care, you see, but it sounds funny for a man to run out on his wife."

Asher scrambled off the porch. It wasn't far enough, he thought; if Waller knows, then she'll find me. He looked up at the night sky; this was such a good place here, he thought. "I won't go back."

"Who said you had to go back? I didn't."

"You talked to Siiri?"

"No. I don't know any Siiri. That your wife?"

"Yes."

"Not much of a man if you can't handle your wife."

"Your wife, maybe," Asher said resentfully. "You go out in the field. Where's your wife? In the house. She never comes to see if you're plowing right."

"Hell, no. She doesn't know that much about plowing."

"Her father doesn't have the title to your place. He doesn't keep track of your money and your time."

"No. By God, I'd kick him off the place if he tried." Waller was astonished. "How'd he get title to your farm?"

"When we got married, I was underage. He took it over to keep it from going to the bank."

"You never got it back?"

"No. And Siiri, she didn't want me the way your wife does you." Asher paused. "You know. She prayed a lot."

"She was your wife, wasn't she? You should have done it anyway."

Asher sighed. "Well, she hated me so much I lost the feeling."

"Huh. Sounds like she was crazy."

"Her pa made her that way. He wanted to own a lot of land. He had his sons to help farm it, and their wives. And kids all over. The Old Man let them live how they wanted as long as they were on the farm."

"What was he? A Communist?"

"I don't know what church they went to. They never went to any. Only Siiri, and she had a look in her eye sometimes —" Asher let the sentence trail off.

"You sure were dumb, getting tied up that way."

"Yeah. I know I'm dumb about things."

"So you ran away."

Asher nodded.

"Well, be easy about it. I won't talk. Want another drink?"

"No. Thanks. I guess I've had enough."

"Well, I don't feel up to any more, either."

Yawning, Mrs. Waller murmured, "Good night," and went into the house.

The two men sat on the porch together, without talking. Waller shook his head and pondered the dumbness of his hired hand. Asher took the Apache tears and rubbed them with his handkerchief. After a while Waller hoisted himself up and went to bed, slamming the screen door softly against the night air. He went upstairs and crawled into the warm bed. His wife moved to make room for him, and he ran a hand under her nightgown. Her skin bunched into goose bumps, but she came to him under the blankets. Then she prodded him with her elbow.

"What was that you said out there?" she asked.

"Huh? What'd I say?" Waller weaseled himself closer; now the two of them were bound within the nightgown.

"You said you didn't enjoy love," she accused mildly, but she wasn't responding to him.

"Oh, honeybunch," Waller said, and pressed himself to her.

"No, you quit that leeching around until you tell me what you meant. You don't enjoy love, you can just quit being miserable in my bed." She stuck both elbows in his chest and knotted her knees hard against him.

Waller cursed himself and said, "Oh, I said loving's like dying. Bound to happen, but it's no guarantee you're going to enjoy it. I didn't mean you and me. I was thinking about old Asher down there. He never enjoyed any loving."

She was appeased. "You didn't mean me?"

"No. You're the best in the world." Waller settled himself on his back.

They lay snug and warm in bed for a few minutes; then Mrs. Waller said, "Well, aren't you coming over here?"

"Mhm. I kinda got out of the mood."

She whispered, "You come over here, and I'll get you in the mood."

Waller jounced over to her side of the bed, yelling, "Whoopee! I'm coming!"

Out on the porch, Asher sat and looked at his

Apache tears until the chickens began their early-morning crooning. He had heard Waller whoop once, and smiled to himself. This is a nice place to be, he thought.

WINTER came. The mountains at the west let snow and more snow fall until they were entirely covered, and the snow crept even to the ranch. Waller and Asher went up after the stock, returning in a few days with the bunched cattle.

Mrs. Waller came out to meet them at the feed yards. "Much snow up there?" she called.

"Enough. It was time we got there. The lakes are frozen good, even the one on our near forty. Had to chop holes to water the cattle. Won't hold any weight, though."

Asher limped over to them, leading his horse.

"What happened to your foot?"

"He fell off Blackie. Wasn't watching where he was going and got knocked off." Waller grumbled, "That wasn't enough, Blackie had to walk on him. You want to tie it up? I think a bone's broken in there."

"It don't hurt so much, only when I walk on it." Asher grinned at her, but his face was set in new lines.

"I'll tie it up. Heals faster that way." Mrs. Waller walked to the house with him and made him sit on a chair in the kitchen.

Asher pulled off his boot and held out the foot. "It smells bad, I think," he apologized.

"No matter. Waller smells like a dead skunk some nights." She washed his foot in the enamel basin and tied a white cloth around it up to the ankle. "There, if it doesn't feel better in a few days, you go into town for the doctor."

"Mrs. Waller, you're so nice."

"Oh." She laughed nervously. "You go on. You don't talk that way to married women." She blushed and emptied the basin. "Now, you sit there and eat some supper."

The next day came bright and cold. It was dead winter now, and the steam of their breath froze in crystals that hung in midair. Waller did most of the chores, allowing Asher only to feed the chickens and to putter in the barn. Asher's foot pained him badly, and by noon he was faint.

Waller and Asher went back to the house for lunch, pulling their boots off on the porch, and Waller opened the door to let Asher go inside first.

As Asher came into the kitchen he saw a stranger sitting at the table. Not a stranger, he thought. "Siiri," he said, and knew he hadn't run far enough.

"I'll be go to hell," whispered Waller, and stuck his arm under Asher's elbow.

"She came to get Asher," Mrs. Waller said, not certain how she felt about it. "She wants him to come home with her."

Siiri sat at the table; she wore a man's black jacket and a pair of heavy denim pants. She was pale, slender, with very short, ash-colored hair. She wore no makeup; her face was clean and barren of expression. She looked only at Asher, holding him almost by the force of her eyes. "You hurt your foot," she said. Her voice was surprisingly soft but flat.

"He had a fall," Waller said, shortly.

"I prayed for you, Asher," Siiri said, ignoring Waller.

Waller snorted and came to stand between them.

"Never mind," Mrs. Waller said. "We'll let them talk alone." She prodded Waller out of the kitchen and up the stairs.

"You don't know what she's like," Waller crabbed. "And he's so damned dumb she'll tie him up again. Praying!"

"She can't be so bad. She started to pray when we came out of the kitchen. She seems to be a real good woman."

Waller threw up his hands and sat down on the top step. He thought, No, if he's been easy here, this is where he should stay. I don't give a damn if he polishes those stones all day long.

In the kitchen, Siiri had finished praying. "You have to come home now. It isn't right to leave your wife. That's one of God's laws."

Asher was silent; he had no words, no thoughts even, only the emptiness. "How did you find me?" he managed to ask.

"It was God's will. And the girl at the truck stand remembered you. Tree frogs." Siiri smiled. "God's will," she repeated.

"I don't hear God telling me to go back."

"You'll have to come back. Pa and Arn are coming to get you."

She had spoken so calmly, as if it were all beyond his changing, that Asher felt his blood drain away and panic splintered his chest. He sat warily and watched her as she resumed praying. Then he stood up and tiptoed out of the kitchen; she'd not notice him for the time she was lost in her own distance. He went out of the house and off the front porch. He saw a car coming down the road. He ran around the corner of the house to the barn; no time now even to pick up his boots, so he ran sock-footed. His foot pained him sharply, and he knew it wouldn't carry his weight long. Hiding here at the Wallers' was futile; or anywhere along the road, for they'd find him. If he hid anywhere away from shelter, he would freeze before morning. Where could he go? His mind blurred with the agony from his foot and

the panic in his chest. Nowhere was far enough.

He hobbled across the barnyard and over the fence to the pasture. The cottonwood tree stood at one edge of the clearing, not far from the frozen lake. He sat down under the cottonwood tree, stretching out his crippled foot. I'll sit here and rest a minute, he thought. He took out the Apache tears and started polishing them.

Siiri was still praying, eyes closed, at the kitchen table when Waller burst through the door.

"Where's Asher?" he demanded.

Siiri opened her eyes. "Why, I don't know. I suppose he went to get his things. He's going back with me." She spoke soothingly.

"Did he say he was going back?"

"No. I didn't see him go out. But he'll come back with me."

"Well, I say he ain't going back." Waller snarled, "You just go back without him."

"How foolish you are. He belongs to us."

"The hell he does. He stays here. Or anyplace he wants to be." Waller glanced out the window. "That your car in my yard?"

"I suppose so. Pa and Arn came to help me."

"The hell they did." Rage filled Waller as he ran out the door, shoving against the two men who stood on the porch.

"Where're you going?" Mrs. Waller called.

"The tack house. I got to find Asher and tell him he can stay here." Waller ran to the tack house, but Asher wasn't there and hadn't been there. Waller ran to the barn and searched through the stalls, mangers, and the haymow. He ran out of the barn and was met by Mrs. Waller and the three Davidsons. "Get out of my way," he snarled at Siiri, and ran to the sauna.

"Not in here," he yelled, sweating hard. He looked at the Davidsons. "See this? He built it for us." He looked around the farmyard as if to conjure Asher up out of the air. He swore and ran to the pasture fence. The others followed at his heels, running over the pasture, calling and stopping to listen.

"Shut up a minute," Waller commanded, and they were all silent. "Look for tracks. No, stay still and let me look." He went before them, crossing and recrossing the snow cover. Then he held up a hand and followed the pattern of Asher's footprints. He stopped under the cottonwood. "He came here," he said.

"Well, where is he?" Old Man Davidson asked.

Waller grunted and moved off ahead of them; the footprints made a dark blurring to the lake. Waller stood at the edge of the lake, staring out toward the center. The tracks went on, straight out. Damn fool, Waller thought, you can't make it on that ice. He said, "He's out there."

THE ROAD TO MOSCOW:



DE GAULLE AND THE KREMLIN

BY CURTIS CATE *Many explanations have been put forward as to why General de Gaulle has vetoed Britain's admission to the European Economic Community. It is the contention of the present article that the General's opposition to Britain is a deliberate part of his long-range diplomatic maneuvering with the Soviet Union. CURTIS CATE represents the ATLANTIC in Europe.*

IN HIS book *Adventure in Diplomacy*, which is more than ever worth reading in the light of recent events, Kenneth Pendar relates how one evening early in 1943 he found himself seated in a villa in Marrakech between Roosevelt and Churchill. In the course of the dinner he turned to the latter and asked him what he thought of De Gaulle. Churchill looked annoyed. "Oh, let's don't speak of him," he answered gruffly. "We call him Jeanne d'Arc and we're looking for some bishops to burn him." It may be some time before we discover just what Churchill's successor, Harold Macmillan, said some twenty years later after being subjected to another Gaullist rebuff; but no one should be unduly surprised if it turned out that the British Prime Minister had intimated that the bishops had fallen down badly on the job.

De Gaulle's private feud with Macmillan goes back at least as far as their wartime encounters in Algiers, where Macmillan had the difficult job of acting as Churchill's personal envoy to the leader of the Free French. In the second volume of his memoirs, De Gaulle tells how on one occasion Macmillan said to Guy de Charbonnières, one of his Free French supporters: "If General de

Gaulle today refuses the hand that is proffered him, you should know that America and Britain will abandon him completely and he will be reduced to nothingness." But twenty years later it was Macmillan, not De Gaulle, who was abandoned.

De Gaulle's deep-rooted distrust of the British, however, antedates his wartime quarrels with Churchill, Eden, Macmillan, and the host of generals, admirals, and Foreign Office officials he had to contend with. The frustration he suffered during World War I at being cooped up in a German prison fortress for three years while the English and later the Americans mustered the reinforcements necessary to drive the German armies from French soil contributed to his distrust of the British, just as did the duplicities and tergiversations of British policy after the war, from the time of Lloyd George to Stanley Baldwin. In De Gaulle's conversation with Stalin on December 8, 1944, when he had to explain why he was bent on signing an exclusive Franco-Russian pact instead of the tripartite pact embracing Britain which Churchill had suggested, De Gaulle kept emphasizing the fact that England was a country which "was never in a hurry for

Photograph courtesy of Wide World Photos.

the reason that she was a colonial empire and because her people were imbued with a particular spirit." This spirit was one of persistent and unshakable procrastination — "England always intervened when Germany was already fighting." England was late in arming in the 1930s. She was late again in the 1950s, when she was offered a chance to become a founder member of, first, the Steel and Coal Community and, later, the Common Market. England, in other words, is a country that always hesitates.

Still, there is obviously something a trifle vindictive and narrow-minded about wanting to punish a country which, after misgivings, finally determines to make up for lost time. For a fuller explanation we must go back to De Gaulle's Bordeaux speech of September 25, 1949:

Among the peoples of Europe will the German people be present? I reply that notwithstanding all the sorrows and hatreds aroused in millions of human beings, and above all in the French, by the mere mention of Germany, the man of common sense sees the Germans precisely where they are, which is to say, in the center of our continent. He sees them such as they are, which is to say, numerous, disciplined, dynamic, endowed by nature and by their work with a great economic potential, abundantly supplied with coal, equipped for large-scale production despite ruins and dismantlings, capable of rising to the summits of thought, science, and art, once they cease to be led astray by the frenzy of conquest. He also sees Europe amputated, by Soviet domination, of a very vast and precious part of itself. He further sees England moving away, attracted by the transatlantic mass. He concludes that the unity of Europe must, if possible and despite everything, incorporate the Germans.

But to this end reason demands that there one day be a means of establishing between the German people and the French people a direct and practical entente, reflecting the fact that they are complementary in so many respects, and thus overcoming the vicissitudes of history. This, fundamentally, is the heart of the matter. There will or there will not be a Europe, depending on whether or not an accord without intermediaries is or is not possible between Germans and Gauls.

The key to this passage are the two words "without intermediaries," which define the type of accord De Gaulle then envisaged as essential between the "Germans and Gauls." Now, why should a Franco-German entente have this exclusive and private character? The British, as De Gaulle knows from experience, are a sober, pragmatic people who cannot be pushed around or swept off their feet by lofty rhetoric, whereas the Germans, shorn of their empire and reduced to fifty million this side of the Iron Curtain, are far more malleable and submissive. De Gaulle admitted as much last December when he told

Macmillan at Rambouillet: "Of course, if England comes into the Common Market, it will change everything. As things now are, France can say no — even to Germany. But if England comes in, this will no longer be possible."

Reduced to its essentials, this amounts to saying that the Common Market must remain under the hegemony of France, which is to say, De Gaulle. The day the British are prepared to accept this claim to hegemony, De Gaulle will be prepared to lift his veto and admit Britain to the club.

EVER since May of last year, when De Gaulle made a significant hint to Walter Lippmann, it had been suspected that the General would be willing to trade British admission to the Common Market in return for London's agreement to join Paris in the creation of a Franco-British atomic striking force. Following De Gaulle's press conference of January 14, the French Information Ministry let it be known that De Gaulle had in effect proposed such a joint effort to Macmillan when they met at Rambouillet in December, but that the British Prime Minister had turned down the offer, preferring to fly to Nassau to renew London's special military ties with Washington. This version of the Rambouillet talks, industriously disseminated by the Gaullist propaganda machine, has been accepted as the gospel truth by thousands of Frenchmen. In fact, however, the closest De Gaulle came to making such an offer was at the end of a review of Anglo-French problems, when he declared that the kind of Franco-British cooperation which had led to plans for the joint production of the Concorde supersonic airplane might be extended to other fields. What fields he did not specify, and Macmillan did not follow up the lead.

As things turned out, every precaution was taken to make it clear to De Gaulle that the offer of Polaris submarines made to Britain at Nassau was open to France as well. The American ambassador in Paris, Charles Bohlen, who had attended the Nassau meeting, was instructed to make this quite clear to the General after the latter had written Kennedy a noncommittal answer to the American invitation. But far from convincing the General, Bohlen was treated to a short lecture in which De Gaulle declared that in acting unilaterally, as it chose to do in last October's Cuban crisis, Washington had placed the security of the United States before the security of Europe. The fact that this was said before January 1 and repeated almost word for word in his press conference of January 14 suffices to nullify the theory which certain Paris embassies

tried to advance that something had happened in those two weeks to make the General change his mind. The truth would seem to be that the General had already made up his mind, and as André Fontaine, the diplomatic editor of *Le Monde*, pertinently observed in his subsequent review of these events, "one is thus led to think that he saw in the Polaris affair less a reason than a pretext for rupture."

To anyone except De Gaulle a rupture might seem to be the one thing to be avoided, particularly with such a "good, old, brave people," as he once termed the British. But premises which appear valid for the general run of humanity do not apply to De Gaulle. His philosophy has always been one of solitary revolt, stubborn refusal, brazen defiance. Where Churchill or Roosevelt — or, for that matter, any politician — speaks quite naturally of a great enterprise, De Gaulle speaks of a *grande querelle* — that phrase first borrowed from Hamlet's "Rightly to be great Is . . . greatly to find quarrel in a straw." To be sure, saying no is a negative performance. But there is dignity in renunciation, and showing the imposter the door, even when the imposter is an old and stouthearted friend, is an action which resounds with the noble accents of tragedy.

IT CANNOT be stressed too often that Charles de Gaulle's approach to statesmanship is essentially Machiavellian, just as his imagination is essentially historical. "The facts may prove me wrong," he once declared to his finance minister, Antoine Pinay, "but history will prove me right." This obsession with history and his own unique position in it pursues him everywhere, and when, in the depths of his lonely meditations, he looks out upon the world, what does he see? He sees fifteen centuries of greatness. "France has been accustomed for fifteen hundred years to being a great power," he once declared in a speech made in London in 1942. But what, in this mid-twentieth century, is there left for Charles de Gaulle to accomplish which might, in the light of history, stand remote comparison with France's past achievements?

The answer to this question was hinted at in the General's press conference of May 15, 1962, when, after lashing out at Europe's integrated institutions, which he compared slightly to Volapük and Esperanto, he got around to discussing "the most burning issue in the world at the present time. . . . In the great quarrel which is presently posed, presently nourished by the ambition of the Soviets, Germany is quite naturally the chief stake. In this regard, I must say that as far as we

are concerned, we feel that in today's international situation, characterized by tension, threats, the cold war, it is vain to seek a satisfactory settlement of the problem of Germany. This looks to us like trying to square the circle."

After developing this theme with respect to the quadripartite statutes governing Berlin, De Gaulle came around to his pet theme of the essential solidarity between France and Germany, concluding his remarks with this significant paragraph:

On this solidarity depends the destiny of all Europe from the Atlantic to the Urals; for it may be that in the West a Europe can be established, a construction, an organization which is firm, prosperous, attractive; then will reappear the possibilities of a European equilibrium with the states of the East and the prospect of a genuine European cooperation, particularly if, in the meantime, the totalitarian regime ceases poisoning the springs. In that case one could and one should, I think, solve the German problem in an objective fashion. In that case, as I have already said and as I now repeat, France would be ready to contribute solid propositions.

What are these "solid propositions" which, after an unspecified lapse of time, will make it possible to square the circle? They were spelled out in some detail in an illuminating article published last January 28 in the Oslo newspaper *Arbeiderbladet*. According to this article, the Gaullist Grand Design can be summed up as follows: because of internal strains and stresses within the Communist bloc, and particularly because of the mounting tension between Russia and China, the time will come when Moscow will wish for peace on the western front of the cold war. This peace could be attained by effecting a deal whereby the United States would withdraw its troops from Europe in exchange for a simultaneous unification and demilitarization of Germany. Germany would be forced to recognize the Oder-Neisse frontier; along with Germany, Poland, Czechoslovakia, Hungary, Romania, and Bulgaria would be demilitarized, as well as Yugoslavia, Greece, and Turkey. France and Russia would remain the only two nuclear powers on the continent, and Europe would in effect be subjected to a kind of dual hegemony, with a western sphere under French influence and an eastern sphere under Russian domination. The close cooperation between Western Europe and the United States which has marked the first two post-war decades would be terminated and the NATO alliance quietly buried.

The article, picked up by a number of French and German newspapers, created a small stir in the chancelleries of Western Europe. Its publication even momentarily embarrassed the Norwe-

gian government, since the author of the article, who had signed himself "our Brussels correspondent," proved to be Per Mønsen, the son-in-law of the Norwegian Foreign Minister.

The Elysée Palace, annoyed by all this publicity, issued a prompt denial which only added to the speculation. The reason for this unprecedented move was obvious: the West Germans could hardly be elated to discover, a week after the solemn signing of a treaty with France, that their pre-assigned role was to be that of a submissive junior partner.

The trouble with Mønsen's allegations is that they were too precise. De Gaulle is a man who usually knows what he wants, but, as his handling of the Algerian conflict demonstrated, he is often vague about just how to get it. A united Germany, even demilitarized, is almost certainly something he does not want, for two cogent reasons. It would create a single block of seventy million Germans, which forty-seven million Frenchmen, even led by De Gaulle, could not dominate; and second, it would almost certainly be unacceptable to the Soviet Union.

But might not something a little less ambitious — say, a demilitarized and independent East Germany with Berlin as its capital — tempt the Russians? What about a solution along the lines of what was achieved in Austria in 1955, one which the German philosopher Karl Jaspers had the courage to advocate several years ago in a series of controversial broadcasts and articles? Who, after all, can predict just what price the German people might be willing to pay to remove the Berlin wall and the concentration camp frontier separating them from their friends and relatives in the East?

WILL this stand as a working hypothesis of why De Gaulle vetoed Britain's entry into the Common Market? In advancing any serious claim to negotiate the Berlin and German problems, the General knows as well as anyone that he holds very few good cards. His country is only just beginning to recover from the fratricidal dissensions of the Algerian conflict, with a profoundly demoralized army which it will take years and a great deal of money to modernize. The *Force de Frappe*, based on supersonic Mirage bombers, will not be effective until 1965 at the earliest, and the bombers, whose real efficacy is a matter of dispute among aviation experts, will not be superseded by rockets until 1968 or, more likely, 1970. An agreement for full-scale nuclear cooperation with Britain would undoubtedly have accelerated this timetable; but such an agreement being implicitly denied him,

De Gaulle had no choice, from the point of view of his Grand Design, but to play his trump card, the exclusion of Britain from the Common Market.

Britain's exclusion was interpreted at the time as a weakening of the Western alliance. Undoubtedly it was; but from De Gaulle's point of view it also represented a strengthening of his hand in the complex poker game he wants to play with the Kremlin. It is in this sense, it seems to me, that one should interpret the subsequent reassurances proffered by the French Prime Minister, Georges Pompidou, and even by De Gaulle himself to the effect that the exclusion of Britain should not be regarded as permanent, but only as a temporary phenomenon. This was a way of hinting to Moscow that De Gaulle has it in his power to keep England out of the Common Market for an almost indefinite period to come.

Since England's entry into the Common Market would inevitably be followed by the admission of the other members of the "Seven," the European Economic Community would swell overnight into a massive entity of 300 million producers and consumers, which would exercise a powerful attraction on the satellite countries of Eastern Europe; indeed, even the smaller Common Market of the Six has begun to exert an attraction which is disturbing to the Kremlin and which has taken its most concrete form to date in the recent establishment of a West German trade mission in Warsaw. By blocking this process, even if only temporarily, De Gaulle can stake out a claim to being recognized as an arbiter — a favorite De Gaulle word — in the existing European situation. Conversely, should Moscow refuse to recognize this claim, he can retaliate by lifting his veto on Britain's admission and letting events take their course.

Ever since last summer, periodic rumors have filtered out of the Elysée Palace to suggest that the General was planning a trip to Moscow. He is in a sense bound to do so, in return for the trip which Nikita Khrushchev made to France in March of 1960. Such a trip, however, could easily boomerang, much like Adenauer's abortive pilgrimage to Moscow in 1955, if undertaken precipitately or without proper preparation. This is why De Gaulle seems bent on preceding any journey to Moscow with several "plebiscitary excursions" intended to impress on both Russians and Americans that he speaks not only for France but for a large part of the "uncommitted world." The first of these would be a grand tour of France's former African possessions, to be followed, sometime next year, by a second grand tour of Latin America.

This last would have an immediate bearing on American-European relations. De Gaulle hopes

that he can persuade the Germans to go along with him in proposing an ambitious program of economic aid to Latin America, a kind of Franco-German Marshall Plan, intended, among other things, to rival and undercut the Alliance for Progress. As its chief salesman, De Gaulle could present himself before his Latin-American audiences as a member of the great Latin family, and it would not be difficult for him to suggest that France, the land of Corneille, Victor Hugo, Bizet, and Auguste Comte, has always been sympathetic to the Hispanic world in a way in which Anglo-Saxons could never be. The resultant hue and cry in Washington over this all but open attack on the Monroe Doctrine would, of course, play straight into the General's hands, since one of his goals is to maneuver the United States into eventually withdrawing its troops from Europe.

AT FIRST sight this Grand Design looks like the dream of a paranoiac. De Gaulle, we should not forget, has always tended to believe in miracles and shortcuts. His prescription for the "Army of the Future" which he laid down in the early 1930s called for just eight armored divisions and 100,000 men, before whose mechanized tread the tyrants would tremble and robber rulers prudently stay at home. In 1946 he brusquely walked out on his own Cabinet in the confident belief that a clamorous French people would immediately implore him to return; instead, they let him linger in the political wilderness for the next twelve years. In 1958 he returned to power, convinced that his reappearance on the public stage would suffice to bring the Arabs flocking to him with offers of peace. Instead, they continued the struggle for four more years and finally forced him at Evian to agree to a settlement on their terms.

In this connection, we should bear in mind another significant trait in the General's character, and that is his ferocious determination to be or to appear to be the author of all vital initiatives concerning France and Europe, accompanied by a jealous determination to belittle or sabotage initiatives emanating even from friends or allies. In December of 1944 he flew to Moscow with Georges Bidault and suggested to Stalin that the two should work out an agreement on post-war Germany to be submitted thereafter to Britain and the United States for their endorsement. In August of 1958 he embarked on a trip to French Central Africa in the course of which he abruptly and without warning granted these African colonies immediate independence. He thus contributed enormously to unleashing a grave crisis in the neighboring Belgian Congo, which was totally

unprepared for independence. This he might have foreseen but did not. Instead, when the United States prevailed on the United Nations to intervene in an effort to save what could be saved from the resultant anarchy, De Gaulle loftily refused to have anything to do with this last-minute salvage operation.

In March, 1959, he behaved in exactly the same way when Antoine Pinay came to see him with a message from René Payot, the editor of the *Journal de Genève*, to the effect that the Algerian rebels were tired of the seemingly hopeless struggle and would be willing to accept practically any terms from the General, provided he would agree to recognize Algeria's eventual independence, even ten or fifteen years hence. De Gaulle haughtily replied that this would be tantamount to recognizing the F.L.N. as the only "valid interlocutor," which he had not the slightest intention of doing; furthermore, he added, he would prefer that in the future Monsieur Pinay refrain from busying himself with matters which were not his immediate concern.

There was the same reaction, once again, when General Clay took the initiative in October, 1961, of bringing American tanks up to the Friedrichstrasse checkpoint in Berlin in order to impress on the Russians that the United States meant business in reaffirming the validity of the four-power statutes. Instructions were given to the French Commandant, General Jean Lacomme, not to cooperate. The initiative, once again, should come from Paris.

This persistent egocentrism is justified, in the case of Berlin, by a Gaullist argument which goes roughly as follows: the United States, being the capitalist country par excellence, is inevitably Soviet Russia's major adversary and *bête noire* and is thus unable for psychological reasons successfully to negotiate an end to the cold war. Whenever Americans and Russians sit down at the same conference table, each group arouses the latent hostility and suspicion of the other; there is a head-on clash of wills and opposing national ambitions, and the result is invariably a stalemate.

But if France and Russia were to sit down at a conference table together, it would be an entirely different story. They have the same geographic interests in keeping a rearmed and overpowerful Germany from ever again threatening the continent of Europe. They have historic ties — the Treaty of 1891, which was renewed in the Franco-Russian Pact of 1944, undertaken at the personal initiative of De Gaulle. Finally, France is no longer a capitalistic country. De Gaulle himself was willing to bring five Communists into his government and to nationalize half of French industry in 1944. France today is a semisocialized

country, ruled by state planners and technocrats, and the probability is that this process, far from declining, will advance even further as the years go by. There are, therefore, no fundamental doctrinal obstacles to a meeting of minds between Paris and Moscow.

The General's indifference to questions of doctrine is, in fact, just about total. In *Le Fil de l'Épée*, published in 1932, he wrote: "In the ceaseless movement of the world all the doctrines, all the schools, all the revolts have had their hour. Communism will pass. France will not." Communism, for the General, is not something endemically Russian; and, given time, the Russians, he thinks, will outgrow it. Furthermore, the inevitable economic pressures of mass production and consumption are steadily bringing East and West closer together, with the East growing more liberal and the West more social-minded and collectivist.

The General, furthermore, seems always to have been a collectivist at heart, as this further quotation from *Le Fil de l'Épée* makes clear:

Today, individualism is in error. Everywhere the need to associate becomes increasingly patent. There is not a trade which is not becoming a corporation. The parties speak only of rules and exclusions. Sport groups its federations and trains its teams. At the same time, the agglomerated and precipitated tempo of life imposes on workshops, offices, and the street a practical discipline whose rigor would have revolted our fathers. Mechanization and the division of labor make new inroads every day against eclecticism and fantasy. Whatever the tasks and the conditions, the nature of things distributes work and leisure in equal portions to all. Education is tending to be unified, housing increasingly uniform. From Sydney to San Francisco, via Paris, clothes are cut according to the same pattern. Even faces are coming to look alike. Without concluding, like Mr. Maeterlinck, that mankind is tending toward the ant heap, it is clear that it disapproves of the independent and the freewheeling. The army has only to take advantage of this evolution.

Time, it is clear, has not altered the General's fundamental convictions in this respect. In his last New Year's message to the French people he could look forward with hope to a modern France which "could well number 100 million inhabitants." He will not live to see this overpopulated France, and for the time being he must content himself with a *masse de manoeuvre* of 100 million Franco-Germans in order to carry his campaign to Moscow. To engage in this exalted duel with the Kremlin he needs a disciplined army at his beck and call, and, if necessary, he is prepared to go quite a long way to give it a properly regimented look, capable of impressing the heirs of Karl Marx. This is one explanation for his re-

peated intimations that he intends to launch his country on a frankly socialistic and welfare-state course — if France's still precarious balance of payments will allow it. In his press conference of last January he hinted, once again, at the necessity of associating labor and management in the running of enterprises, and last November, on the morrow of his election triumph, he was quoted by the Gaullist weekly, *Candide*, as declaring, with reference to the last-minute alliance engineered between Guy Mollet's Socialists and Maurice Thorez's Communists: "I'll go further than their Front Populaire."

In 1960 he startled the then head of his military household, General Grout de Beaufort, by blandly declaring: "The evolution toward Communism is inevitable. It is the sense of history. It would be absolutely foolish to want to oppose it. However, to reach its present state, the U.S.S.R. had to pass through unspeakable sufferings. This transition period can be spared France, provided that it is I who introduces Communism. . . . Needless to say, none of the existing economic or social structures will ever return. Such a policy presupposes a reversal of alliances."

To what extent was De Gaulle speaking seriously, to what extent was he exaggerating when he made this startling statement? It is impossible to say. Grout de Beaufort chose to interpret it seriously, and it helped precipitate his resignation. This may have been De Gaulle's intention, though it is difficult to see exactly what he had to gain by having these remarks bruited all over Paris.

It is also difficult to see how the profession of socialistic or collectivist sympathies of this kind is going to further the maintenance of the Franco-German Pact, since Erhard's Germany is, for the foreseeable future, committed to a large measure of free enterprise. This pact, indeed, gives all the signs of eventually proving just about as abortive as the Franco-Russian Pact of 1944, which did not keep Stalin from doing exactly what he wanted with Poland and which the Soviet Union formally denounced when West Germany entered NATO in 1954; a pact which failed to get De Gaulle invited either to Yalta or Potsdam, and which did not prevent the French Communists from openly opposing his ideas for a new French Constitution, thus precipitating his resignation in January of 1946.

ALL this may sound fantastic, but it is the kind of fantasy which appeals to De Gaulle. His is a policy which embraces grave risks, but risks are something he has never recoiled from. He is and always has been something of a gambler, and one of his French critics, writing last year under the

pseudonym of Michel Dacier, referred in the *Écrits de Paris* to his "romantic love of catastrophe." He has a tightrope walker's love for the vertigo of vast heights, and he has never made a secret of his conviction that he is a man predestined to be a providential savior. Peace and tranquillity hold little charm for him, just as the practical, the humdrum, the possible have never really interested him. It is, on the contrary, the impossible, the unheard-of enterprise, the seemingly unobtainable objective which have always haunted his imagination. It is more than likely that he would not have shown himself so prone to abandon Algeria but for the noisy clamor which brought him to power in 1958 and which seemed to make Algeria's abandonment more unthinkable than ever. Those in France who believe that he secretly wants the Comte de Paris to succeed him base their hypothesis on this psychological quirk. For what, in a country which has been republican for the last ninety years, could seem less likely than a monarchical restoration? By the same token, what, in a Europe divided between two hostile blocs, could seem more improbable than a Franco-German-Russian bloc against the Yellow Peril in the East?

Extravagant and fanciful though all this may seem, it would be a grave error to underestimate De Gaulle's capacity for trying to carry out his plan. The General has maneuvered himself into a position where he can practice diplomatic blackmail on a formidable and frightening scale. Should the Franco-German alliance turn sour, he can threaten to break up the Common Market by way of retaliation. This would not be difficult to do, since he did not favor its establishment in the first place and has on several occasions opened fire on Europe's integrated institutions. The collapse of the Common Market would simply justify his past objections. History, once again, would have proved him right.

At the same time, the General can always renew his overtures for nuclear collaboration with Britain, in the fond hope that the humiliation at Nassau will eventually make London more receptive to such a deal. Finally, he has it in his power, should everything else fail and should Bonn contest his claim to leadership, to encourage the Russians to maintain the present division of Germany, making, if necessary, a trip to Moscow to underscore this tacit agreement. And if the worst should come to the worst, he can declare that the West Germans have proved unworthy of their great Chancellor, who was bent on burying the age-old enmity between Germans and Gauls. The anti-German faucet will be quietly turned on and the Gaullist propaganda machine geared to ex-

ploit the latent Germanophobia of the French, just as last January the anti-British faucet was opened and the country flooded with a deluge of "perfidious Albion" insinuations.

The big conundrum remains: how will Moscow react to these overtures and changing situations? No one can say for sure. The Russians are realists and know that no Berlin settlement can be made without American agreement. But they also know that Charles de Gaulle is seventy-two years old and that time is running out.

Five years ago, in August of 1958, he embarked on a trip which gave the French African states their independence. In the Caravelle that was carrying him over another lap of his enfranchising marathon, he asked Bernard Cornut-Gentille, the former French high commissioner for West Africa, what he thought of his policy: "*Mon Général*," Cornut-Gentille answered after a moment's hesitation, "don't you think you're going a little fast?" "Perhaps," replied De Gaulle. "But then, I'm sixty-seven and I don't have much time."

A PLEA

BY LYNNE LAWNER

How could I keep what was not asked for yet?
How should I know my arms (parentheses)
In circling you unquestionably had to meet
Your questions, probing my vanished mysteries?
And that your tongue would sentence me to death
Before I drew my second first loving breath?

Before I drew my second first loving breath,
Before the first, I gave (if it occurred
That someone whined for wildness—all my wealth)
My mouth, but, waiting, never gave my word.
Now stilled by your reproach I offer tears:
Speechless, my pleading's with the uncome years.

Speechless, my pleading's with the uncome years,
Time in which to shape a new perfection.
What if I threw away some childish fears
And took upon myself a wise dejection?
I would give freely now, though dumb with debt.
How could I keep what was not asked for yet?



WILLIAM *by Sheila Burnford*

SHEILA BURNFORD is a Canadian doctor's wife whose tale of three animals, entitled THE INCREDIBLE JOURNEY, has become a classic of its kind and has been read and loved by thousands since it was published in March, 1961.

SINCE early morning, when he had awakened the household with his imperious whining, the dog whose name was William had been restless and had craved incessant attention with all the privilege of his fifteen years: he importuned first one with his insistent bullethead, and then another with a demanding paw; he whined to be let out, then almost at once demanded readmittance; and always there was a strange puzzled intentness of appeal in the questioning ears and in the depths of his small almond eyes.

The children of the family were very patient: they did not scold him when he lay down on the floor in the midst of their game of Racing Demon and his pleased tail scattered the piles of cards; when, slowly and stiffly, he rolled over onto his back in the preliminary to a game they had almost forgotten, they accepted the invitation — they bent over him in turn, daring him, then shrieked triumphantly “Missed again!” as he snapped with finely calculated error at their noses. Later, when the rain stopped at last, they set off on their bicycles, their young retriever running behind; but halfway up the winding drive one of them had looked back and seen a white figure plodding determinedly after. They waited for him then, and walked very slowly, pushing their bicycles to his pace. Very soon, however, he had tired and sat

down, mulish ears laid back, eyes slitted protestingly. They had come only a short distance from the cottage, so the children pointed back and told him firmly to go home; he drooped his head and allowed one leg to shiver pathetically so that their hearts were touched; they left their bicycles at the side of the road and walked back with him. Usually when he had scored some point like this he was immediately transformed with gaiety, but today he did little more than stir his tail apathetically. When he sat down again, halfway home, the eldest picked him up without comment and carried him into the cottage.

The wide windows of the living room looked out over the lake, the low white ceiling was bright with the rippling reflections of sunlit waves, and the thin curtains billowed gently before a fresh light breeze that brought a heady, rain-washed potpourri of clover and thyme, mint and wild roses into the room. The terrier sniffed appreciatively, then climbed into his basket, which the children had moved into a warm patch of sun. One of them picked a sweet pea from the bowl on the table and dropped it in beside his nose for his additional pleasure. They filled his water dish, patted him affectionately, and left.

He fell asleep at once, the waves slap-slapping a cheerful accompaniment to his gentle snoring.

Drawing by Susan Ross.

But all too soon he woke, whining softly, to resume his restless wanderings. At last he pushed open the screen door and ambled down to the shore, where he lay in the shallow water and lapped in a desultory way at the little waves breaking against his nose. Presently he left the water, barked from long custom at the insolent sea gulls on the raft, then settled down by a favorite young apple tree to wait for the children's return. They rode quickly when they came, for one of them carried an already melting ice cream cone. She knelt on the grass beside him, turning the cone as he licked his painstaking way around, but halfway down he turned his head away, and the cone was tossed to the waiting retriever. They teased him afterward with long grass stalks, tickling his sensitive ears and dropping clover on the long down-arched nose, for they loved to watch him clasp his paws tightly around in protection, his cunning dark eyes peeping out between, bright with humor. The young retriever watched hopefully from a few feet away, but when he was about to move over to participate in the fun he was warned off with a despotic, pettish growl and stopped in his tracks.

IT SEEMED this day that some newly developed need turned the terrier to the children, although for many years now they had outgrown the almost proprietary interest he had shown in each of them since birth. He had continued to be possessive and jealous if they displayed too much affection for the newcomer within the house, although he seemed to recognize their need for a younger, more active companion outside; he was like an elderly nanny who sees that her brood has grown beyond nursery care, yet still exerts her discipline. And they, who had pulled themselves up in turn from the ground to their first steps by his tender ears and patient tail, who had poked exploratory fingers into his loving eyes and turned back his pink lips to examine his shining teeth, were now as tolerant and patient as he had been with them.

In the early afternoon they left their own young dog behind and took William with them in the sailing dinghy, unable to withstand his wistful expression when he saw the picnic bag brought aboard. He was no longer certain of his balance in a heeling boat, so they wedged him securely between their knees. But in a short time the boat was at the end of the dock again; he was very unhappy, the children explained — whining and looking back always to the shore. They helped him out, and he stumbled up the dock in anxious haste, and there at the end he came upon a wooden garden chair, so low that his head was level with the arm.

He laid his muzzle along the arm and stood there, searching the face of the occupant. And she who had lived a decade and a half of her life in his company, looking back at him now, patting him in welcome, would not admit in her heart that this was an old dying dog but sought only to justify his desperate weariness by saying that this sultry weather would make anyone tired. And when the eldest child said, almost pityingly, "Mother, there is something wrong when William is not hungry —", she would not even then come halfway toward the admittance of truth but remarked only on the healthy coldness of his nose. And when the youngest, blunt with impersonal honesty, said, "Of course, he is really *ancient*, isn't he?", her mind sidetracked this issue too, and she reminded them only of great Argos and of Wassie, their grandfather's dog, who had lived for seventeen rat-catching years.

She looked down fondly as she spoke, seeing only the familiar recognition in his eyes, shutting her mind to their bluing blindness. But the children saw a thin-necked, frail dog with stiff, sinking hindquarters and trembling legs. They called their young retriever, and he leaped into the dinghy with flailing exuberance. Once more they set off for their picnic, released from uneasy pity.

Their mother watched them go, the dog leaning against her knee, her hand absently turning one of his ears inside out and back again. Small cat's-paws of wind frisked over the water to tinkle the sheep's bells hanging from a nearby birch; an ax rang against wood from somewhere across the bay and was silent again; the children's voices receded. Soon the red sails were out of sight, and the lake was quiet and empty once more. A fish rose with a small plop off the end of the dock, and even before the circles had gone, there was another and another. Presently a reel whirled and a line snaked out over the water; five minutes later the dog pinned a small, flapping perch down with an experienced paw and held it there until the hook was removed and the perch dispatched. He picked it up by the tail, then followed with slow importance up the steps and into the cottage, the fish dangling from his mouth. The screen door banged to, almost defiantly, behind them.

By evening the wind had risen until the lake was wild and stormy again under scudding black clouds, and the rain lashed at the windows; the gulls soared screaming over the birch tops in the gusts of wind that rattled the doors and spattered the rain down the wide chimney to sizzle on the log fire. The lamps were lit early, and when darkness closed out the wild night the streaming windowpanes reflected only a tranquil softly lit room, undulating gently in the rivulets. The children finished at last a seemingly endless, involved game

with counters and dice spread all over the floor; then they made hot chocolate, and popcorn on the fire. They offered some to the terrier, who normally relished a saucer of chocolate and as much popcorn as he could hypnotize out of anyone, but tonight he could not be persuaded, although he accepted a lump of sugar soaked in rum from the hand that had first given him this strange treat when he had been desperately ill as a puppy, and his nose and lips wrinkled with the same shocked delight at the strong rum fumes that they had many years ago.

This memory touched a responsive, reminiscent mood in the children, sprawled contentedly before the fire; as they occasionally appealed to their mother for verification, the familiar enchantment of "I remember when —" took hold of them.

The span of their conscious remembrance stretched back across the years and half a world away to a rambling old house in the south coast country of wartime England; stretched back to a time when they were so small that sometimes tonight they had a sudden catch of memory, involuntary as a catch of breath, but holding such intriguing promise that they felt if only they could grasp the fleeting second an instant longer they would remember the secret of something more important, of a time before life even. "I remember, I remember," they said, their brown faces flushed in the firelight and tense with concentration. "I remember, I remember, too," echoed their mother silently from the shadowed depths of a chair beyond the pool of light, and she marveled that their perspectives of memory could project such different images.

THE voices rose and fell, and the terrier slept in the security of their midst, no longer restless and demanding attention, unaware that he was receiving now the fullest recognition of all in a world of retrospect, where his identity emerged as many-sided as the facets of memory reflecting it.

The childhood world was one of endless summer, it seemed: where you went to bed when the sun still shone and rose to find it still shining, and only the nightingale singing in the cherry tree wakened you to look out and see the miracle of a moon-drenched garden through eyes just clearing the level of the nursery windowsill; where your burdens were few and light — tapioca pudding and the skin on tepid cocoa being among the heaviest; and under the dining-room table sat a discreetly invisible ally, loyally sharing them. . . . Upstairs in the nursery world the children slept at night, undisturbed and calm, but downstairs was the other world of a blacked-out house in a darkened

country, strained and haunted by absence; the creeping oppression and utter silence of the endless evenings, shared only by the dog lying curled in the armchair opposite — a dog who must listen to the interminable *Chronicles of Barsetshire* (because the voice that reads must break the silence somehow or be stifled by its weight), whose tenor howl alone joins with the giggling soprano at the piano and sends the offended silence fairly scurrying into the night before the duet of "Afton Water," who is always willing to lead the way down to the abysmal dark of the coal cellar, who fears not bats or mice, and whose teeth gleam reassuringly until the footsteps are identified.

A childhood world of delightful absurdity where, tabletop small, you could yet look down into the strange anemone eyes of giant farm horses, because their great necks arched over into your garden at ground level while they stood on their field that dropped away below; a sunlit, fragrant world of blackberrying in the hedges of those vast fields that stretched forever from that garden — purple-stained faces and hands, sunbonnets and sandals, and a purple-mouthed dog who enjoyed blackberries too, whose tail thrashed the basket from your scratched hands, who was ever valiant with cows. . . . But in the other world those same vast fields were small, too small and vulnerable, that still summer evening when the first obscenely sputtering black birds of war wobbled low across them and sickened the mind of one who watched with the as yet unguessed purpose of their evil; but before it had time to grow, the loneliness of fear had been dispelled by the furious wild barking of the indignant custodian of those fields, who had erupted out of his house and given chase, racing through the hedge and across the churchyard, hurdling the gate into the fields beyond, barking defiance at the monstrous bird until it sputtered redly out of his range and the staccato barking of the batteries beyond took up his cause, whereupon he had turned his back upon it and with the most expressive dismissal at his command, lifted his leg against a fence post. . . .

One world of breathless excitement where a gigantic rabbit with ruby eyes called Nigel romped in acres of orchard with a marmalade cat as big as a tiger called Daniel and a huge, whirling dog called William, scattering a thousand enormous hens among windfalls never equaled since in juiciness; and you drew a terrible face on a brown paper bag stuffed with straw on the end of a stick and scared the greedy starlings off the ripening fruit; and for this you received a penny, and another for that same William who had assisted but had no pockets of his own. . . . And another world, where children's gas masks, dolefully camouflaged into a goitrous cross between Mickey Mouse and an

anteater, hung by the cellar door; and an infant-sized dog obligingly deputized for the trial run of a "Helmet, anti-gas: Infants, for the use of," as supplied by a benevolent government, breathed the air pumped in by a hand bellows with such reassuring affability that he had looked, to the now suddenly hilarious audience that peered through the plastic window, exactly like the Duchess's Pig Baby. . . . The apples that year were small and sour, foxes made off with six of the twelve hens, and Nigel got into the vegetable garden. . . .

"I remember, I remember," said the children of those distant years when horizons stretched no further than the blue blur of sea glimpsed from the breathtaking heights of the Downs, those hills across whose springing turf you raced at the heels of your dog after a long-tailed kite, the dragon soaring and curtsying before the cloud shadows, the meadowlarks filling the skies with delight. . . . "I remember, I remember, too," silently echoed their mother of a distant, never to be forgotten dawn on those same hills, when the horizon that stretched across that blur of sea was the waiting coast of France; and a young woman and her dog, with only the sleepy stirring sheep to share their vigil, had waited in the predawn darkness until they had heard at last, not meadowlarks, but the steady droning increase of a thousand engines; and they had seen, not dragon kites, but line upon endless line of mighty bombers towing behind them long tails of silent gliders, and with myriad proud lights in the paling skies a great airborne armada swept majestically over the last little hills of England and across the coast to France and the dawning of a new day. It had been too much for the infinitesimal being to witness alone; the indifferent sheep moved off, and the patient bullet-head of the dog soaked up the warm spontaneous tears of pride and hope and exultation, and the slow corroding ones of grief and pity were already welling up and would surely have fallen too had he not struggled free before them to celebrate the miraculous new day with more suitable emotion. He had raced in mad exhilaration around her, barking joyfully, until at last the infection of his mood brought her to her feet and she raced him down the hill, scattering the rabbits, stampeding the cold-eyed sheep, flying down the chalky tracks, and rolling down dew-wet slopes in a whirling world of sky and grass, shadows shortening in the rising sun. . . .

"Bedtime," she said at last, still breathless and laughing from the descent, and moved her numbed foot from under the same bullethead that had struggled free from the bitter salty threat of morbid emotion years — or was it minutes? — ago. "Bedtime," she said, more firmly.

But the long day was not yet over; in the middle of the night she was startled out of sleep by the cold brilliancy of a lightning flash, followed almost immediately by a tumultuous clap of thunder overhead. Her eyes screwed up tightly, her heart pounding, she waited for the agitated scratch at the door that must surely follow, for she and the terrier shared a deep and shameful secret: they were cowed and abject to the very marrow of their bones before a thunderstorm. They had accepted with reasonable detachment in their time the earth-shaking crumps of mortal thunder and its accompanying murderous lightning and had never lost a night's sleep lying awake to worry about it, but one small distant rumble of celestial thunder in the night reduced both to craven curs, sharing a bed of misery, with blanket-muffled ears.

But no sound or movement in the cottage followed; with a sudden dread that overcame all other, she went in search of her companion in fear. She saw him in the next searing flash — huddled and still, on his side under the table in the far corner of the room. She slid him out along the floor, then carried him over to the sagging old sofa by the fire, where she wrapped him in a blanket. Working swiftly, not daring to think, she lit a candle, found eggs, brandy, and sugar, switched them together, and poured some down his unresistant throat. His ears and muzzle were cold, and she rubbed the blanket to and fro across his body, then kneeled and looked closely into his eyes for the spark of recognition, of life; it was there — in the very depths, but there — and she rubbed more vigorously. Presently he grew warmer, the pink tinge returning to his ears, nose, and eyes; in her relief she took his head between her hands and laid her cheek to it.

She put another log on the fire and watched the flames curl up the birch bark; in their comforting light she returned to the sofa, slipping her bare feet under the shared blanket against his returning warmth. He lay there peacefully, his head on her lap, and his eyes wide open, yet far away and dreaming. Beyond the windows the storm was subsiding at last, and together, for the first time without fear, they listened to the grumbings of a thunderstorm in retreat across the lake. The moon sailed free from ragged clouds and lit the dinghy dancing at its buoy. In the pale light she leaned over the old dog: his eyes gleamed in sudden amusement; then a split second later came the soft click of teeth a fraction off the end of her nose. "Missed!" she said exultantly, laughing down at him, and at the sound of her voice his tail stirred under the blankets. She lay back against the cushions, smiling. "Good dog," she said, and then, still smiling, fell asleep. He sighed deeply and slipped as easily into sleep.

UNPUBLISHED PARODIES

BY MAX BEERBOHM

Ballade of an Old Foggy

I'm still elastic. I have often thought
The charm of bridge superior to whist's.
Nothing because it's new I set at naught.
But oh these tale-despising novelists
And play-eliminating dramatists —
I find it hard to grasp what they are at. . . .
Art's not their game? They are Evangelists? . . .
I must confess I don't quite follow that.

I used to haunt the studios and fought
For Manet's sunshine and for Whistler's mists
And all that Corot had divinely wrought.
But now I'm told the Post-Impressionists
And still more recently the Futurists
Have knocked those masters into a cocked hat
And even A. E. John no more exists. . . .
I must confess I don't quite follow that.

I seek the Grail that I have always sought.
Yea! though I dote, the old young zeal persists:
I still dine out to learn what may be taught,
But when great dames, with diamonded wrists
And ears and breasts, say they are Socialists
Biding a flood in which no Ararat
Will be reserved for the capitalists,
I must confess I don't quite follow that.

Envoi

England! I love you and your Colonists,
But Mr. Kipling, throwing up his hat,
Says only cads may be Imperialist. . . .
I must confess I don't quite follow that.

Autobiography

The one quality that Max
Conspicuously lacks
Is a certain High Seriousness, which may be met
In the *Pall Mall Gazette*.

Printed by permission of the Estate of Sir Max Beerbohm and the Stephen Greene Press.

On Proust

Dear Esther S. — I'm in distress,
It's very sad! My taste is bad.
The men that boost the work of Proust
(Those scholars and those gentlemen,
Those erudite and splendid men,
Of whom the chief is Scott-Moncrieff)
All leave me cold. Perhaps I'm old?
'The reason why, I cannot tell,
I do not like thee, Doctor Fell. . . .'
But *why* not like the late Marcel? . . .
Perhaps he wrote not very well?
This, *bien entendu*, cannot be.
He was a Prince of Paragons
(As undergraduates all agree —
Or did in nineteen twenty-three —
With full concurrence of the Dons).
I only know that all his Swanns
Are now, as ever, geese to me.
Pity the blindness of poor M.B.!
P.S. How sad that I'm alive!
October, nineteen twenty-five.

Vague Lyric by G. M.

I met Musette
In the water closet —
Or if it wasn't there, where *was* it?
And let me see:
Was it not Mimi
That made such passionate love to me
In the W.C.?
Which *was* it?

To Dr. D.

Honored Doctor Dryasdust,
Look to your laurels: you really *must*.
You seem so very moist indeed
When one compares you with Herbert Read.

Ballade Tragique à Double Refrain

SCENE: A Room in Windsor Castle TIME: The Present

Enter a Lady-in-waiting and a Lord-in-waiting

SHE: Slow pass the hours — ah, passing slow!
My doom is worse than anything

Conceived by Edgar Allan Poe:
The Queen is duller than the King.

HE: Lady, your mind is wandering;
You babble what you do not mean.
Remember, to your heartening,
The King is duller than the Queen.

SHE: No, most emphatically no!
To one firm-rooted fact I cling

In my now chronic vertigo:
The Queen is duller than the King.

HE: Lady, you lie. Last evening
I found him with a Rural Dean,
Talking of district-visiting
The King is duller than the Queen.

SHE: At any rate he doesn't sew!
You don't see *him* embellishing

Yard after yard of calico
The Queen is duller than the King.

Oh, to have been an underling
To, say, the Empress Josephine!

HE: Enough of your self-pitying!
The King is duller than the Queen.

SHE (*firmly*): The Queen is duller than the King.

HE: Death then for you shall have no sting.
*[Stabs her and, as she falls dead, produces phial
from breast pocket of coat.]*

Nevertheless, sweet friend Strychnine,
[Drinks.]

The King — is — duller than — the Queen.
[Dies in terrible agony.]

In Max's Copy of Housman's *A Shropshire Lad*

And now, lad, all is over
'Twixt you, your love, and the clover;
So keep a stiff upper lip
And shrink not, lad, nor shiver,
But walk you down to the river
And take your final dip.

Vide hunc libellum passim

On the Uniform Edition of the Works of Henry James

Here fair young Daisy Miller lies.
O, Speculator, pass not by!
What though her spirit will not rise?
Her tomb's price will, quite possibly.

In a Copy of More's (or Shaw's or Wells's or Plato's or Anybody's) *Utopia*

So this is Utopia, is it? Well
I beg your pardon. I thought it was Hell.

THE NEGRO IS YOUR BROTHER

by Martin Luther King, Jr.



From the Birmingham jail, where he was imprisoned as a participant in nonviolent demonstrations against segregation, DR. MARTIN LUTHER KING, JR., wrote in longhand the letter which follows. It was his response to a public statement of concern and caution issued by eight white religious leaders of the South. Dr. King, who was born in 1929, did his undergraduate work at Morehouse College; attended the integrated Crozer Theological Seminary in Chester, Pennsylvania, one of six Negroes among a hundred students, and the president of his class; and won a fellowship to Boston University for his Ph.D.

WHILE confined here in the Birmingham city jail, I came across your recent statement calling our present activities "unwise and untimely." Seldom, if ever, do I pause to answer criticism of my work and ideas. If I sought to answer all of the criticisms that cross my desk, my secretaries would be engaged in little else in the course of the day, and I would have no time for constructive work. But since I feel that you are men of genuine good will and your criticisms are sincerely set forth, I would like to answer your statement in what I hope will be patient and reasonable terms.

I think I should give the reason for my being in Birmingham, since you have been influenced by the argument of "outsiders coming in." I have the honor of serving as president of the Southern Christian Leadership Conference, an organization operating in every Southern state, with headquarters in Atlanta, Georgia. We have some eighty-five affiliate organizations all across the South, one being the Alabama Christian Movement for Human Rights. Whenever necessary and possible, we share staff, educational and financial resources with our affiliates. Several months ago our local affiliate here in Birmingham invited us to be on call to engage in a nonviolent direct-action program if such were deemed necessary. We readily

consented, and when the hour came we lived up to our promises. So I am here, along with several members of my staff, because we were invited here. I am here because I have basic organizational ties here.

Beyond this, I am in Birmingham because injustice is here. Just as the eighth-century prophets left their little villages and carried their "thus saith the Lord" far beyond the boundaries of their hometowns; and just as the Apostle Paul left his little village of Tarsus and carried the gospel of Jesus Christ to practically every hamlet and city of the Greco-Roman world, I too am compelled to carry the gospel of freedom beyond my particular hometown. Like Paul, I must constantly respond to the Macedonian call for aid.

Moreover, I am cognizant of the interrelatedness of all communities and states. I cannot sit idly by in Atlanta and not be concerned about what happens in Birmingham. Injustice anywhere is a threat to justice everywhere. We are caught in an inescapable network of mutuality, tied in a single garment of destiny. Whatever affects one directly affects all indirectly. Never again can we afford to live with the narrow, provincial "outside agitator" idea. Anyone who lives inside the United States can never be considered an outsider.

Photograph courtesy of Wide World Photos.

You deplore the demonstrations that are presently taking place in Birmingham. But I am sorry that your statement did not express a similar concern for the conditions that brought the demonstrations into being. I am sure that each of you would want to go beyond the superficial social analyst who looks merely at effects and does not grapple with underlying causes. I would not hesitate to say that it is unfortunate that so-called demonstrations are taking place in Birmingham at this time, but I would say in more emphatic terms that it is even more unfortunate that the white power structure of this city left the Negro community with no other alternative.

IN ANY nonviolent campaign there are four basic steps: collection of the facts to determine whether injustices are alive, negotiation, self-purification, and direct action. We have gone through all of these steps in Birmingham. There can be no gain-saying of the fact that racial injustice engulfs this community. Birmingham is probably the most thoroughly segregated city in the United States. Its ugly record of police brutality is known in every section of this country. Its unjust treatment of Negroes in the courts is a notorious reality. There have been more unsolved bombings of Negro homes and churches in Birmingham than in any other city in this nation. These are the hard, brutal, and unbelievable facts. On the basis of them, Negro leaders sought to negotiate with the city fathers. But the political leaders consistently refused to engage in good-faith negotiation.

Then came the opportunity last September to talk with some of the leaders of the economic community. In these negotiating sessions certain promises were made by the merchants, such as the promise to remove the humiliating racial signs from the stores. On the basis of these promises, Reverend Shuttlesworth and the leaders of the Alabama Christian Movement for Human Rights agreed to call a moratorium on any type of demonstration. As the weeks and months unfolded, we realized that we were the victims of a broken promise. The signs remained. As in so many experiences of the past, we were confronted with blasted hopes, and the dark shadow of a deep disappointment settled upon us. So we had no alternative except that of preparing for direct action, whereby we would present our very bodies as a means of laying our case before the conscience of the local and national community. We were not unmindful of the difficulties involved. So we decided to go through a process of self-purification. We started having workshops on nonviolence and repeatedly asked ourselves the questions, "Are you

able to accept blows without retaliating?" and "Are you able to endure the ordeals of jail?" We decided to set our direct-action program around the Easter season, realizing that, with exception of Christmas, this was the largest shopping period of the year. Knowing that a strong economic withdrawal program would be the by-product of direct action, we felt that this was the best time to bring pressure on the merchants for the needed changes. Then it occurred to us that the March election was ahead, and so we speedily decided to postpone action until after election day. When we discovered that Mr. Conner was in the runoff, we decided again to postpone action so that the demonstration could not be used to cloud the issues. At this time we agreed to begin our nonviolent witness the day after the runoff.

This reveals that we did not move irresponsibly into direct action. We, too, wanted to see Mr. Conner defeated, so we went through postponement after postponement to aid in this community need. After this we felt that direct action could be delayed no longer.

You may well ask, "Why direct action, why sit-ins, marches, and so forth? Isn't negotiation a better path?" You are exactly right in your call for negotiation. Indeed, this is the purpose of direct action. Nonviolent direct action seeks to create such a crisis and establish such creative tension that a community that has consistently refused to negotiate is forced to confront the issue. It seeks so to dramatize the issue that it can no longer be ignored. I just referred to the creation of tension as a part of the work of the nonviolent resister. This may sound rather shocking. But I must confess that I am not afraid of the word "tension." I have earnestly worked and preached against violent tension, but there is a type of constructive nonviolent tension that is necessary for growth. Just as Socrates felt that it was necessary to create a tension in the mind so that individuals could rise from the bondage of myths and half-truths to the unfettered realm of creative analysis and objective appraisal, we must see the need of having nonviolent gadflies to create the kind of tension in society that will help men to rise from the dark depths of prejudice and racism to the majestic heights of understanding and brotherhood. So, the purpose of direct action is to create a situation so crisis-packed that it will inevitably open the door to negotiation. We therefore concur with you in your call for negotiation. Too long has our beloved Southland been bogged down in the tragic attempt to live in monologue rather than dialogue.

One of the basic points in your statement is that our acts are untimely. Some have asked, "Why didn't you give the new administration

time to act?" The only answer that I can give to this inquiry is that the new administration must be prodded about as much as the outgoing one before it acts. We will be sadly mistaken if we feel that the election of Mr. Boutwell will bring the millennium to Birmingham. While Mr. Boutwell is much more articulate and gentle than Mr. Conner, they are both segregationists, dedicated to the task of maintaining the status quo. The hope I see in Mr. Boutwell is that he will be reasonable enough to see the futility of massive resistance to desegregation. But he will not see this without pressure from the devotees of civil rights. My friends, I must say to you that we have not made a single gain in civil rights without determined legal and nonviolent pressure. History is the long and tragic story of the fact that privileged groups seldom give up their privileges voluntarily. Individuals may see the moral light and voluntarily give up their unjust posture; but, as Reinhold Niebuhr has reminded us, groups are more immoral than individuals.

We know through painful experience that freedom is never voluntarily given by the oppressor; it must be demanded by the oppressed. Frankly, I have never yet engaged in a direct-action movement that was "well timed" according to the timetable of those who have not suffered unduly from the disease of segregation. For years now I have heard the word "wait." It rings in the ear of every Negro with a piercing familiarity. This "wait" has almost always meant "never." It has been a tranquilizing thalidomide, relieving the emotional stress for a moment, only to give birth to an ill-formed infant of frustration. We must come to see with the distinguished jurist of yesterday that "justice too long delayed is justice denied." We have waited for more than three hundred and forty years for our God-given and constitutional rights. The nations of Asia and Africa are moving with jetlike speed toward the goal of political independence, and we still creep at horse-and-buggy pace toward the gaining of a cup of coffee at a lunch counter. I guess it is easy for those who have never felt the stinging darts of segregation to say "wait." But when you have seen vicious mobs lynch your mothers and fathers at will and drown your sisters and brothers at whim; when you have seen hate-filled policemen curse, kick, brutalize, and even kill your black brothers and sisters with impunity; when you see the vast majority of your twenty million Negro brothers smothering in an airtight cage of poverty in the midst of an affluent society; when you suddenly find your tongue twisted and your speech stammering as you seek to explain to your six-year-old daughter why she cannot go to the public amusement park that has just been advertised on television, and see tears

welling up in her little eyes when she is told that Funtown is closed to colored children, and see the depressing clouds of inferiority begin to form in her little mental sky, and see her begin to distort her little personality by unconsciously developing a bitterness toward white people; when you have to concoct an answer for a five-year-old son asking in agonizing pathos, "Daddy, why do white people treat colored people so mean?"; when you take a cross-country drive and find it necessary to sleep night after night in the uncomfortable corners of your automobile because no motel will accept you; when you are humiliated day in and day out by nagging signs reading "white" and "colored"; when your first name becomes "nigger" and your middle name becomes "boy" (however old you are) and your last name becomes "John," and when your wife and mother are never given the respected title "Mrs.," when you are harried by day and haunted by night by the fact that you are a Negro, living constantly at tiptoe stance, never quite knowing what to expect next, and plagued with inner fears and outer resentments; when you are forever fighting a degenerating sense of "nobodiness" — then you will understand why we find it difficult to wait. There comes a time when the cup of endurance runs over and men are no longer willing to be plunged into an abyss of injustice where they experience the bleakness of corroding despair. I hope, sirs, you can understand our legitimate and unavoidable impatience.

You express a great deal of anxiety over our willingness to break laws. This is certainly a legitimate concern. Since we so diligently urge people to obey the Supreme Court's decision of 1954 outlawing segregation in the public schools, it is rather strange and paradoxical to find us consciously breaking laws. One may well ask, "How can you advocate breaking some laws and obeying others?" The answer is found in the fact that there are two types of laws: there are just laws, and there are unjust laws. I would agree with St. Augustine that "An unjust law is no law at all."

Now, what is the difference between the two? How does one determine when a law is just or unjust? A just law is a man-made code that squares with the moral law, or the law of God. An unjust law is a code that is out of harmony with the moral law. To put it in the terms of St. Thomas Aquinas, an unjust law is a human law that is not rooted in eternal and natural law. Any law that uplifts human personality is just. Any law that degrades human personality is unjust. All segregation statutes are unjust because segregation distorts the soul and damages the personality. It gives the

segregator a false sense of superiority and the segregated a false sense of inferiority. To use the words of Martin Buber, the great Jewish philosopher, segregation substitutes an "I - it" relationship for the "I - thou" relationship and ends up relegating persons to the status of things. So segregation is not only politically, economically, and sociologically unsound, but it is morally wrong and sinful. Paul Tillich has said that sin is separation. Isn't segregation an existential expression of man's tragic separation, an expression of his awful estrangement, his terrible sinfulness? So I can urge men to obey the 1954 decision of the Supreme Court because it is morally right, and I can urge them to disobey segregation ordinances because they are morally wrong.

Let us turn to a more concrete example of just and unjust laws. An unjust law is a code that a majority inflicts on a minority that is not binding on itself. This is difference made legal. On the other hand, a just law is a code that a majority compels a minority to follow, and that it is willing to follow itself. This is sameness made legal.

Let me give another explanation. An unjust law is a code inflicted upon a minority which that minority had no part in enacting or creating because it did not have the unhampered right to vote. Who can say that the legislature of Alabama which set up the segregation laws was democratically elected? Throughout the state of Alabama all types of conniving methods are used to prevent Negroes from becoming registered voters, and there are some counties without a single Negro registered to vote, despite the fact that the Negroes constitute a majority of the population. Can any law set up in such a state be considered democratically structured?

These are just a few examples of unjust and just laws. There are some instances when a law is just on its face and unjust in its application. For instance, I was arrested Friday on a charge of parading without a permit. Now, there is nothing wrong with an ordinance which requires a permit for a parade, but when the ordinance is used to preserve segregation and to deny citizens the First Amendment privilege of peaceful assembly and peaceful protest, then it becomes unjust.

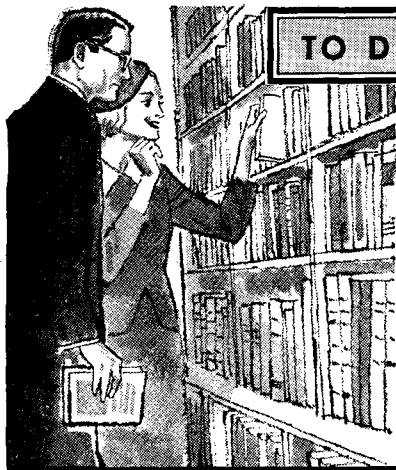
Of course, there is nothing new about this kind of civil disobedience. It was seen sublimely in the refusal of Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego to obey the laws of Nebuchadnezzar because a higher moral law was involved. It was practiced superbly by the early Christians, who were willing to face hungry lions and the excruciating pain of chopping blocks before submitting to certain unjust laws of the Roman Empire. To a degree, academic freedom is a reality today because Socrates practiced civil disobedience.

We can never forget that everything Hitler did in Germany was "legal" and everything the Hungarian freedom fighters did in Hungary was "illegal." It was "illegal" to aid and comfort a Jew in Hitler's Germany. But I am sure that if I had lived in Germany during that time, I would have aided and comforted my Jewish brothers even though it was illegal. If I lived in a Communist country today where certain principles dear to the Christian faith are suppressed, I believe I would openly advocate disobeying these anti-religious laws.

I MUST make two honest confessions to you, my Christian and Jewish brothers. First, I must confess that over the last few years I have been gravely disappointed with the white moderate. I have almost reached the regrettable conclusion that the Negro's great stumbling block in the stride toward freedom is not the White Citizens Councillor or the Ku Klux Klanner but the white moderate who is more devoted to order than to justice; who prefers a negative peace which is the absence of tension to a positive peace which is the presence of justice; who constantly says, "I agree with you in the goal you seek, but I can't agree with your methods of direct action"; who paternalistically feels that he can set the timetable for another man's freedom; who lives by the myth of time; and who constantly advises the Negro to wait until a "more convenient season." Shallow understanding from people of good will is more frustrating than absolute misunderstanding from people of ill will. Lukewarm acceptance is much more bewildering than outright rejection.

In your statement you asserted that our actions, even though peaceful, must be condemned because they precipitate violence. But can this assertion be logically made? Isn't this like condemning the robbed man because his possession of money precipitated the evil act of robbery? Isn't this like condemning Socrates because his unswerving commitment to truth and his philosophical delvings precipitated the misguided popular mind to make him drink the hemlock? Isn't this like condemning Jesus because His unique God-consciousness and never-ceasing devotion to His will precipitated the evil act of crucifixion? We must come to see, as federal courts have consistently affirmed, that it is immoral to urge an individual to withdraw his efforts to gain his basic constitutional rights because the quest precipitates violence. Society must protect the robbed and punish the robber.

I had also hoped that the white moderate would reject the myth of time. I received a letter this



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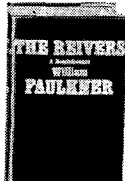
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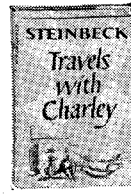
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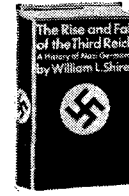
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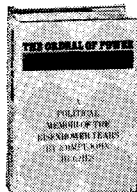
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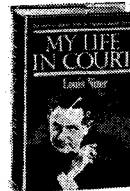
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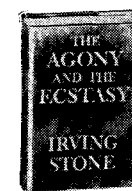
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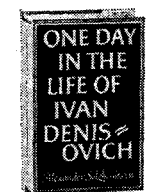
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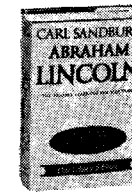
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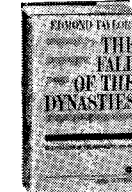
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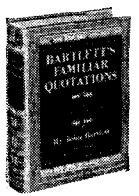
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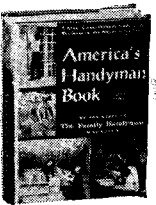
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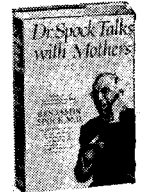
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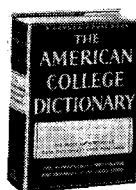
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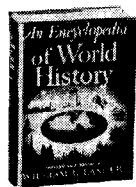
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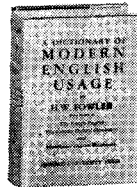
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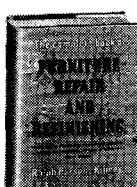
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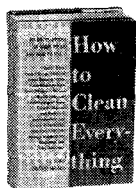
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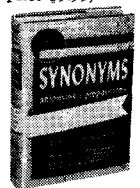
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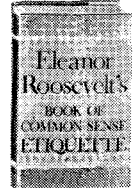
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morning from a white brother in Texas which said, "All Christians know that the colored people will receive equal rights eventually, but is it possible that you are in too great of a religious hurry? It has taken Christianity almost 2000 years to accomplish what it has. The teachings of Christ take time to come to earth." All that is said here grows out of a tragic misconception of time. It is the strangely irrational notion that there is something in the very flow of time that will inevitably cure all ills. Actually, time is neutral. It can be used either destructively or constructively. I am coming to feel that the people of ill will have used time much more effectively than the people of good will. We will have to repent in this generation not merely for the vitriolic words and actions of the bad people but for the appalling silence of the good people. We must come to see that human progress never rolls in on wheels of inevitability. It comes through the tireless efforts and persistent work of men willing to be coworkers with God, and without this hard work time itself becomes an ally of the forces of social stagnation.

You spoke of our activity in Birmingham as extreme. At first I was rather disappointed that fellow clergymen would see my nonviolent efforts as those of an extremist. I started thinking about the fact that I stand in the middle of two opposing forces in the Negro community. One is a force of complacency made up of Negroes who, as a result of long years of oppression, have been so completely drained of self-respect and a sense of "somebody-ness" that they have adjusted to segregation, and, on the other hand, of a few Negroes in the middle class who, because of a degree of academic and economic security and because at points they profit by segregation, have unconsciously become insensitive to the problems of the masses. The other force is one of bitterness and hatred and comes perilously close to advocating violence. It is expressed in the various black nationalist groups that are springing up over the nation, the largest and best known being Elijah Muhammad's Muslim movement. This movement is nourished by the contemporary frustration over the continued existence of racial discrimination. It is made up of people who have lost faith in America, who have absolutely repudiated Christianity, and who have concluded that the white man is an incurable devil. I have tried to stand between these two forces, saying that we need not follow the do-nothingism of the complacent or the hatred and despair of the black nationalist. There is a more excellent way, of love and nonviolent protest. I'm grateful to God that, through the Negro church, the dimen-

sion of nonviolence entered our struggle. If this philosophy had not emerged, I am convinced that by now many streets of the South would be flowing with floods of blood. And I am further convinced that if our white brothers dismiss as "rabble-rousers" and "outside agitators" those of us who are working through the channels of nonviolent direct action and refuse to support our nonviolent efforts, millions of Negroes, out of frustration and despair, will seek solace and security in black nationalist ideologies, a development that will lead inevitably to a frightening racial nightmare.

Oppressed people cannot remain oppressed forever. The urge for freedom will eventually come. This is what has happened to the American Negro. Something within has reminded him of his birthright of freedom; something without has reminded him that he can gain it. Consciously and unconsciously, he has been swept in by what the Germans call the *Zeitgeist*, and with his black brothers of Africa and his brown and yellow brothers of Asia, South America, and the Caribbean, he is moving with a sense of cosmic urgency toward the promised land of racial justice. Recognizing this vital urge that has engulfed the Negro community, one should readily understand public demonstrations. The Negro has many pent-up resentments and latent frustrations. He has to get them out. So let him march sometime; let him have his prayer pilgrimages to the city hall; understand why he must have sit-ins and freedom rides. If his repressed emotions do not come out in these nonviolent ways, they will come out in ominous expressions of violence. This is not a threat; it is a fact of history. So I have not said to my people, "Get rid of your discontent." But I have tried to say that this normal and healthy discontent can be channeled through the creative outlet of nonviolent direct action. Now this approach is being dismissed as extremist. I must admit that I was initially disappointed in being so categorized.

But as I continued to think about the matter, I gradually gained a bit of satisfaction from being considered an extremist. Was not Jesus an extremist in love? — "Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, pray for them that despitefully use you." Was not Amos an extremist for justice? — "Let justice roll down like waters and righteousness like a mighty stream." Was not Paul an extremist for the gospel of Jesus Christ? — "I bear in my body the marks of the Lord Jesus." Was not Martin Luther an extremist? — "Here I stand; I can do no other so help me God." Was not John Bunyan an extremist? — "I will stay in jail to the end of my days before I make a mockery of my conscience." Was not Abraham Lincoln an extremist? — "This nation cannot sur-

vive half slave and half free.” Was not Thomas Jefferson an extremist? — “We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal.” So the question is not whether we will be extremist, but what kind of extremists we will be. Will we be extremists for hate, or will we be extremists for love? Will we be extremists for the preservation of injustice, or will we be extremists for the cause of justice?

I had hoped that the white moderate would see this. Maybe I was too optimistic. Maybe I expected too much. I guess I should have realized that few members of a race that has oppressed another race can understand or appreciate the deep groans and passionate yearnings of those that have been oppressed, and still fewer have the vision to see that injustice must be rooted out by strong, persistent, and determined action. I am thankful, however, that some of our white brothers have grasped the meaning of this social revolution and committed themselves to it. They are still all too small in quantity, but they are big in quality. Some, like Ralph McGill, Lillian Smith, Harry Golden, and James Dabbs, have written about our struggle in eloquent, prophetic, and understanding terms. Others have marched with us down nameless streets of the South. They sat in with us at lunch counters and rode in with us on the freedom rides. They have languished in filthy roach-infested jails, suffering the abuse and brutality of angry policemen who see them as “dirty nigger lovers.” They, unlike many of their moderate brothers, have recognized the urgency of the moment and sensed the need for powerful “action” antidotes to combat the disease of segregation.

LET me rush on to mention my other disappointment. I have been disappointed with the white church and its leadership. Of course, there are some notable exceptions. I am not unmindful of the fact that each of you has taken some significant stands on this issue. I commend you, Reverend Stallings, for your Christian stand this past Sunday in welcoming Negroes to your Baptist Church worship service on a nonsegregated basis. I commend the Catholic leaders of this state for integrating Springhill College several years ago.

But despite these notable exceptions, I must honestly reiterate that I have been disappointed with the church. I do not say that as one of those negative critics who can always find something wrong with the church. I say it as a minister of the gospel who loves the church, who was nurtured in its bosom, who has been sustained by its spiritual blessings, and who will remain true to it as long as the cord of life shall lengthen.

I had the strange feeling when I was suddenly catapulted into the leadership of the bus protest in Montgomery several years ago that we would have the support of the white church. I felt that the white ministers, priests, and rabbis of the South would be some of our strongest allies. Instead, some few have been outright opponents, refusing to understand the freedom movement and misrepresenting its leaders; all too many others have been more cautious than courageous and have remained silent behind the anesthetizing security of stained-glass windows.

In spite of my shattered dreams of the past, I came to Birmingham with the hope that the white religious leadership of this community would see the justice of our cause and with deep moral concern serve as the channel through which our just grievances could get to the power structure. I had hoped that each of you would understand. But again I have been disappointed.

I have heard numerous religious leaders of the South call upon their worshipers to comply with a desegregation decision because it is the law, but I have longed to hear white ministers say, follow this decree because integration is morally right and the Negro is your brother. In the midst of blatant injustices inflicted upon the Negro, I have watched white churches stand on the sidelines and merely mouth pious irrelevancies and sanctimonious trivialities. In the midst of a mighty struggle to rid our nation of racial and economic injustice, I have heard so many ministers say, “Those are social issues which the gospel has nothing to do with,” and I have watched so many churches commit themselves to a completely otherworldly religion which made a strange distinction between bodies and souls, the sacred and the secular.

There was a time when the church was very powerful. It was during that period that the early Christians rejoiced when they were deemed worthy to suffer for what they believed. In those days the church was not merely a thermometer that recorded the ideas and principles of popular opinion; it was the thermostat that transformed the mores of society. Wherever the early Christians entered a town the power structure got disturbed and immediately sought to convict them for being “disturbers of the peace” and “outside agitators.” But they went on with the conviction that they were “a colony of heaven” and had to obey God rather than man. They were small in number but big in commitment. They were too God-intoxicated to be “astronomically intimidated.” They brought an end to such ancient evils as infanticide and gladiatorial contest.

Things are different now. The contemporary church is so often a weak, ineffectual voice with an

uncertain sound. It is so often the arch supporter of the status quo. Far from being disturbed by the presence of the church, the power structure of the average community is consoled by the church's often vocal sanction of things as they are.

But the judgment of God is upon the church as never before. If the church of today does not recapture the sacrificial spirit of the early church, it will lose its authentic ring, forfeit the loyalty of millions, and be dismissed as an irrelevant social club with no meaning for the twentieth century. I meet young people every day whose disappointment with the church has risen to outright disgust.

I hope the church as a whole will meet the challenge of this decisive hour. But even if the church does not come to the aid of justice, I have no despair about the future. I have no fear about the outcome of our struggle in Birmingham, even if our motives are presently misunderstood. We will reach the goal of freedom in Birmingham and all over the nation, because the goal of America is freedom. Abused and scorned though we may be, our destiny is tied up with the destiny of America. Before the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth, we were here. Before the pen of Jefferson scratched across the pages of history the majestic word of the Declaration of Independence, we were here. For more than two centuries our foreparents labored here without wages; they made cotton king; and they built the homes of their masters in the midst of brutal injustice and shameful humiliation — and yet out of a bottomless vitality our people continue to thrive and develop. If the inexpressible cruelties of slavery could not stop us, the opposition we now face will surely fail. We will win our freedom because the sacred heritage of our nation and the eternal will of God are embodied in our echoing demands.

I must close now. But before closing I am impelled to mention one other point in your statement that troubled me profoundly. You warmly commended the Birmingham police force for keeping "order" and "preventing violence." I don't believe you would have so warmly commended the police force if you had seen its angry violent dogs literally biting six unarmed, nonviolent Negroes. I don't believe you would so quickly commend the policemen if you would observe their ugly and inhuman treatment of Negroes here in the city jail; if you would watch them push and curse old Negro women and young Negro girls; if you would see them slap and kick old Negro men and young boys; if you would observe them, as they did on two occasions, refusing to give us food because we wanted to sing our grace together. I'm sorry that I can't join you in your praise for the police department.

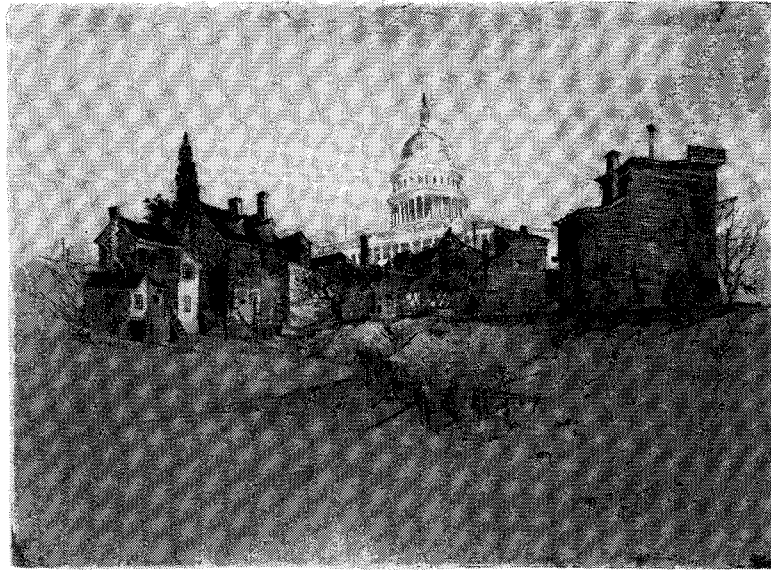
It is true that they have been rather disciplined in their public handling of the demonstrators. In this sense they have been publicly "non-violent." But for what purpose? To preserve the evil system of segregation. Over the last few years I have consistently preached that nonviolence demands that the means we use must be as pure as the ends we seek. So I have tried to make it clear that it is wrong to use immoral means to attain moral ends. But now I must affirm that it is just as wrong, or even more, to use moral means to preserve immoral ends.

I wish you had commended the Negro demonstrators of Birmingham for their sublime courage, their willingness to suffer, and their amazing discipline in the midst of the most inhuman provocation. One day the South will recognize its real heroes. They will be the James Merediths, courageously and with a majestic sense of purpose facing jeering and hostile mobs and the agonizing loneliness that characterizes the life of the pioneer. They will be old, oppressed, battered Negro women, symbolized in a seventy-two-year-old woman of Montgomery, Alabama, who rose up with a sense of dignity and with her people decided not to ride the segregated buses, and responded to one who inquired about her tiredness with ungrammatical profundity, "My feet is tired, but my soul is rested." They will be young high school and college students, young ministers of the gospel and a host of their elders courageously and non-violently sitting in at lunch counters and willingly going to jail for conscience's sake. One day the South will know that when these disinherited children of God sat down at lunch counters they were in reality standing up for the best in the American dream and the most sacred values in our Judeo-Christian heritage.

Never before have I written a letter this long — or should I say a book? I'm afraid that it is much too long to take your precious time. I can assure you that it would have been much shorter if I had been writing from a comfortable desk, but what else is there to do when you are alone for days in the dull monotony of a narrow jail cell other than write long letters, think strange thoughts, and pray long prayers?

If I have said anything in this letter that is an understatement of the truth and is indicative of an unreasonable impatience, I beg you to forgive me. If I have said anything in this letter that is an overstatement of the truth and is indicative of my having a patience that makes me patient with anything less than brotherhood, I beg God to forgive me.

Yours for the cause of Peace and Brotherhood,
MARTIN LUTHER KING, JR.



The Nation's Worst Slum: WASHINGTON, D.C.

BY AGNES E. MEYER *A constructive critic of American democracy and a staunch defender of civil rights, AGNES E. MEYER for more than three decades has made her winter home in Washington, and her appalling account of the misgovernment and of the misbehavior within its limits must be taken seriously.*

FEAR haunts the citizens of the nation's capital. It is not safe to walk the streets at night. Crimes of every description — murder, rape, robbery, house-breaking, mugging — are at an all-time high. The rate of increase in the last decade is 50 percent. Last year there was a sudden jump of 17 percent. Women remain at home in the evening because they are afraid to be out alone. The movies, and the department stores that are open on Thursday night have suffered a financial loss. When we pick up the morning paper we ask ourselves the question with which Western frontiersmen greeted each other every day — who got killed last night?

Police Chief Robert V. Murray stated on April 1, citing recent reports, that 85 percent of the District's crimes are committed by Negroes. Many of the major and minor offenses are committed by unemployed, penniless, and desperate young Negroes who for the past fifteen years have been swarming into the city from the urban and rural slums of the South, with false hopes that a better life awaits them in the seat of the federal government. Instead they encounter overcrowded living conditions, no opportunity for work, no human contact except with other Negroes suffering the same frustrations. The result is that racial tension

and the smoldering hatred of the white population have become so acute that the very atmosphere of life in Washington is poisoned.

One race riot has already taken place — last Thanksgiving Day, when a Negro high school team was defeated by a white team. Not only the players but the spectators joined in the fray. Before the police could control the fighting, several hundred people were injured. Officials, journalists, and policemen, who are aware of the desperation experienced by the thousands of young Negroes who are out of school and out of work, feel catastrophe impending. Sterling Tucker of the Urban League predicts a racial explosion at any time unless the city's Negro population finds work.

It is significant that exact figures on Negro unemployment cannot be obtained even by the United States Employment Service, since most young Negroes know it is useless to register. It is estimated that at least 10,000 and probably some 13,000 between the ages of sixteen and twenty-one have nothing to do but roam the streets.

Any incident might well set off a racial clash which would make the stadium rumpus seem trivial. The reaction of thoughtless whites is to blame the Negro for these alarming conditions

Etching by Joseph Pennell. Courtesy of the Print Department, Boston Public Library.

and to answer hatred with hatred instead of realizing that officials both in Congress and in our local government have seen this situation building up for years, and yet they have done nothing to ameliorate it. Professor Eli Ginzberg of Columbia University stated two years ago that "Washington represents as backward a community as any that I know in the northern part of the United States." It is even more disorganized today because of the rapid increase in the impoverished Negro population and the exodus to the suburbs of the more stable well-to-do white families. I nominate Washington, D. C., as our most underdeveloped Northern city, where many thousands of Negro children and adults never get a chance to live a decent, fruitful, and humane existence.

This is emphasized in a *Washington Post* editorial, published March 14, on the shooting by a policeman in broad daylight of a twenty-one-year-old Negro who defied arrest after snatching a woman's purse: "It is true that the young man had a very bad reputation having been in trouble with the law since he was eleven years old. . . . He was an outcast, an enemy of society since early boyhood. But he was not born bad; he became bad. The community needs to know why." Why has such a violent, uncivilized situation been allowed to develop in the nation's capital? Why is the city in such dire peril? Why is it more a tinderbox than other Northern cities?

The primary fault lies with the District Committee in Congress, whose Southern membership has for many years deliberately starved all community needs of the city out of sheer hostility to a population of 800,000 which is now 54 percent Negro and which has an 84 percent Negro attendance in its public schools. President Kennedy has intervened with a new revenue bill for the District, which provides a more just contribution of taxes for property owned by the federal government, a raising of the debt limit and of taxes on real estate. Upon this bill depend the education of a rapidly growing population of children, public welfare services for the indigent, public health services, recreation, and police protection for what I can only call a besieged city. Yet Representative John L. McMillan (Democrat, South Carolina) has refused to introduce the President's revenue measure. He, like former Southern Democratic chairmen, as Senator Keating put it, "is treating these children [of the District] as pawns in a wicked game to prove that desegregation cannot succeed." Fortunately, six members of the District Committee, realizing that the welfare of the city and the honor of the nation are at stake, have forced the bill out of committee. Chairman McMillan has declared that it will be defeated.

But the citizens of Washington are also to blame for the plight in which they now find themselves. The federal government is the chief source for employment of qualified Negroes. The civilian labor market, on the other hand, is as rigidly discriminatory in Washington as that in the most backward Southern city. Negroes are not considered for the better jobs. The labor unions have been just as guilty as management. Construction is Washington's major industry, but the conservative AFL unions refuse to accept Negro apprentices. Only the electrical union has made a token gesture by recently accepting two. It is ironic that the unions refused to let Negroes work on a federal building project at Howard University. Secretary of Labor W. Willard Wirtz had to threaten the contractors that he would ask the Justice Department to enforce compliance with the nondiscriminatory clause in the federal construction contract if discriminatory practices were not stopped within ten days. And this happened on a Negro campus!

In the service jobs the same prejudice exists, though it is not so extreme. At the McFarland High School our very able Superintendent of Schools, Dr. Carl Hansen, managed to keep in school truant boys who were potential dropouts by setting up a program of maintenance and repair work with pay for services rendered in the school buildings. Most of these boys have become skilled and dependable, and yet so far only two of them have found an employer willing to accept them.

If the trained Negro has so little opportunity for work, it becomes difficult to hold Negro teenagers in school. They feel so frustrated that ambition, learning, and technical training have no meaning. Some 10,000 to 13,000 Negroes without jobs, without decent living conditions, and without hope for human betterment — these youngsters are the main source of the terror that haunts the city of Washington.

The nation's capital, which President Kennedy said should be "a city of which the nation may be proud," is in fact an illustration of our injustice to the Negro in its starkest reality.

Washington probably has the nation's highest percentage of intellectual, professional, and well-to-do Negroes, but they have only just begun to take a mild interest in the less fortunate members of their race. The indifference of what the late Howard University sociologist, Franklin Frazier, called the "black bourgeoisie" to the fate of the folk Negro was denounced by Frazier in strong language, but to no avail. Many of these educated Negroes send their children to private schools so that they will not be obliged to mingle with their less civilized Negro brethren. Almost

7000 Negro children attend private schools in Washington, and more than 200 are sent to out-of-town schools.

Instead of running away from the problem, the educated and the well-to-do Washington Negroes should throw themselves into the task of leadership. Until the Negro works for the Negro and is willing to contribute financial support for this endeavor, the future of the race in a non-segregated society will remain ambiguous.

Thus, the Negro organizations have little right to complain that white families are moving out of Washington to the adjacent counties when the same reason prompts the cultivated Negro to send his children to private schools. This exodus complicates the financial problems of the city because it removes business, commercial, and service enterprises. It lowers the District's tax revenues and the opportunity for jobs, whether for the skilled or the unskilled.

The public schools, to be sure, are desegregated. But with a constantly growing Negro population and a constantly diminishing white population, the Negro is segregating himself in the District schools. An official report on the Thanksgiving Day riot blamed the outbreak on lack of discipline in the schools. Yet discipline is clearly impossible in classrooms overcrowded with difficult children who when reprimanded tell the teacher to "go to hell." As Superintendent Hansen said recently, we are "just keeping the lid on the volcano of problems in classrooms." The surest method of reducing crime in Washington is to improve its educational system — more schools, more and better teachers, more guidance experts, more facilities for vocational training that can hold the interest of students who are not college material. Yet the school budget is always trimmed by the District Committee of the House. Instead, the Congress is now advocating appropriations for more policemen and more police dogs. To be sure, we need a larger police force, but we desperately need more teachers and classrooms. Our numerous Southern representatives prefer to coerce the Negro rather than train him for a useful life.

As a result of the lack of suitable educational opportunities many of Washington's unemployed Negro youth are a poor risk for any employer. Not only do they lack schooling, but they come from deprived, fatherless homes and have grown up in an atmosphere not conducive to discipline of any kind. White Americans should, however, remember that sexual promiscuity and the instability of the Negro home are a heritage of the slave days, compounded by social and educational neglect since the Civil War. As Daniel Bell, author of *The Dispossessed* — 1962, puts it: "In the

American South, because the slave was never legally and in moral theory recognized as a person, marriage did not have to be legally recognized and offspring could be taken away from parents, since there was no legal recognition of a father. All this has left its mark." It has also left its mark on the conscientious whites. They cannot escape a sense of guilt when confronted by the Negro's amorality.

The percentage of illegitimacy in Washington is one of the highest in the country. In 1961–1962 there were in the public schools 882 pregnant girls under seventeen years of age, of whom 34 were white. These girls are kept in school in separate classes. The venereal-disease rate is not only the highest in the country; 3.5 percent of the nation's cases of VD are in Washington.

Lack of moral standards and lack of self-control make the recent immigrants from the South all the more dangerous when they are huddled together in overcrowded ghettos without the guidance necessary to help them adjust to city life. Discrimination in housing in the entire metropolitan area is firmly enforced by the real-estate interests. There is little decent low-cost housing within the city limits. To all intents and purposes, the Negro population lives in drab concentration camps without hope of escape. The barbed wire that fences them in may not be visible to most white people. But it is there.

It is now over ninety years since Negroes were promised equality by the passage of the Fourteenth Amendment. Is it surprising that many Negroes are getting tired of waiting for this promise to be fulfilled? Congressman Adam Clayton Powell received an ovation from his audience at the Capitol Press Club when he attacked the white power structure as being determined to keep the Negro in subjection. On the same evening, Dick Gregory, with deft penetration of Negro psychology, described the burden of shame and self-hate which haunts many Negroes. Without Powell's vindictiveness, Gregory encouraged his fellow Negroes to assert their self-reliance and pride.

Some of our fair-weather liberals who have long supported equal rights are now losing their nerve and claim that the Negro wants to go too far too fast. In Washington we cannot afford to run away from the crucial situation that faces us without inviting tragic results. The Negro — especially the illiterate folk Negro — is becoming rebellious, overaggressive, and violent. This does not lessen our responsibility as citizens of Washington to face the validity of Negro claims for recognition as full American citizens.

In 1955 the city accepted with enthusiasm an urban-renewal program entitled "No Slums in Ten Years." After eight years the slums are worse than ever. The usual urban social agencies which get the big contributions from the Community Chest have not been able to reach the tough, impoverished Negro slum dwellers who form the ore of discontent. These agencies prefer to deal with "nice" children who will not upset their "nice" programs. The only volunteer organizations that reach a few of the discontented are the Junior Citizens' Corps and Hospitality House, both run on a shoestring by capable, self-sacrificing Negro men and women.

The long-term plans to combat crime and create a more orderly community are promising. It is reassuring to have the President's support for a more substantial, more rational District budget. In addition, Charles Horsky, the President's adviser on the District's problems, has set up a United Planning Organization to coordinate the efforts of the various District and metropolitan area agencies concerned with human welfare. For it is obvious that we must use all our local resources in a united effort. Jack Goldberg, an experienced social scientist, has been called in from New York City to work out methods of fighting delinquency. The Urban Service Corps, a volunteer group of 600 lay people, is augmenting the influence of the public school system.

The Youth Employment Act now before Congress should be passed without loss of precious time. Section II, which would help Washington, like other cities, to establish paid work and study programs in the schools, is more important than the revised CCC program of Section I. Mainly, the bill would have psychological value, as it would persuade the million or more unemployed youngsters throughout the country that they are not written off as expendable.

All this is hopeful for the future. But I am concerned about keeping the lid on the boiling kettle of Negro discontent today, tomorrow, next week, if possible, but certainly before tempers rise.

WHAT can be done at once? The main objective must be jobs — jobs, especially, for youth, since they represent the future. The Washington Board of Trade, realizing that the city's crime rate has become a threat to business, has recently advocated more funds to improve the District's educational system and provide outlets for the employment of Negroes. To approach this difficult task in a city where sufficient jobs cannot at present be found, all existing agencies must cease their patronizing attitude of working *for* the

Negro and begin to work *with* him. Our Negro fellow citizens must feel that in the maze of city anonymity they count, that they can have a voice in their own future, that they will be heard and given an opportunity to express their anxieties, problems, and aspirations. If status is given to their own leaders, they can be persuaded that they have a role to play in creating order in our chaotic social jungle. The right type of leadership can be found through the Junior Citizens' Corps, Hospitality House, and the excellent police officers in charge of the Juvenile Division.

These leaders should be assigned to neighborhood committees to organize recreation programs such as boxing, wrestling, basketball, and other active sports. Leisure-time pursuits of a vigorous nature in which youth can let off steam in a wholesome way are second in importance to work and income. Church halls and public school gymnasiums should be made available for these activities until community centers can be built.

The illiterate Negroes, whether young or old, should be taught to read and write as an essential part of job preparation. At present most of them cannot even fill out an application blank for a job. Funds must be found, if necessary from private sources, for this and for additional practical vocational training programs in the public schools.

Above all, new industries that require simple skills should be encouraged to come to the Washington metropolitan area, with the inducement of liberal tax remissions for such enterprises. Both management and labor unions must learn to be more flexible, the one about employing reliable Negro workers, the other about accepting more Negroes as apprentices, if the trained Negro is not to feel that he is boxed in.

The reader may ask, why should the city of Washington be given emergency aid to create work opportunities when all other large cities have an unusually high percentage of unemployment? The answer is that the District congressional committees for years have starved the budget of our voteless city and thereby created a backlog of social, educational, and economic problems of such a serious nature that they have become insoluble without speedy federal intervention. If the American people do not wish to see their capital become an ever more dangerous place to live, a festering sore in the body politic, they will surely concede that Washington must now receive immediate compensation for long-standing congressional maltreatment.

Whatever we do with the new financial support President Kennedy has promised the District, the public schools should be used temporarily as the best available focal point of any coordinated program to combat crime and delinquency.



Critic and literary historian, MAXWELL GEISMAR has written a series of books on the American novel during the past hundred years and has edited collections of the stories of Ring Lardner and Sherwood Anderson. This article is extracted from his forthcoming book, *HENRY JAMES AND THE JACOBITES*, a study of the artist and his contemporary cult, to be published by Houghton Mifflin.

THE WINGS OF THE DOVE: OR, FALSE GOLD

BY MAXWELL GEISMAR

THE WINGS OF THE DOVE, published in 1902, was the first of the three novels in Henry James's major phase. The other two were *The Ambassadors* and *The Golden Bowl*, in a strong, late burst of the Jamesian virtuosity. *The Wings of the Dove* is generally accounted as the great tragedy of this period, as well as the first big example of James's later manner; and there is even more than the usual voluminous amount of critical commentary, from James himself and from his modern disciples, surrounding the novel.

The Milly Theale story was, according to Matthiessen-Murdock's *Notebooks of Henry James*, based on James's deepest feeling, "the stored-up accumulation of one of the primary emotional experiences of his youth," the death of his cousin Minny Temple. In the portrait of Milly, James "probed the deep connection between love and the will to live," while in the novel itself, "his accumulated resources of pity and terror enabled him to produce his principal tragedy." In *Henry James: The Major Phase*, F. O. Matthiessen, so often elsewhere a discerning critic with sound values, described *The Wings of the Dove* in such terms as James's "masterpiece," or "that single work where his characteristic emotional vibration seems deepest." This critic was not unaware of certain limitations both in the masterpiece and its author. His whole study of the novel, originally given as a lecture, is an attempt to explain away, to "understand," and to prove the hidden merits of what are precisely James's most severe deficiencies.

By contrast, F. W. Dupee's *Henry James* is both more uncertain about the real stature of *The Wings of the Dove* and more acute. The writing in the novel, says Dupee, reaches "some kind of high water mark in English prose," but he neglects to specify the kind. The two girls, Milly Theale and Kate Croy — the two heroines, or the heroine

and the villainess — are "magnificent," to be sure; but "As Milly is mortally ill, so Kate is mortally poor" — a sharp observation, which fails to state that Kate is only too poor to marry Merton Densher in middle-class circumstances.

The novel's heroine is a more exquisite Daisy Miller, said Dupee, but "Milly is free to embody in a large way the uncreated conscience of her race." And what this statement means, reminiscent as it is of James Joyce's *Portrait of the Artist* and now applied to this romantic, innocent, betrayed Jamesian heroine, I frankly have no idea. *The Wings of the Dove* is another old-fashioned Jamesian romance of Europe, often rather glamorous and touching, if at times somewhat tedious. But it is refinished with the later James technique and refurbished with a subplot which is in essence a melodrama of lust and greed, and which is in turn described through the highly idiosyncratic focus of the late James's sensibility. No wonder the critics have their troubles in locating the particular source of greatness in this masterwork of the late period. It is in fact a peculiar mixture of literary parts.

The long, slow opening section of Book One, which describes Kate Croy's evil heritage, is a study of middle-class "degradation" — the lowest depths, to James, of material and spiritual constriction. Kate's father is a bankrupt dandy whose mysterious and unmentionable crime has already influenced his beautiful, ambitious daughter. Kate's unfortunate sister Marian has, to be sure, received "her scant share of the provision their mother had been able to leave them." For none are so poor, even in this middle-class nether land of the Jamesian social cosmos, as not to have a small inheritance. But Mrs. Condrip has made the mistake of marrying the parson of a suburban parish. She exists in *The Wings of the Dove* to show

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us the awful example of marriage without social position or money, or with just a little money, with four children, and with only a "small Irish governess" in a very small private house.

From this background Kate Croy emerges as a rather good portrait of an unloved, unwanted child who is being pressured to "make good" — that is, to make a rich marriage — while, unfortunately, she has fallen desperately in love with Densher, a dubious journalist who hardly offers her this prospect. She has consented to being "adopted" by her rich, brassy, vulgar Aunt Maud, the "Britannia of the Market Place," who is another satiric portrait of modern — that is to say, debased — London society.

Maud, too, is determined that her beautiful niece shall not marry Merton Densher — that is the price of Kate's being adopted; and this hero's muggy name, like that of the Condrips, shows his uncertain social status.

Thus, the opening sections of the book are an illuminating exposition of the genteel poverty which James considered to be the most ignoble human or social existence. But he had introduced in the novel a new element of a consuming and, on Kate Croy's part at least, "illegitimate" passion, which is first described in the lovers' long walks and long talks as they wander around beneath the walls and windows of Mrs. Lowder's London mansion. Here one notices the deliberate, enforced indirection of the late Jamesian narrative technique, where ambiguity is compounded by obliquity, as in Merton Densher's reverie about his meeting with Aunt Maud just when he is conversing with Kate, when we get all the hints and suggestions of unlawful love without a gesture of physical affection. And into the midst of this flow of reminiscence, introspection, speculation on the part of the two lovers — the continual action of their minds, the perpetual flow of their words, the use of their larynges rather than their lips — there is the sudden arrival of the American fairy princess herself, the "striking apparition" of Milly Theale.

This is the slim, pale, delicately haggard, "agreeably angular young person" in Book Three: "of not more than two-and-twenty summers, in spite of her marks, whose hair was somehow exceptionally red even for the real thing, which it innocently confessed to being, and whose clothes were remarkably black even for robes of mourning, which was the meaning they expressed. It was New York mourning, it was New York hair, it was a New York history. . . ."

So James described her in curiously moving terms, despite the exaggerated flow of rhetoric, the dramatic attempt to make more of Milly than she was: "It was a New York history, confused as yet, but multitudinous, of the loss of parents, brothers,

sisters, almost every human appendage, all on a scale and with a sweep that had required the greater stage; it was a New York legend of affecting, of romantic isolation, and, beyond everything, it was by most accounts, in respect to the mass of money so piled on the girl's back, a set of New York possibilities. She was alone, she was stricken, she was rich. . . ."

What a marvelous heroine of romance indeed, never forgetting, as James never did, the last item of cash, or gold, on top of the human loss or isolation. For Milly is a "real orphan," and wealthy, while Kate Croy is an acquired or self-made orphan, so to speak, and poor. But even Milly comes to us in the narrative through another technical reflector, or perhaps reverberator: through the mind of Mrs. Stringham, a rather dullish caricature of a New England spinsterish artist who is Milly's companion, or semi-governess, and whose reverie gives us the heroine's background.

WAS this technique overdone by the later James, amounting in *The Wings of the Dove* to a tour de force of oblique narrative, or to something that might be called the circular novel? At least the story's opening, up through the fourth book, is slow, heavy, verbose, extended, magnified, both in style and in structure. What James called his "misplaced centre" really described his elaborate, portentous, elongated opening, where there was no middle to the narrative at all, but only the sudden gripping of the melodrama for which he had set the scene. The formal structure of the *Dove* is really that of "pre-analysis," in which the characters reveal themselves and their past while they reflect upon each other and speculate, sometimes coyly, about the impending event. Then there is the big scene itself, in which we see them all functioning — that is to say, talking — and last, the post-analysis, where the characters, reverting to their reveries, examine the event which has happened, both in their own minds and in further conversations with each other. This curiously complex structure which James had evolved for his drama of consciousness — the multicircle or con-circular narrative — had even more elaborate developments.

Meanwhile, with Milly Theale's confrontation of English society toward the close of the first volume of the *Dove*, we have reached the point of impending melodrama and of the novel's real theme. Was it the familiar conflict of appearance and reality, as the contemporary Jacobite critics insist? At Mrs. Lowder's Lancaster Gate, and at Matcham, the great English country house where Lord Mark takes over Milly's education, where she

had never felt life and civilization at so high a peak, where her vibrations, her sensibilities, are almost too tense and sharp for comfort, the Jamesian heroine feels that her quest has been achieved. But in James's own mind this modern English society of Mrs. Lowder and Lord Mark is no social set at all; moreover, they are all conspiring to entrap the innocent, beautiful, wealthy, and sick American princess.

The real conflict is that of illusion and illusion, or illusion upon illusion. The American princess is false, or at least a romantic and improbable embodiment of James's own youthful dream of Europe. Her vision of English culture is false; and the actual appearance or materialization of her dream in the smart British circle of the *Dove* is not only false but designed to be false, made to be a lure and a snare. Furthermore, just as Milly represents the early, romantic Jamesian vision of Europe almost intact — and how this vision, this obsession, this fixed compulsion still haunted the Jamesian mind! — so the reality of English society which is portrayed so glamorously, so villainously, in the novel was simply his later disenchantment with English society. It is the obverse of the fairy tale, or the nightmare extreme of the artist's disillusionment, in which the daylight world of solid, material factuality is hardly represented. Thus the Jamesian manipulation of all these Jamesian characters (or embodied fantasies) is at the core of the novel, is the real secret, and perhaps the real fascination, of *The Wings of the Dove*. The plot action has completely superseded any chance of genuine character development or of genuine human relations in the later narratives; but what is revealed is what Henry James was thinking about Henry James.

The themes, to be sure, were dramatized and projected with great skill. Under the spell of this magician's literary enchantment, the characters, motives, relations are convincing until we look at them in the cold light of day. There is the baroque scene of Milly's visitation with Sir Luke Strett, the noble English doctor who looks "half like a general and half like a bishop" — who looks, that is to say, like anything but a doctor — and who becomes her moral and spiritual, as well as medical, adviser. Is it only Milly's beauty and charm — since nothing is mentioned between doctor and patient under "the odious head of cash" — that bring the eminent Sir Luke immediately to her side, so that he now trails after her anywhere she may need him? But James's doctors as a tribe behave in a way hardly to be condoned by the usual standards of medical ethics. And is it only a coincidence that Milly is accompanied on this visit by the "handsome girl," Kate Croy herself, who thereby divines the secret of the heroine's fatal illness? Milly

feels indeed as if she had been on her knees. "I've confessed and I've been absolved. It has been lifted off," she tells Kate in respect to her tuberculosis (which is, incidentally, too "vulgar" to mention). And now she is really trapped.

In another famous scene in the novel, Milly becomes the dove and Kate the panther. (It is Kate who has described Milly in such terms.) "With which she [Milly] felt herself ever so delicately, so considerately embraced; not with familiarity or as a liberty taken, but almost ceremonially and in the manner of an *accolade*; partly as if, though a dove who could perch on a finger, one were also a princess with whom forms were to be observed." And this imagery is elaborated and expanded in the story almost too heavily, in the manner of the later James, for this was the embrace of the panther which is stalking its prey. What one becomes most conscious of at the middle point of the novel (or at the close of the first volume) is simply the high degree to which this whole cast of literary characters — who, except for the two women, are a rather mediocre lot — are handling and manipulating each other for their own purposes; or, more accurately, how James himself is handling and manipulating each and every one of them for the purposes of his own highly plotted melodrama. How, in short, this supposedly great novel, fascinating as it is to read and speculate about, is centered around a series of tricks, angles, and twists in the narrative line.

What a curious middle climax there is in *The Wings of the Dove*, where each character is hiding from or plotting against every other character. Where Kate is protecting her relationship with Densher even while she is offering Densher to Milly; where Milly, in turn, is concealing her own earlier friendship with Densher, even while she vaguely suspects, or doesn't suspect, the secret relation of Kate and Densher. Where these characters, and the supporting cast of characters, snoop upon each other's doings from those hidden balconies or windows which are the theatrical stage props of James's voyeurism; or catch each other walking with each other down the aisles of the great British art museums.

Milly is the last good dead (or dying) American princess. All the other figures in *The Wings of the Dove* are conspiring to trap her, or to kill her for the sake of her golden treasure, while the dove herself is not without her own dovelike secrets and stratagems. "The great debate" might be another title for the final sections of the first volume; but as the melodrama begins to grip, as James, after the long, slow buildup of his plot, throws all his action into these pages of the novel, into these strange talks, what an odd debate of virtue and vice it really is.

There is the description of Kate Croy's lecture to Milly on the verities of life which, in indirect discourse, is being strained through Milly's consciousness and then through James's consciousness, to let us know certain things about Kate that Milly doesn't know, or that Kate doesn't know, or at least doesn't choose to reveal. For this is the stream of consciousness quite literally; not the stream of the unconscious, as in the generation of writers who followed James. Every detail in the passage has been carefully selected by the artist to throw its light on Milly, on Kate, on the surrounding cast of characters in the novel (so falsely interpreted by Milly, so carefully characterized by Kate for her own advantage), and on the novel's plot action.

There is the description of Lord Mark (whom Mrs. Lowder has chosen for Kate, and whom Kate is using as a cover for her passion for Densher) as weighing out his emotions in ounces, while both Maud and Mark are each "waiting for what the other would put down." What is inescapable here, even to the innocent and thrilled Milly, is that while Mrs. Lowder has put Kate "on the counter" — how these Jamesian figures buy and sell each other — she is still also "keeping hold" of her — and how these Jamesian figures also toy with their power over each other! This is a curious application of the marketplace to the most intimate human relations. It is a kind of financial sadism, if you like, where human beings are being bribed and corrupted by the cash nexus, where they are being displayed on the counter and yet not quite offered for sale, where the only force superior to the commercial factor is not so much the will to power as the will to tease by power. The remarkable passage during which Kate has interposed her own power over Milly directly in the path of Mrs. Lowder's projected power also ends with Kate's declaration that while Lord Mark has been intended for her, he has actually turned to Milly; and with Milly's enforced declaration that she will have no part of Lord Mark, which clears the way for her to have a part of Kate's Densher.

But whose hard commercial ethos, whose will to power, whose delight in teasing are triumphant, if not James's own? It is here also that Kate warns Milly against herself, Densher, Mark, and their whole crowd. "My honest advice to you would be . . . to drop us while you can," which has the effect both of providing Kate with a moral "alibi," another Jamesian term which is increasingly sounded in this world of manipulators, and of suggesting the dangers to come. Before this there is the scene where Kate is probing Milly as to the extent of her sickness and where Milly proclaims her new line of going in for "pleasure." "But what kind of pleasure?" asks Kate. "The

highest," says Milly. "Her friend met it nobly. 'Which is the highest?' " Which, indeed? — since this could be the sixty-four-thousand-dollar question in James's work, though it is certainly not a question of sexual pleasure.

It is all quite mad, and yet it is done so well. It is altogether of a rare and fantastic species of literature. And there before us stands Volume Two of the *Dove*, more of the same, but even longer, larger, and more complex.

In the opening pages we come, finally, to Densher's own moment of self-revelation; this mediocre hero of dubious name and uncertain social standing, rather indefinable and weak-willed, who has been left dangling on the rope of Kate Croy's beauty so long, as the puppet of her passion, her ambition, her grand scheme. What is the meaning of Densher? Well, first, like the noble little book-binding hero of *The Princess Casamassima*, Densher comes from the lower classes — in James's view, that is. He is a working journalist, rare figure indeed among all these leisure-class protagonists; even though he works mainly (and mysteriously) at night, and somehow has the means to follow Milly to Venice and to dally there at his leisure.

Yet he is still harried by his lack of means, his lack of place, his lack of Kate. If James describes passion here as a mixture of illness, sedatives, and vulgarity, Densher is still a good portrait of a suffering, small soul. And there is the moment in the narrative — while both Kate and Densher rejoice that, after all, they have made Milly "want to live" ("It's wonderful, it's beautiful." "It's beautiful indeed.") — the moment when the novel's "secret," which everybody knows, is let out. "You're cryptic, love!" says Densher, and Kate retorts, "Don't think, however, I'll do *all* the work for you. If you want things named you must name them." "Since she'll die I'm to marry her?" Densher says. And Kate's lips "bravely moved: 'To marry her.'" "So that when her death has taken place I shall in the natural course have money." "You'll in the natural course have money. We shall in the natural course be free" — since in the leisure-class novel, freedom, like love, implies, above all, money. And when, from across the reception hall, Milly sends to them "all the candour of her smile, the lustre of her pearls, the value of her life, the essence of her wealth," Densher agrees to the bargain if Kate will come directly to his rooms. The sexual act is the culmination of the criminal plot.

Matthiessen's *The Major Phase* points to this relationship as a refutation of "those inattentive critics who keep insisting that James is always

flinching from physical passion." But this most attentive critic neglects to give the context of Jamesian sexuality, just as here it is the symptom of poverty, thwarted power, and crime.

Yet when Densher is summoned by Mrs. Stringham to save Milly's life, even, if need be, by lying to her, he refuses, since he is entranced by the memory of Kate's single embrace. He avoids seeing the heartbroken American princess; he flees from her presence, from Venice itself, only to discover, upon her death, that he is really in love with her memory, with her death, with the great fortune which she has, in spite of his treason, bestowed upon him. There is the final glimpse of Milly, knowing all, dying quite mum:

"She'll never tell?"

"She'll never tell."

Once more he thought. "She must be magnificent."

"She is magnificent."

And Densher, overwhelmed at Milly's magnificence, concludes with a typical James euphoria that "Women were wonderful. . . ." But what curious human motivation all this is: what fairy-tale generosity on the part of the dying princess; what a growing sense of *noblesse oblige* on the part of the mediocre little hero Densher, whose "physical passion" for Kate is now quite balanced off, negated, and made ambivalent by his growing moral and spiritual love for the dead American girl.

Is he really a weak and petty criminal of the heart, the leisure-class equivalent of a Clyde Griffiths, whose whole moral fiber collapses at the evidence of his guilt being known? Couldn't he, in fact, have loved both women at the same time, particularly since one of them has conveniently died? And didn't this final guilty, self-tormented remorse on Densher's part follow a still deeper, fixed, and recurrent Jamesian pattern of the impossible love, of always loving the woman you cannot have?

Nevertheless, Densher has been ennobled through his suffering. Back in London, he refuses to see Kate for a fortnight, consumed by his remorse over Milly, by his newly won moral superiority, and by a kind of priggish hauteur. When he does see her at Lancaster Gate and they have a little scrap of time to themselves, "after the withdrawal of the footman," Densher has an altogether new tone with his former mistress. "We *are*, my dear child . . . I suppose still engaged." He is full of "honour" and middle-class respectability while he lectures Kate on Milly's magnificence and prodigiousness, hardly an endearing trait on the part of any lover. He has almost come to exonerate his own actions in the melodrama. "He understood," Densher tells Kate about the equally noble Sir Luke. "But understood what?" says Kate, quite

reasonably. "That I had meant awfully well," says Densher. He is really quite unbearable.

Two months later, the final renunciation scene in the *Dove* revolves around the fact that the letter from Milly's New York lawyers to Densher has been opened by Kate. It is the final proof of her perfidy, of her "departure from delicacy." Densher announces after much formal discussion that he won't accept Milly's fortune, nor Kate in marriage if she accepts it. But Kate, rather sensibly, won't accept him without the money. "You lose me?" Densher cries, and, "He showed, though naming it frankly, a sort of awe of her high grasp. 'Well, you lose nothing else. I make over to you every penny.' " And there are the much-quoted last lines of the novel. "I'll marry you, mind you," Densher cries again, "in an hour." "As we were?" asks Kate. "As we were." But she turned to the door, so James wrote in his final exit line for Kate Croy, "and her headshake was now the end. 'We shall never be again as we were!'"

Well, naturally. Nobody ever is. But when were two protagonists of a so-called major novel ever put in a box like this, for which what they were, some seven hundred pages earlier in *The Wings of the Dove*, is merely the long buildup, laborious and meticulous alike, for what they come to be? Though Kate's ostensible reason for not marrying Densher is that he is now in love with Milly's memory, and Densher's for not marrying Kate is that she won't marry him without the money, there is no doubt that the final note in the last great tragedy of Henry James is the note of cash.

JUST as wealth is always to some degree "illegitimate" in James's leisure-class novels, in the sense that it is always inherited or acquired by any means except those of earning a fortune or really making money, so here the Jamesian wealth is not only inherited quite illegitimately but altogether improbably, simply to demonstrate Milly's peculiar generosity, Densher's newly acquired nobility, Kate's fundamental avarice. And if this last cornerstone of the Jamesian sense of reality is removed from *The Wings of the Dove*, what is left? Surely, among the great novels of world literature, this one is the most fantastic in its values and its form alike. The calculated, contrived, altogether esoteric literary method merely reflects the artificial and fabricated human values which, in part, the method is designed actually to conceal from us.

But can such a novel, with its false premises, its artificial conclusions, and its theatrical form, a novel that is based on such an idiosyncratic vision of life, always oscillating between the make-

believe extremes of the fairy tale and the nightmare, compounded of illusion upon illusion, with so little sense of reality or of true human experience anywhere in its pages — can *The Wings of the Dove*, in short, really be classified among the great novels of world literature?

No, of course not; since all our major novels do bear on human destiny, while this one concerns itself with human daydreams of a very special order. Perhaps the *Dove* is a perfect example of just that “magic hope” and “magic faith” which Ernest Schachtel has recently described in his *Metamorphosis* as the period of early youth when the child imagines that his desires and his fears really do dominate and control the outside world.

At least *The Wings of the Dove* draws us back to that nostalgic fantasy world of how things “might have been,” even though we realize that they never were and never could be like that. All artists, like most people, draw their primary inspiration from this buried core of fantasy; but the great writers confront the infantile dreams of life with the hard reality of things as they are. Doesn’t the true revelation of great fiction consist precisely, most often, in just this stripping away of

human illusions? But the fiction of Henry James, by contrast, is not only magic hope, or magic fear, or magic craft; it is, at its real center, a kind of magic magic. What a series of pure and inviolate visions, indeed, does this writer present us with. And what an extraordinary kind of elite illusion, as it were, or illusions for the elite, he propounded in that high, brief flowering of the great American fortunes and in the face of the hitherto generally accepted artistic record of human aspiration and suffering.

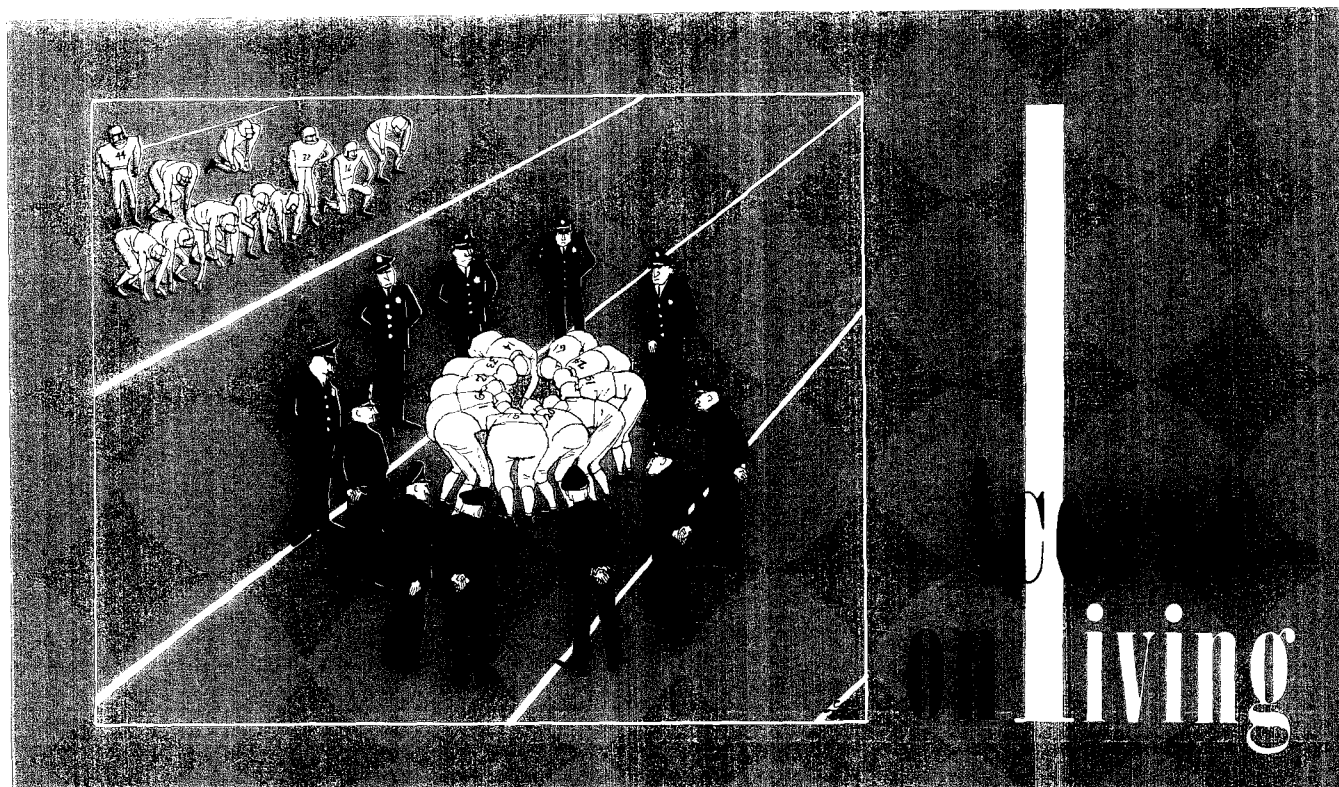
The remarkable thing about the *Dove* is that James — working in such a peculiar sphere of values, using such contrived methods of fiction, giving us a final picture of no recognizable area of life but of a special and unique fantasy of civilization and culture, a fantasy ranging at best from the infantile to the adolescent — still could hold our interest to the degree that he did and stimulate our imagination to the point, at least, of trying to understand what his literary vision means. That is the true Jamesian “secret,” the enchantment of an extraordinary magician whose bag of verbal tricks contains more and more astounding surprises.

NOT FAR FROM ARARAT

BY JOHN MALCOLM BRINNIN

So in their term elect did man and beast
Sleep forty nights under bare rib and rafter,
And eastward float as the dead sun went west;
In the gay dreams that none would remember after,
Flesh on cold flesh that never said a word
Endured the dark that would not be endured;
And lion by gazelle was scoured to bone.
How every mad start and solo of the Lord
(He sang from a bush! Came gushing from a stone!)
Seemed but the weather and that time of year
And nothing in particular.
So did they in the great drift of things sail on,
Their hopes obeying heaven’s, their hearts face down.
And when the rain drummed murmurs on their roof,
They put a soft pigeon out for proof.
If it were all true, and they would be reclaimed,
If at the end the vast beginning seemed
Already long accounted for;
If, unabashed, one of the daughters wore,
About her swelling waist
And hip, the forepaw of a nameless beast,
At last, by the endurance of a dove,
Things as they were were made believable.
On that good morning when they set their table,
The reek of meat rose with their choirs of love.

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WHO'S WHO AMONG THE UNDESIRABLES

BY CHARLES W. MORTON

Baseball players are still allowed to come and go much like other citizens in their off-diamond hours. I assert this perhaps rashly, but at any rate in the absence of any stories to the contrary in the sports pages. Even as the baseball season nears its peak, the players require no close chaperonage while away from their work. Those who can read and write may receive and send letters without censorship; they have free access to the telephone; their homes and hotel rooms remain unbugged.

The status of the baseball player is remarkable in its implication — rarely found nowadays among professional athletes — that he can keep away, quite without police supervision, from what are euphemistically called “undesirable elements” in cities where he works. One reason for this easygoing attitude is that everyone knows where the undesirable elements are in baseball: in the stands and box seats, drunk, and being undesirable to all within reach or earshot.

Professional football, by contrast, finds itself beset by far more numer-

ous and varied undesirables. One of its major leagues, for instance, is hiring an ex-policeman as a “roving watchdog” to keep the undesirables away from the players and league personnel. The watchdog will also “check out background information on game officials and any prospective owners who might desire league franchises,” so the UPI report went.

Football's problem, in other words, is not only crooked players but also crooked club owners, trainers, coaches, and the fixers and gamblers of the world at large. The players themselves will be hard enough to rehabilitate.

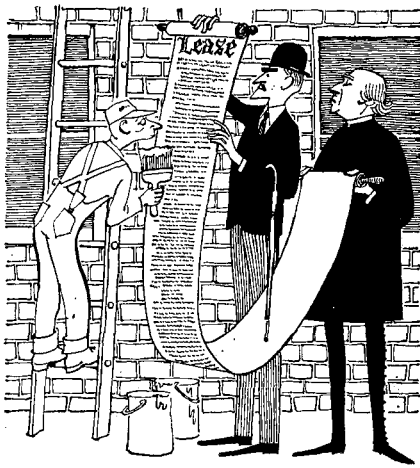
Unlike baseball players, who learned the game in sandlot competition on their own, the football professional has usually been exposed to a college education. He has been obliged to pose as an amateur while earning his living and other expenses by playing football, and he has been obliged to pose as a student by taking fake courses or by getting fake grades in courses he could not otherwise pass. The

colleges and not the sandlots are the source of football professionals.

Perpetration of the frauds in college football needs connivance by the crooked college president, a reasonably crooked faculty, a crooked coach (himself a product of the same system), and a sufficiently influential group of low-grade alumni. It is plain, therefore, that by the time the newly graduated player comes bounding out toward the TV camera in his first professional appearance, he has been pretty thoroughly acclimatized to the seamy side of it all.

Whether a single watchdog can rove widely enough to keep professional football players away from elements even more undesirable than themselves is the question. Hundreds of players need the watching. Every play must be scrutinized. The long pass that is caught may be just as suspect as the one that is dropped. Is the onetime star of Berserk U ripping holes past such a lineman as the former Wingding School of Mines all-American? What about that quarterback? Is he sulking about the raise he failed to get?

More watchdogs are the answer. Let every spectator be able to say of any game in the new season: “It was a great job of first-class police work.”



Malaise Yellow

BY ROBERT MANNING

Formerly chief of the London bureau of an American weekly, ROBERT MANNING is now an assistant secretary of state.

Colonel Wallingford-Stone is an estate agent — that is to say, he is a real-estate man whose particular responsibility is to manage properties which are owned by one body (in his case, the owners are the commissioners of the Church of England) and which are leased to other bodies (in this case, your humble intermediary). Renters occupy these homes as owners, but in fact they have only the responsibilities of owners and the privileges of renters. Though they may have renovated them, decorated them, or even have built them at considerable expense, the inhabitants do not in the full sense “own” their houses, but occupy them on long-term leases of from twenty-five to ninety-nine years, granted by the Church, the Duke of Westminster, Her Majesty the Queen, or whatever other institution or person happens to own the land on which the houses are built. This is a fair enough arrangement, provided you learn all about it before you move in.

The terms of repair and improvement are written into the long-term leases, and they are enforced according to a variety of circumstances, among them the degree of benevolence of the landowners or lessors. Properties owned by the Church of England — and there are some 27,000 houses and other buildings in London alone — are maintained in a manner that seems to derive more from the Christian virtue of rectitude than that of charity or forbearance.

Their estate agents are reputed to be among the sternest in Britain. And of these, if I am not mistaken, the sternest of all is Colonel Wallingford-Stone.

He is a tall, slender man of about forty-eight or fifty, with a sharp-featured face, a copper-plated ax blade for a chin, and eyes sculpted from agate. His well-cared-for frame is enclosed, at working hours, in the uniform of middle-class English authority — dark coat, sharp-collared shirt with dark tie, striped trousers, and an air of unbreachable certainty.

Before I ever set eyes on Colonel Wallingford-Stone, I had a few clipped telephone conversations involving some confusion over a garage, and a brief correspondence in which I, out of desire that sprang not altogether from generosity, offered to have my house painted this year instead of next, provided that a phrase in the lease was altered so as not to require a repainting next year. My wife and I were delighted when the colonel, presumably after much deliberation, gave us permission.

The house, small but stately Regency not far from the center of London, certainly needed paint. It was one of a row that since the war have begun to climb back toward a tranquil elegance. Its brick and stone exterior was in scrofulous state. Peelings of its last paint job curled from its sides; its woodwork had cracked in thirst for white lead and linseed oil. Close examination did not tell with certainty what color it had last been painted; its sister houses were all coated in various shades of a bilious cream or yellow that is favored, not unanimously but all too widely, in London. The city is beautiful in spite of it.

Scraping away the dirt and trying to assess what smog and fog had done to alter the shade over the years, we decided that previously the house had been painted white or a shade very close to white. We decided to duplicate this slight non-conformity on the part of our predecessors. I duly won approval from my company for the painting job. (It was my company that owned the lease, not I. I, in turn, rented the house from the company.)

“What color will you have it?” asked the painters, a large firm of considerable repute and experience at just this sort of job.

“White,” said my wife, and they beamed with approval at this break from the monotony of bilious yellow. With dispatch — and, of course, paintbrushes, coveralls, and ladders — the painters had the job under way. In two weeks they were done. The house gleamed, clean and gay in the bright spring sunshine. With its soft-blue door and flowerpots, its manicured garden aglow with bloom, and its lawn smooth as green baize, the house was transformed. We had brought a touch of Riviera to Blomfield Road.

Soon after, the phone rang at my office. “Wallingford-Stone here,” said the voice. Firm. Commanding. Decisive. “I see you are painting your house.”

I replied with perhaps a tinge of astonishment in my voice. After all, the painting had not begun until after a month of negotiations with the colonel, and since he lived only across the street he had no doubt not been mistaking the activity of the last two weeks for some Indiana apple-tree planting pageant. “Why, yes,” said I. Firm. Knowing. Informative.

“I assume, old boy, that the paint I see now is only the undercoating.”

At this point, a note of incredulity, of weakness must have slipped into my voice. “Why — er — a — no. Not at all.”

“You’re not painting it white, old boy?”

“Why, yes, we are.”

“Sorry, old chap. You can’t paint it white. Not an estate color, you know.”

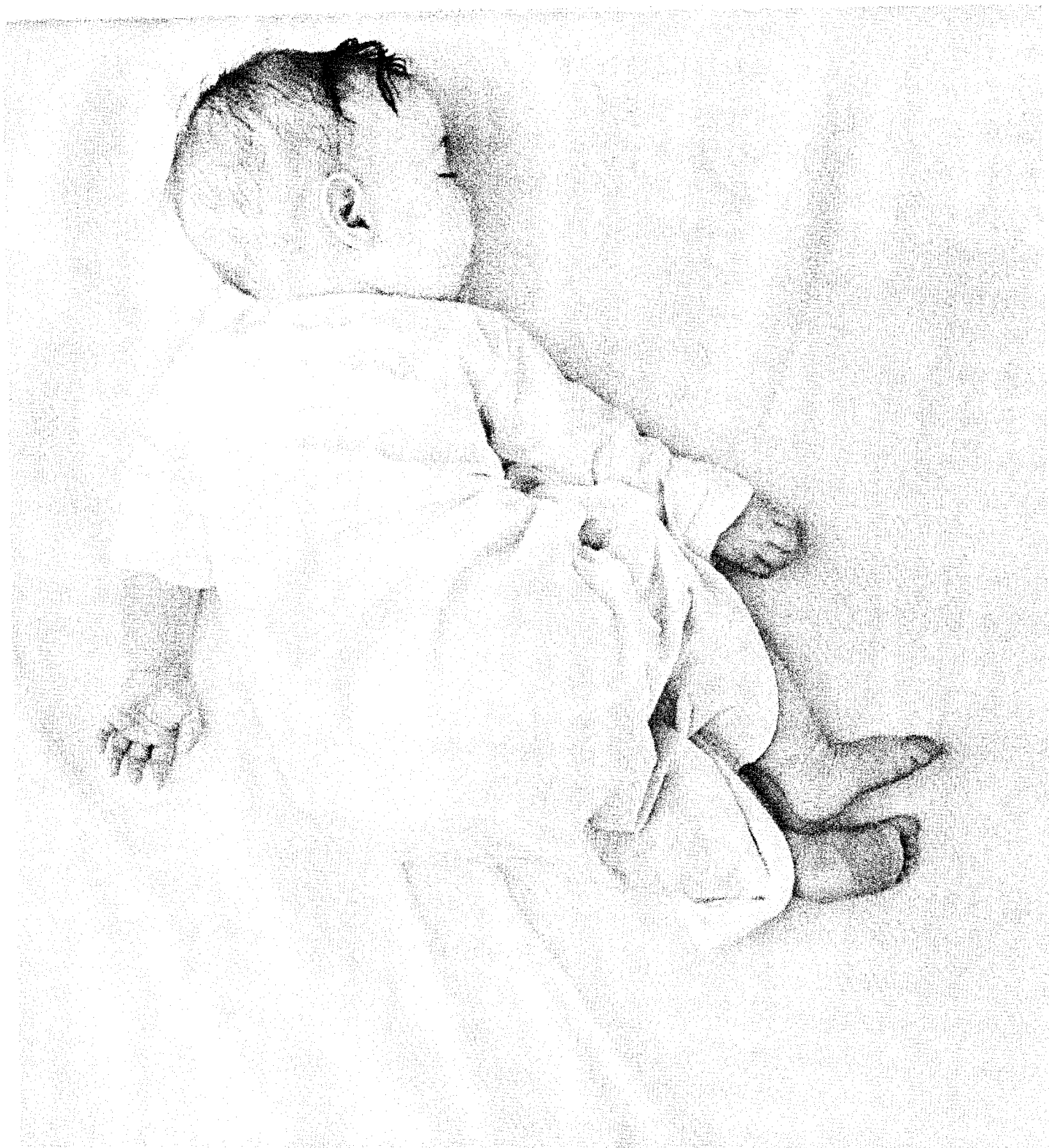
“Not a what?” I asked, swallowing the small cherry pit of panic.

“Not an estate color. You must paint an estate color.”

“Good God, Colonel. It’s a fine time to be telling me.”

“All very clear in the lease. Com-





This little girl can expect to live until the year 2036

Her life expectancy is 73 years. A little boy's is 67 years. This gift of a long life hasn't just happened.

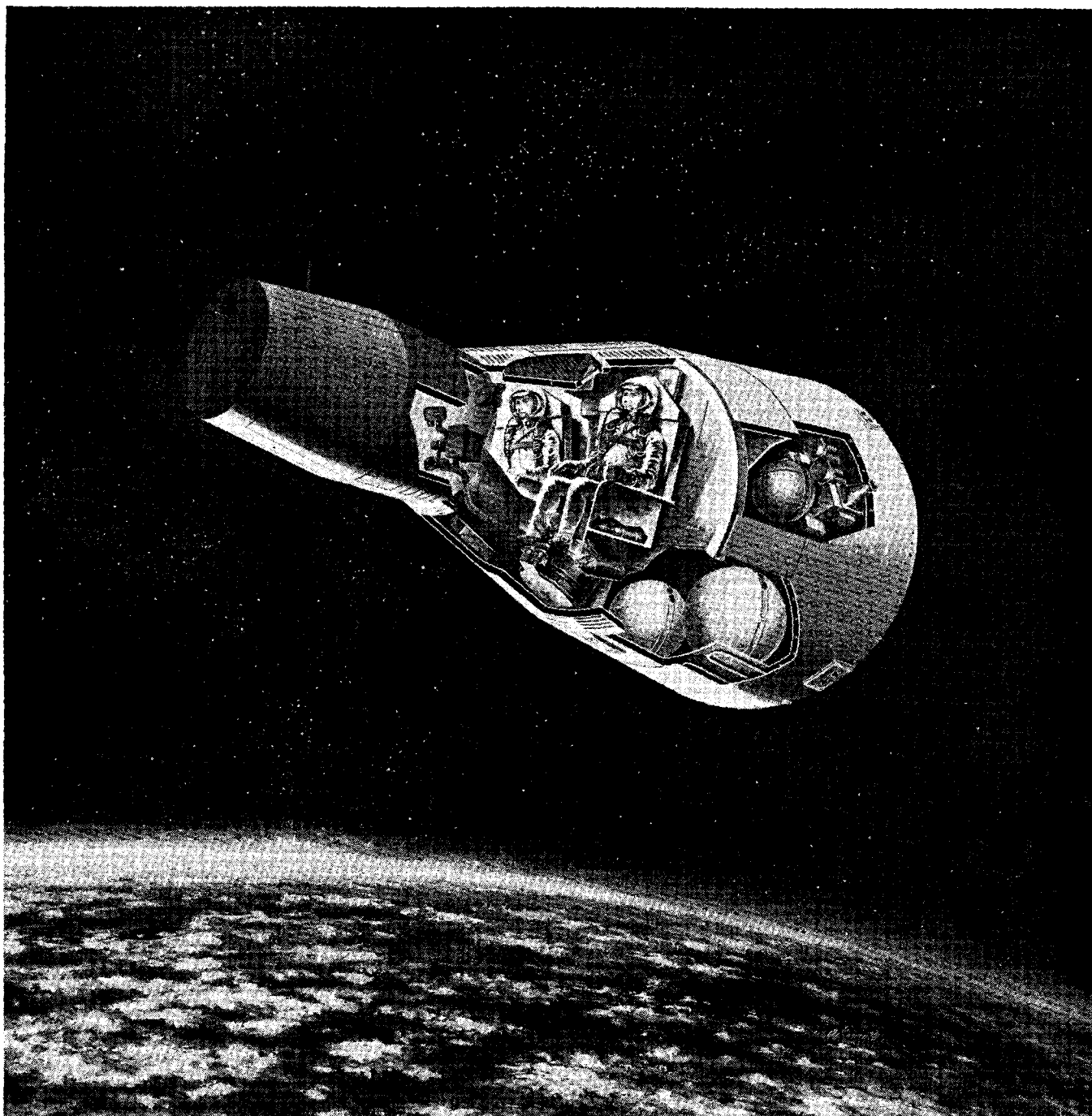
One reason for it is immunization against many diseases that once took thousands of lives every year—including polio, whooping cough, tetanus, and diphtheria.

Antibiotic and antibacterial drugs have lengthened life

expectancy, too. Infections that once caused weeks of pain and confinement often can be controlled.

Today, as throughout its history, Parke-Davis continues to devote a large part of its resources to creating new and better medicines. The goal is a longer and healthier life for you, for your children, and for people everywhere.

PARKE-DAVIS
BETTER MEDICINES FOR A BETTER WORLD



Life support for 14 days in space

The NASA-McDonnell Project Gemini is the major link between Project Mercury and Project Apollo (this nation's first flight to the moon). It will give our space effort vital information on prolonged spaceflight effects and will also be used to test space rendezvous techniques.

Gemini's advanced environmental system will keep the spacecraft's two astronauts comfortable for two weeks of continuous orbital flight. Garrett-AiResearch builds the system that provides a breathable atmosphere, pressuri-

zation, temperature control, ventilation and atmosphere purification in the two-man spacecraft and in both astronauts' suits for the entire flight. AiResearch also supplies the supercritical cryogenic oxygen and hydrogen tankage system for the fuel cell power supply.

This major contribution to the advancement of space travel is one more example of Garrett's proved capability in the design and production of vital systems and their components for man's most challenging exploration.



THE GARRETT CORPORATION • AiResearch Manufacturing Divisions • Los Angeles 9, California • Phoenix, Arizona • other divisions and subsidiaries: Airsupply-Aero Engineering • AiResearch Aviation Service • Garrett Supply • Air Cruisers • AiResearch Industrial • Garrett Manufacturing Limited • Garrett International S. A. • Garrett (Japan) Limited

pletely clear. Says right there in print that it must be an estate color. We can't make exceptions, you know. Why, there'd be chaos all up and down the street. Simply can't be done."

"With matters gone this far, you surely can't ask us to do it all over again?" I said.

"Not only can, but must, I fear. Rules *are* rules, you know."

It was either Clausewitz or Al Smith — it doesn't make any difference — who said, "When you're losing a battle, either develop a cough or hang up." So I told Colonel Wallingford-Stone, "I'm afraid you've caught me quite by surprise, Colonel, and I can't respond properly until I've had a chance to examine the lease and to think about this. It is something of a shock, you know."

"I *am* sorry, old boy." Was there a hint of softness there? "But you must try to understand. Do think about it over the weekend and let me hear from you."

"I'll do that," I promised.

I kept the news to myself until I could dig the lease out of the office safe and transport it, along with a *précis* of my plight, to the company's London solicitors.

The phone rang the next morning. "I'd advise you to try to talk the estate agent into a special exception," said the positive voice at the other end. (By God, he sounded like a colonel, too!) "We haven't got a —"

"Let me finish — leg to stand on."

"Right," he said.

"You're sure?"

"Sure as I am of my own —"

"Name."

"Right. The lease does say the Church commissioners can approve another color. See if you can talk them into it."

The next step took some planning. I decided to meet the colonel on terrain that would be familiar to him, and perhaps impressively so. Probably because of the house committee's need for funds, I was a member of a men's club that is considered by Englishmen to be reasonably exclusive and numbers among its members some of the leading lights of Britain, including the Prime Minister. Most pertinent of all, the club has a decidedly military cast and at lunchtime is thickly populated with young elegants of that top-button outfit, the Queen's

Household Cavalry, and middle-aged ramrods with high pedigrees, distinguished military records, or, as is so often the case in Britain, both. I invited the colonel to lunch at my club.

I arrived early and sipped a gin and bitter lemon until the attendant notified me that my guest had arrived, and gestured toward the men's washroom. There were two men, both almost identically attired. One, short and elderly, lethargically attacked his hands with a fingernail brush. The other, tall and brisk in movement, snapped to a water faucet, wrung a hand towel as if it were the neck of a Mau Mau, threw it toward a towel hamper, and before I could get my hand out, extended his and said, "Manning, I presume. Nice of you to have me."

I led him upstairs to the bar, there to begin the slow process of warming first his cockles with drink, then his heart with the sincerity and common sense of my logic.

"What will you have to drink?" I asked.

"I abominate alcohol," said the colonel. "I'll have some of that.

Plain." He pointed to a bottle of bitter lemon.

"I've spent the morning trying to find out what was behind that story in the *Times*," said I, seizing on the incident that for the preceding thirty-six hours had joggled the interest of a goodly part of England and most of the capitals of the world.

"What story?" said the colonel. "I don't read the *Times*. Can't stand its policies. Frightful policies."

"How do you classify the *Times's* policies?" I inquired, truly curious.

"Liberal!" No Garrick, no Booth, no Gielgud could in one word surpass the eloquence with which he spat that curse.

I bravely charged again toward some Cemetery Ridge on which this attempt at amiability might begin. "This club" — I nodded toward its gleaming brownness, excellent sporting and military paintings, teak ashtrays made from the deck of H.M.S. *Nelson* — "is the favorite of a lot of shooting men and fishermen." A look of interest came at last to Wallingford-Stone's face.

"I tat," he said.

MY FATHER DREAMS OF BASEBALL

BY LAURENCE LIEBERMAN

On hot September nights, when sleep is scarce,
in place of sheep Dad counts home runs that carry
the left-field fence and fly clean out of the ball park.

Father snaps off the two-night doubleheader.
Behind his back, the screen door loosens a hinge.
He escapes to the backyard retreat to rant at the ump.
Hopped-up in the Porsche, he's off for an all-night binge.
By morning, Mother's throat has a telltale lump.
He takes his losses hard, a heavy bettor.

In his dreams, white dashing figures circle the bases.
Their caps dazzle in the sun like lights on a scoreboard.
The diamond is worn a foot deep under hammering cleats.

He attends home games. Through Dad's binoculars
the power hitters charge home plate like bulls,
and make the picador pitcher's heart stand still.
(A curve ball is a lance that bull's-eyes skulls.)
My father in the stands directs the kill
like a black matador in Madrid spectaculars.

Just inches inside the foul line, a figure is poised
three feet in the air, his arm outstretched for the catch.
His mouth is pinched with the pain of a near-miss.
The features are fixed with the dull metallic glow
of an ancient face, cast in bronze or brass.

"You what?" I asked.

"I tat. Have a very nice cross-stitch. I sit and tat, and my wife and I discuss the news." From across the bar, the Irish barman slipped me a quick glance of sympathy.

"How interesting," I said. "I once did a cross-stitched locomotive." It was not a lie. Some thirty-odd years ago, in the fifth grade of the Alexander Hamilton grade school in Binghamton, New York, I had indeed attained a barely passing grade in sewing by executing in blue and red cross-stitch the outlines of a locomotive on a checked gingham bag.

The comparative animation that entered Wallingford-Stone's spirit encouraged me, and indeed the lunch did take on a politeness and amiability that augured well. Through the pâté and toast we talked of London and of general affairs, he indicating in every way a degree of intelligence and understanding that went well with his demeanor and his obviously well-to-do but not rich status. Just as the cold lobster salad came in and he waved away the wine waiter for a second time, he said amiably, "And now what are we going

to do about this problem of yours? When I left I told my colleagues that you were certainly not going to have me to lunch without bringing that up."

"You were perfectly right," I started to begin. "I —"

"I'd like to help, old boy. Really would. But it's simply not possible. I admit that the house looks marvelous. But we can't have it. If we let one paint a different color, everyone will be after us. The next one may paint it purple or blue. Who knows? Not everyone has good taste, you know. No, simply won't do. We can't make an exception."

It will cause nothing but pain to record the rest of that conversation. The last few words will suffice: "You are most kind and most understanding, old fellow, and I truly wish I could help you. But I fear you simply must go back and tell them that you have a brutal estate agent who insists on the letter of the law."

I retreated from this high-caloried Dunkirk to my office, there to occupy myself with lesser affairs, of a global nature, then made my way home to House Beautiful. There, on the terrace, my wife waited, a warm smile

on her face and cold martini in her hand. "How was lunch?" she asked.

"Well," I said. "He seems to have us over a barrel."

A smoker could have lit a cigarette off the sparks of her glance. "Munich!" she said. That was all.

It was enough. "Wallingford-Stone," I said to myself, "the battle is joined."

And it was, too, though the Archbishop of Canterbury was not yet aware of the fact. He had the law and, I suppose, the power of prayer on his side. I had the prettiest house on the street. Between these two great injustices, could there be any compromise?

In the next morning's mail there came a brief note from the real-estate firm which said, with piercing simplicity, "Dear Sir: With reference to your luncheon conversation with Colonel Wallingford-Stone, we enclose an official estate color card." The card contained a glossy rectangle of but one color, malaise yellow.

I handed the card to my seconds.

That was three years ago. The duel that followed lasted for several months, one of those private conflicts that escaped the notice even of those microscopists of trivia, the London gossip columnists. There is no need to go into details: by dint of obstinacy, mild eloquence, and repeated personal calls at the office of the Church commissioners, I won permission to leave the house as it was, gleaming white. Neighbors drew courage from this. In the ensuing months, three other houses on the canal were repainted either white or, in timorous half-measure, a shade that verged closer to white than to yellow.

A victory, I suppose, over that most formidable of antagonists, British custom. But was it?

This spring, I visited London again, and on the way into the city from the airport had my driver detour by way of my old house. I looked for the monuments to victory. In vain. There in yellowish symmetry stood the sedate houses. The timeless time and fog and soot of London had removed all hint of the quiet revolution. As I sped past, I conjured a fleeting vision of Wallingford-Stone seated across the street in his drawing room, comfortably tatting and humming to himself, "There'll Always Be an England." I hummed the tune too.

SHORT BALLAD OF INDIFFERENT PERFORMERS

BY STUART HEMSLEY

The sensitivity of a turtle's ear falls off rapidly beyond 1000 cycles, thus making it impossible for it to hear the highest note of a soprano, flute, violin, or piccolo, according to Princeton University scientists.

The flautist and the piccolo
Strove with all their might
To reach the very highest note,
And strove to hit it right;
As also the soprano did.
None of them hit it, quite.

The turtle listened, all enthralled.
I thought it passing strange —
Till I recalled that he had but
A modest hearing range.
I turned to him and, hopefully,
Proposed a little change.

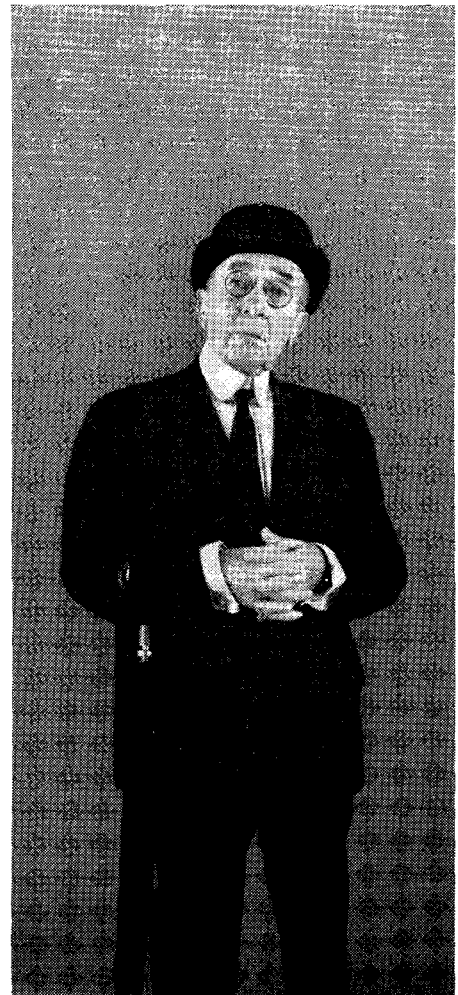
"Lend me your ears," I slyly said
(A phrase I learned in school);
"And I will pledge you mine," I said.
His look was crafty-cool:
"Do you suppose," the turtle said,
"That I'm a ruddy fool?"



EMPLOYEES



STOCKHOLDERS



TAX COLLECTOR

Who profits most from Union Oil?

Our employees do the work; our stockholders put up the money; but the tax collectors get more than either.

In 1932, Union Oil Company's taxes (City, County, State and Federal) added up to \$1.6 million. By contrast, our employees that year received a total of \$13 million in wages and salaries. And our stockholders got \$5.2 million in dividends.

In 1962—30 years later—our employees received \$57 million in salaries and wages; our stockholders got \$20 million in dividends; but our taxes amounted to \$34.5 million.

Payroll and dividends have increased approximately four-fold over the last 30 years, but taxes are over 21 times higher.

Still, this only tells part of the story. The company was also required to withhold \$9.6 million from our employees' paychecks, and pay another \$1.9 million in company payroll taxes.

If we add to all this the amount of income taxes our stockholders paid on their dividends—even at the minimum tax rate of 20%—we find that the tax collectors got approximately \$50 million from Union Oil's 1962 operations. The stockholders got \$16 million. And the employees, who work full time at the job of running the company, got \$47.4 million—\$2.6 million less than the tax collectors.

Who profits most from Union Oil? GOVERNMENT.

YOUR COMMENTS INVITED. *Write: The President, Union Oil Company, Union Oil Center, Los Angeles 17, Calif.*

Union Oil Company of California

MANUFACTURERS OF ROYAL TRITON, THE AMAZING PURPLE MOTOR OIL

The Commonwealth of Puerto Rico now has one of the highest rates of industrial growth in the world —outpacing the entire European Common Market

New plants are opening at the remarkable rate of 3 a week. Here are 27 facts you should know about this flourishing Commonwealth before choosing your next plant site.

1. The Commonwealth of Puerto Rico's industrial development is moving along at an extraordinary pace. In 1962, the Commonwealth's net income from manufacturing rose from \$320 million to \$384 million—an increase of 20 percent.

Even the thriving European Common Market (West Germany, France, Italy, Belgium, Luxemburg and Holland) cannot match this rate of growth.

2. Altogether, there are more than 900 plants humming away in this sunny Commonwealth. Seven hundred and twenty-five of these plants are owned by U.S. firms. Last year, *their return on investment averaged 25 percent.*

Blue chips in Puerto Rico

3. In 1962 alone, 139 manufacturers chose Puerto Rico as a long-term, permanent manufacturing site. Many of them were blue-chip firms. A few of these are: Glidden, National Biscuit, Warner-Lambert and U. S. Rubber.

4. Fifty blue-chip firms now operate eighty-six plants in Puerto Rico. Seventeen blue-chip firms have two or more plants there. Five have four or more plants. Altogether, some 100 U.S. firms operate two or more plants.

5. Blue-chip firms now manufacturing a variety of products in Puerto Rico include: Parke-Davis, Union Carbide, Sperry Rand, International Paper and Reichhold Chemicals.

Incentives for manufacturers

6. Puerto Rico is a self-governing Commonwealth within the American Union. U. S. Federal taxes do not apply because Puerto Rico does not have a vote in Congress. "No taxation without representation."

7. The Puerto Rican Government is

free to assess its own taxes and to grant tax exemption to genuinely new or expanding operations. Runaway plants are *not* wanted and do *not* qualify for tax exemption in Puerto Rico.

8. Under its remarkable self-help program "Operation Bootstrap," Puerto Rico grants liberal tax exemption to qualified U.S. manufacturers who locate plants on the island. You pay no U.S. corporate tax and, for ten to thirteen years, no Puerto Rican tax.

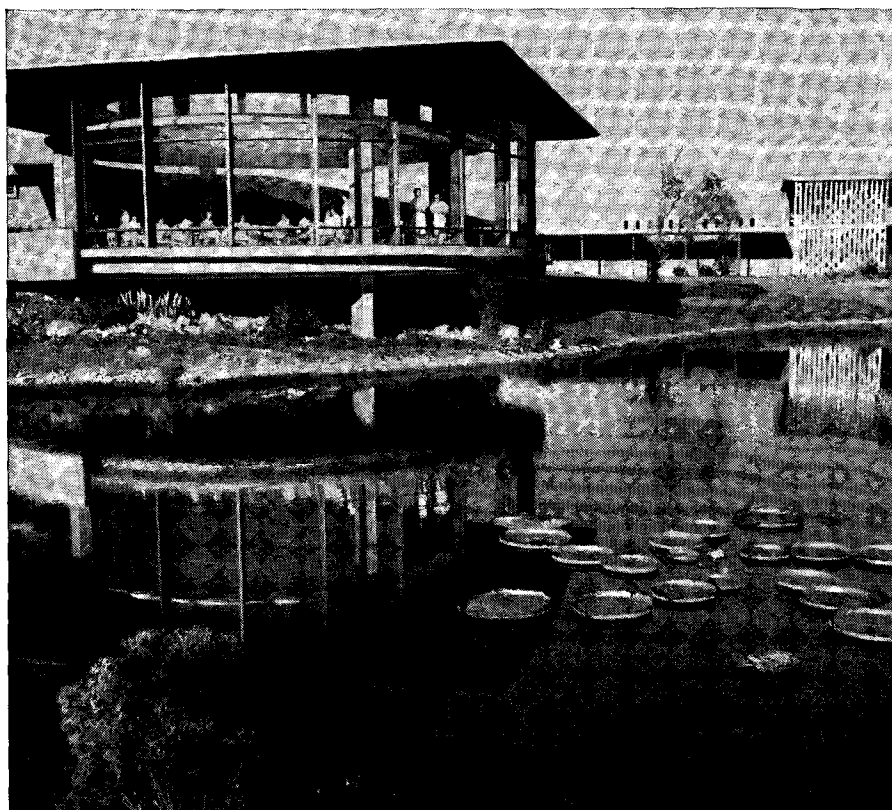
9. Special incentives are offered to firms that service local industry, process local

raw material, or employ 500 or more.

New Foreign Trade Zone

10. The latest attraction for U.S. Industry is Puerto Rico's new Foreign Trade Zone. It is the only Foreign Trade Zone authorized by the U.S. Government outside the continental U.S. It is at Mayagüez, Puerto Rico's third largest port. And it is the first U.S. Zone to offer incentives for *manufacturing.*

11. U.S. firms establishing factories in the Zone are eligible for all the "Operation Bootstrap" incentives.



This new Parke-Davis plant in Puerto Rico employs 200 people. It makes capsuled and injectable drugs for markets in the western hemisphere.

12. You may import unlimited amounts of foreign components and raw materials to your factory in the Zone and manufacture without paying U.S. customs duties.

Compete in all world markets

13. Puerto Rico's location (see map) makes it an ideal spot to manufacture for markets in both North and South America as well as Europe and Africa.

14. Since 1954, the island's sales to world markets other than the U.S. have almost doubled.

15. In 1962, the island's 900 "Operation Bootstrap" plants increased shipments to the U.S. by 20 percent to a record \$497,000,000 or \$83,000,000 more than in 1961.

16. In 1962, Puerto Rico purchased almost a billion dollars' worth of goods from the U.S. mainland. The Commonwealth now ranks fifth among the world's nations as a market for U.S. products.

Plants available, labor abundant

17. The Puerto Rican Government leaves no stone unturned to help manufacturers prosper. It is constantly building new plants. You can buy them or lease them. Rents are as low as 50 cents per square foot per year.

18. The government will screen job applicants for you—and then train them. The Commonwealth maintains twelve vocational schools offering instruction in over 55 trades—from accounting to zincography.

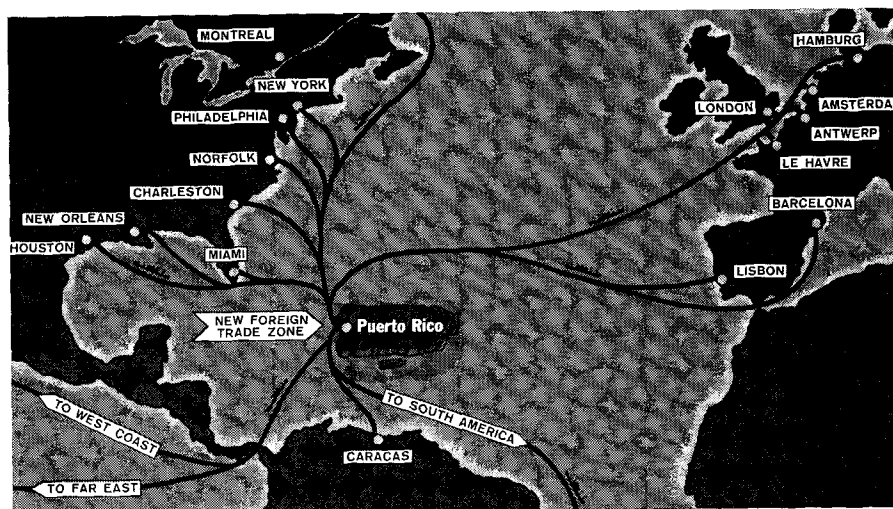
19. Puerto Rico's labor force now numbers 670,000—includes tens of thousands of skilled workers. Puerto Ricans are remarkably able with their hands, and eager to learn new trades.

20. Water and power are abundant in Puerto Rico. Electric power is 20 percent hydroelectric and 80 percent steam-generated. To handle future needs, the government has just built a new million-kilowatt thermoelectric power station.

21. A new \$11 million atomic reactor has been added to Puerto Rico's fast-growing power system. It was built jointly with the U.S. Atomic Energy Commission.

Excellent transportation

22. San Juan's \$20 million International Airport is the busiest air center in the Caribbean. This beautiful, modern airport handles scheduled and non-scheduled flights from the U.S., Europe,



Highly accessible location: Puerto Rico is served by 37 ocean lines and 12 airlines. You can fly by jet to Puerto Rico from New York in under 3¼ hours, from Miami in under 2¼ hours, from Los Angeles in 8½ hours.

and South America. Scheduled flights alone total almost 400 per week.

23. Puerto Rico has 3 major seaports. They are at San Juan, on the north coast, Ponce, on the south coast, and Mayagüez on the west coast. Thirty-seven ocean lines carry cargo between these and major world ports.

24. New "trailerships" carry cargo in sealed truck bodies between these ports and U.S. Atlantic and Pacific ports. A sealed truck body is lifted off the trailer and onto the ship. At the port of debarkation, the body is lifted off the ship onto a waiting trailer. This saves time, prevents pilferage.

Strong ties to U.S.

25. The island's judicial system is similar to and linked with the U.S. courts, with ultimate appeal available to the Supreme Court of the United States. Property and investments are not only protected by the Puerto Rican Constitution, they are also guarded by all the guarantees of the U.S. Constitution.

26. Puerto Rico is economically a part of the United States. The island's currency is the U.S. dollar. Money, people and goods move freely between the U.S. and Puerto Rico. The island's postal system is a part of the U.S. postal system. The people are U.S. citizens and serve in the U.S. Armed Forces.

Good place to live

27. Over 5,000 U.S. executives live and work in Puerto

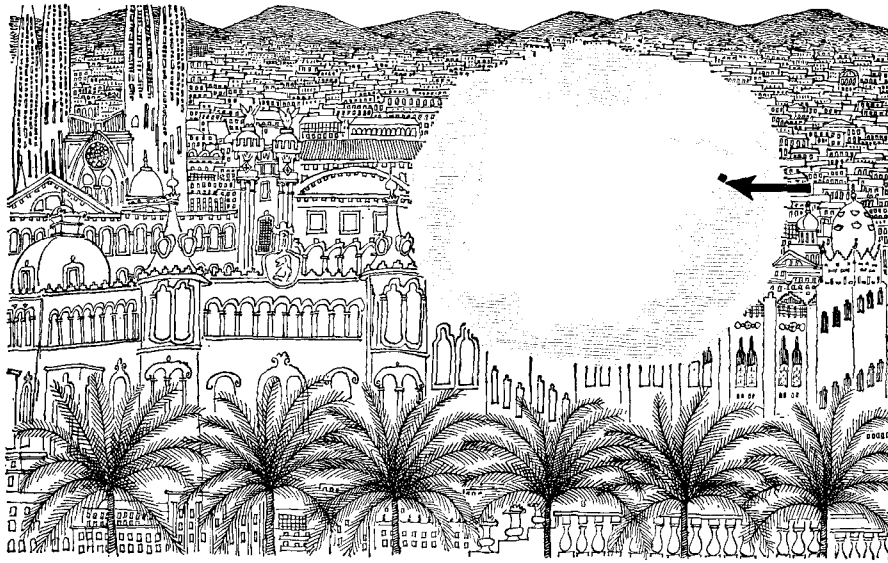
Rico. One U.S. executive reports: "The climate is probably as close to paradise as man will ever see." The temperature usually stays in the balmy 70's. You golf, fish, swim and sail, 52 weeks a year. And you have more time for your family.

This is one in a series of national reports to U. S. industry on Puerto Rico's economic and cultural development during its first 10 years as an American Commonwealth. For extra copies, write: Progress Report #11 Commonwealth of Puerto Rico, 666 Fifth Ave., New York 19, N. Y.

Blue-chip firms in Puerto Rico

Company	No. of plants	Company	No. of plants
American Can	2	International Tel. & Tel.	1
American Hardware	1	Johnson & Johnson	1
American Motors	1	Kayser-Roth	8
Beatrice Foods	1	Kimberly-Clark	1
Beaunit Mills	1	Libby, McNeill & Libby	1
Borden	1	Midland-Ross	2
Brunswick	3	Mohasco Industries	1
Burlington Industries	1	National Biscuit	1
California Packing	1	Parke-Davis	2
Carborundum	1	Phelps Dodge	2
Central Soya	1	Philadelphia & Reading	1
Colgate-Palmolive	1	Ralston Purina	1
Commonwealth Oil Refining	1	Reichhold Chemicals	1
Consolidated Cigar	8	Shell Oil	2
Continental Can	1	Sherwin-Williams	1
Daystrom	1	Sperry Rand	2
Ford Motor	1	Sprague Electric	2
General Electric	4	Sterling Drug	1
Glidden	1	Stokely-Van Camp	1
Goodrich (B.F.)	2	Sunbeam	2
Grace (W.R.)	1	Union Carbide	1
Gulf Oil	1	U.S. Rubber	1
Heinz (H.J.)	1	Warner-Lambert	2
Hunt Foods	1	Pharmaceutical	2
International Paper	4	Wilson	1
International Shoe	5		

pleasures *and* places



BARCELONA

BY MERLOYD LAWRENCE

It is a mistake, when traveling, to insist only on beauty. In time, panoramas, stirring monuments, and perfect specimens of early baroque can be as monotonous as asbestos suburbs. Visitors to the United States must realize this when they combine Disneyland and Monticello, Levittown and the Grand Canyon. But Europe is still full of those desperate souls who read a guidebook as though it were the Holy Scripture and trudge piously from Cathedral A to Belvedere B.

Barcelona simply cannot be visited in this spirit. It contains as rich a mixture of heirlooms and tasteless atrocities, of misguided civic monuments and sublime treasures as a city could possibly endure. The moment a tourist leaves the airport his senses are assailed both pleasantly and unpleasantly. Decomposing warehouses blot out tiny Romanesque chapels in the hills beyond. A polyester factory spreads its noisome presence over the aromatic meadows, and the tinkle of a distant fun fair is lost in the strident anarchy of traffic.

An excellent antidote to these first confusing impressions, and the daze of jet flights, is to find a high, quiet

vantage point from which to consider the city. The most accessible is Montjuich, a hill of gardens, fountains, and museums, rising to the south. Here one can lean from a sunny balustrade and grasp the simple, almost organic shape of Barcelona. First there is the port, then the Barrio Gotico, a covey of medieval alleys and palaces nestling beneath the cathedral. Beyond, the sleek modern thoroughfares begin: the Avenida del Generalísimo Franco, the Avenida de José Antonio Primo de Rivera, and the *Paralelo* (Calle del Marqués del Duero), once the Broadway of Barcelona, now the edge of a seedy but simmering Andalusian quarter. If, like most human beings, however, you cannot live on views alone, go to the Torre San Sebastiano. This is an abandoned cable-car tower, now used as a restaurant, where the lobsters and prawns compete favorably with the scenery.

Just as important as knowing where to stand aloof and gaze down on a city is knowing how and where to plunge into it. In many places this depends on the day, the hour, the weather. In Barcelona, at almost any moment, day or night, life is

channeled into one stream, the Ramblas. The name of this wide, seething avenue, reaching from the main square, the Plaza de Cataluña, right down to the waterfront, is thought to come from an Arab word meaning "the bed of a torrent." Until the early eighteenth century, it was a ravine of sand and boulders, marking the western boundary of the city. A hundred years later, the walls having been demolished, the torrent became human. Shops, houses, theaters, and markets replaced the austere facades of the convents which had lined the Ramblas until then. Anything urgent in the way of business or intrigue gravitated there — banks, cafés, clubs, bookstalls, flower and even bird markets — until the Ramblas became the main artery of Barcelona, in the most exact and physical sense. About one hundred years ago, plane trees were planted along the wide central promenade (cars are confined in single-lane streams to the left and right). These trees are now gigantic and lend a dappled, goldfish-bowl effect to the life beneath them.

Old Barcelona hands maintain that the glory of the Ramblas is in decline, a statement part truth, part nostalgia. Considering the political atmosphere, one would hardly expect to find intellectuals arguing freely in the cafés, and the more prosperous citizens no doubt prefer to shop and stroll along the fashionable Paseo de Gracia or the streamlined Diagonal. But for a new visitor, this is quibbling. One can still see more of the taste, the temperament, the low life, and the love life of Barcelona in an afternoon along the Ramblas than anywhere else in the city.

Even within the bustle of the Ramblas, there is one spot where life burns still more intensely. Just off the Rambla de las Flores (there are actually four Ramblas, one leading into another) is the market of San José. Under the roof of this leviathan establishment, voices and motion are concentrated into one all-consuming roar. There is barely room to move between the marble counters without grazing the tentacle of an octopus or a necklace of garlic. The produce, usually young and tiny, is displayed with heartbreaking artistry; baby octopuses, which when raw are the shape and color of a baroque pearl, are arranged in outlandish rosettes; eggplants, peppers,

What is a fan-jet?

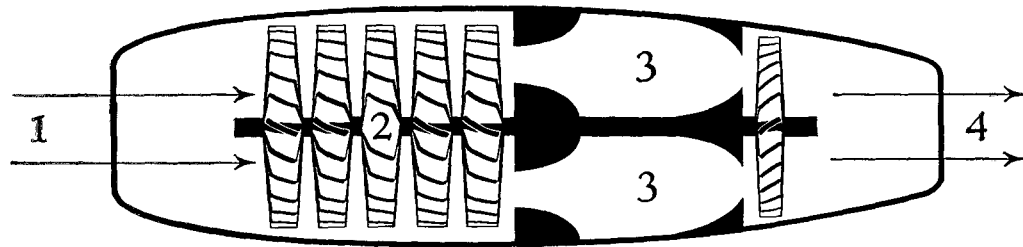
The American Airlines fan-jet story

A jet is propelled by the thrust of its engines.

But this thrust comes from a very hot exhaust, and hot air is thin air—a little like a lightweight's punch.

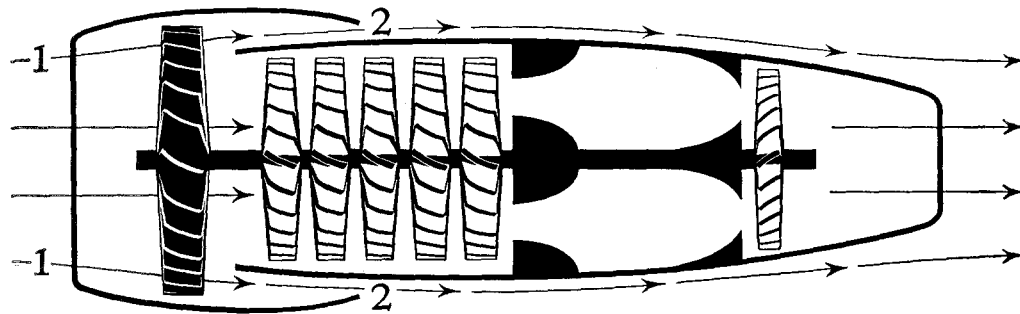
The fan-jet makes a sort of heavyweight out of it.

This engine, which American Airlines helped develop, takes



[Above] Ordinary jet draws air in the front [1], compresses it [2], and heats it in a burner chamber [3]. This expands it and it shoots out the back as exhaust [4].

[Below] Fan-jet draws in extra air through an enlarged inlet [1]. This extra air is partly compressed [2]. Then, still cool, it shoots through side exits as extra exhaust, giving extra power to the plane.



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ATLANTIC-LITTLE, BROWN

oranges, black olives, and pimentos are heaped into gaudy pyramids. The martyrdom of the saints, so gory in Spanish altarpieces, seems less fantastic as one wanders by eels biting their own tails, beneath splayed carcasses of lamb, rabbit, and veal, or by whole litters of nude, helpless-looking suckling pigs. If all this should lead to thoughts of lunch rather than purgatory, there is a fine restaurant right in the market itself, the Hostal de la Gloria.

Before I plunge further into the joys and horrors of Barcelona, a word about hotels. Should the idea of staying at the Ritz, without overlooking the rent, be attractive, Barcelona is the place to do it. A single room there is about \$5; the most lavish suite about \$12. It is a hotel in great taste, all oyster-white, maroon, and brass, with Persian rugs and a garden shaded by a single eighty-foot wisteria vine. For a quieter spot, closer to the Gothic city, there is the Hotel Colón. Here one should ask specifically for a balcony overlooking the cathedral. At night the stained glass is lit from within, and at breakfast one can look down on a small green park full of Roman columns and statues. Two other possibilities are the Avenida Palace, big and shiny, or the Manila, right on the Ramblas.

There is no question of seeing Barcelona without visiting the creations of Antonio Gaudí. Gaudí, the architect laureate of Catalonia, was revered perhaps as much for his fanatic personality as for his artistry. One learns first about his diet of honey and raisins and his Pied Piper influence on students, and then about his architectural innovations.

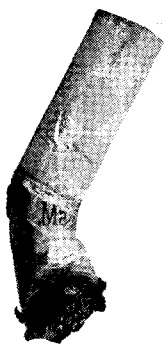
When reading the florid official literature, one should keep in mind that now and then a discriminating traveler has found his work hideous.

The two most-visited Gaudí buildings are the Iglesia de la Sagrada Familia, an unfinished, uninhibited cathedral in which stone explodes into botanical fantasies or overflows like molten wax, and 92 Paseo de Gracia. This second creation, known as *La Pedrera* (literally, "the quarry," but more precisely, "the stone heap"), is an apartment building in the center of the city. Its facade billows in and out like sound waves. Entering what a sensitive visitor referred to as the "hairy front door" is like penetrating into the cavernous entrails of an elephant.

But the best place to grasp the wild abandon of Gaudí's imagination, to see it in all its bizarre glory, is the Parque Güell. If a ship sank on a jagged atoll somewhere in the Pacific, spewing out a cargo of dishes, tiles, and glass, and through the years the fragments were gradually embedded into the coral, the effect might rival this extraordinary park. As conceived by Gaudí and his rich benefactor, Eusebio Güell, it was to be a complete garden city. The main gate was built, with lumpy mosaic towers bearing the Güell monogram. A titanic cluster of Neo-Doric columns — eighty-six of them, mostly on a slant — was to be the marketplace, but now echoes with games of hide-and-seek. The terrace above, with curving ceramic benches, was intended as the main square; now it lends itself perfectly to bocce tournaments. A corkscrew road, over asymmetrical bridges, leads to the still-wild slopes beyond.



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In all this Gaudí mixed the natural stone of the site, cement, and fragments of ceramic tile. Now and then he threw in a whole plate, a few crystal glasses, or a porcelain doll.

As a setting for children's games, lovers, and holiday festivities, the fantasy and color of all this comes into its own. Had it ever become a small city, as Gaudí had intended, with shops under the toppling columns, ceramic tile baths in mosaic houses under polychromatic towers, the idyll might have turned into a nightmare.

Whether you leave the Parque Güell aesthetically satisfied, bemused, or thoroughly repelled, you will be tired and hungry. It is a fine prelude to a savory Catalan lunch. Two large and *típico* restaurants are the Siete Puertas, a barn of a place near the port, for suckling pig and *paella*, and los Caracoles ("the snails"), a labyrinth of small rooms, known for its namesake and spitted chicken. The Canario de la Garriga and Orotava are small and inviting. At the first—in what city other than Barcelona can you find an unspoiled, inexpensive little *relais* directly facing the Ritz? — the chicken Xanfaina, simmered in a sauce of pimento, onion, tomato, and parsley, is especially pungent. Orotava, a bit more *recherché*, offers *pulпитos* (baby octopus again) sautéed like minute flowers, followed by *tournedos flambé*, not particularly Catalan, but unusually delicious. An elegant surprise is Glaciar, behind palms and arcades in the Plaza Real. There is a turn-of-the-century quality to its oversize flat cutlery, banana-colored tablecloths, potted palms, and chandeliers. On a hot day, the trout stuffed with ham, an easy white wine called Perelada, and a Spanish version of *crème brûlée* combine all too pleasantly.

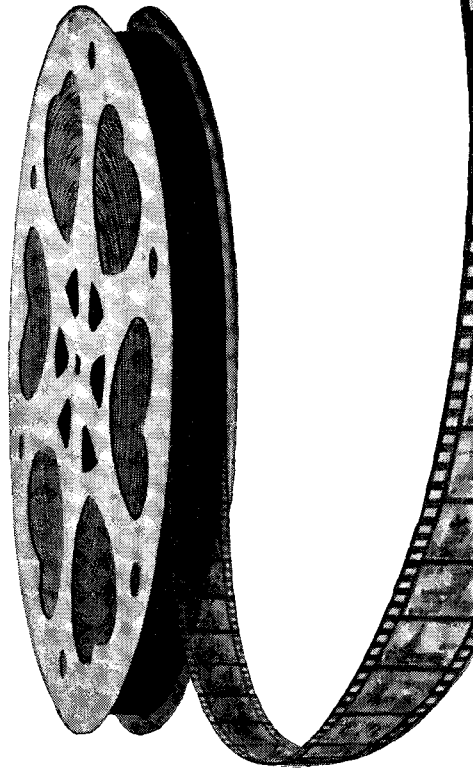
If the Ramblas are the heart and Gaudí the extravagant soul of Barcelona, the city has more than its share of solid flesh. It could not be the most prosperous city in Spain without the thick rim of industry and the bland, symmetrical residential section known as the Ensanche ("Widening"). But considering that four and a half centuries have passed since the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella, when it was the capital, Barcelona's burden of public buildings seems excessive.

International exhibitions have left their usual wake of white elephants

in Barcelona. A pseudo-Moorish arch of triumph and a turreted castle in the manner of Viollet le Duc are among the unfortunate remains of the Universal Exhibition of 1888. On the hill of Montjuich, another such exhibition, in 1929, gave birth to no less than fifteen palaces, a stadium, several commercial pavilions, and an educational but necessarily stillborn reproduction of every style of Spanish village architecture, the *Pueblo Español*. Some of these buildings now house museum collections; some are opened once a year for fairs and exhibits; others, to use the gentle euphemism of the guidebooks, are "disaffected." A sad cement mastodon in one of the parks, lumbering and hideous, epitomizes the archaic ostentation that has blossomed here.

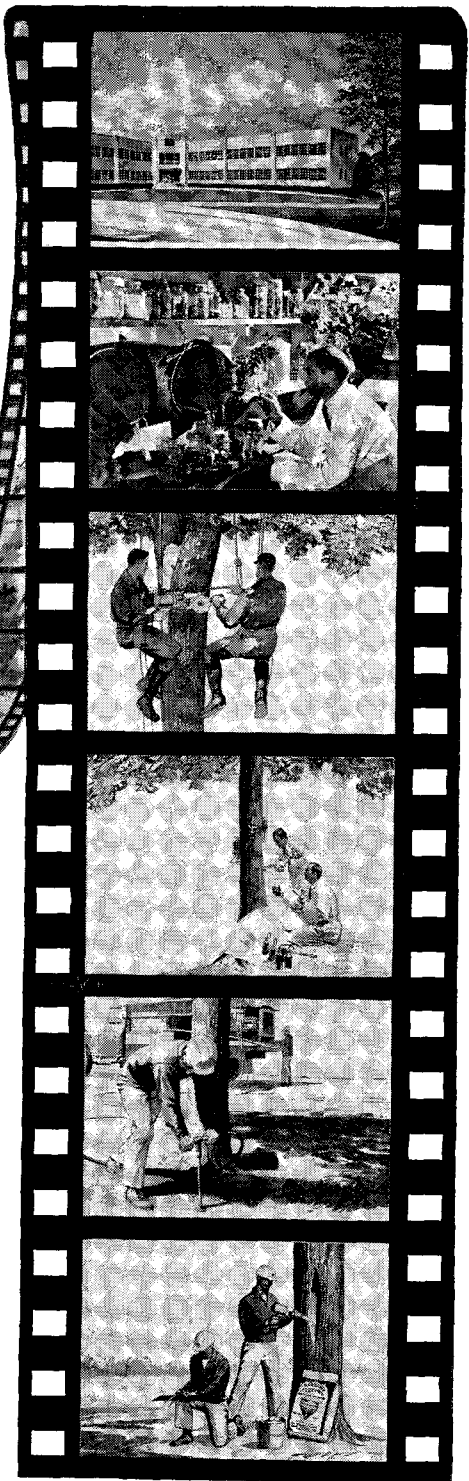
The pride and glory of Barcelona is the great collection of Catalan frescoes on Montjuich. A lover of the Romanesque might easily decide to skip everything else in the city. In 1919, by a miraculous Italian technique, these frescoes were removed from small ruined churches all over the Pyrennees, and brought first to the Arsenal and then here. Doomed to deteriorate rapidly in damp, inaccessible mountain villages or even more quickly in a revolution, these murals from the tenth, eleventh, and twelfth centuries are installed in rooms which reproduce the height and shape of their original setting. A walk beneath the startling, visionary eyes of the apostles, with elongated fingers poised in eternal blessing, has an overwhelming emotional effect. Simple recumbent tomb figures lie in the center of many of the halls, their salvation assured by the beauty above them. Here and there the stark fragments of a crucifix, or the caldrons and forked-tail demons of a primitive altarpiece lend a darker note.

It is a rare museum whose contents fit into a living whole. Like the other sights of Barcelona, these remarkable chapels are remembered from within, by their mood, their overall effect, above all, by one's own feelings, never as isolated colorslides. In Barcelona the past either is doomed to rapid extinction, under the lethal hand of bad taste, revolution, or neglect, or else remains alive and admired, a force among the others that boil in this intense and troubled city.



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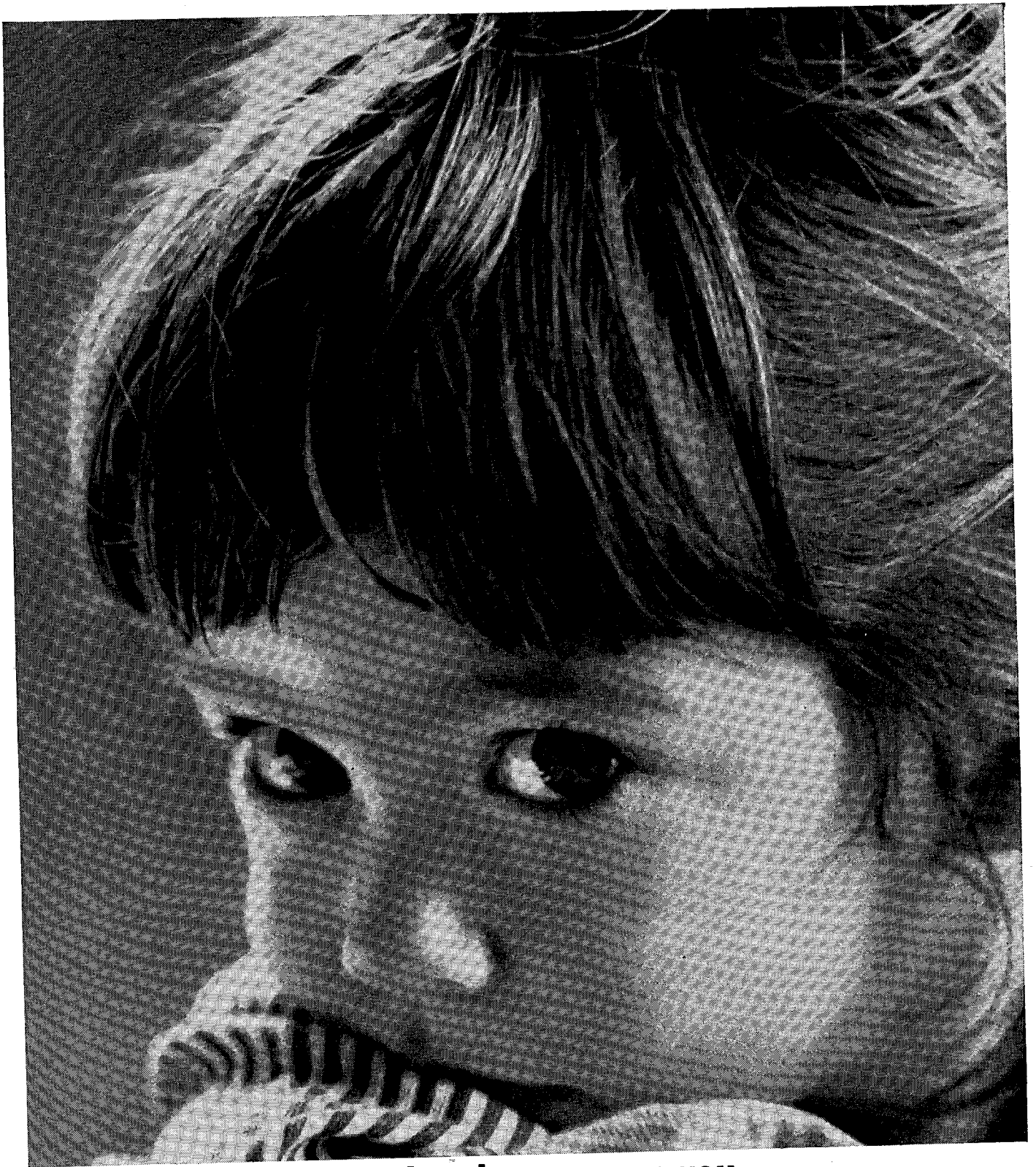
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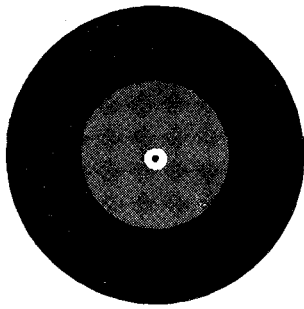
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Record Reviews

BY HERBERT KUPFERBERG

Brahms: Concerto for Violin, Cello, and Orchestra in A Minor, Opus 102

Mendelssohn: Trio for Violin, Cello, and Piano No. 1 in D Minor, Opus 49

Jacques Thibaud, violinist; Pablo Casals, cellist; Alfred Cortot, pianist; Pablo Casals Orchestra of Barcelona conducted by Alfred Cortot; Angel COLH-75 (monaural)

Those who treasure the memory of the Thibaud-Casals Brahms Double Concerto as one of the glories of the 78-rpm recording era will be overjoyed that it is restored to circulation in Angel's "Great Recordings of the Century" series. Can it really have been recorded thirty-four years ago? It seems much too lifelike, supple, and sinewy a performance to have originated as far back as 1929; even its sound has faded less than one would have anticipated. Together with the Mendelssohn Trio on the reverse, the Brahms concerto offers an eloquent memento of an incomparable ensemble now scattered forever — Thibaud killed in a plane crash in 1953; Cortot dead in 1962, with his last years clouded over by charges of Nazi collaboration; and Casals still playing, but in exile from his beloved Spain.

Copland: Sonata for Piano; Sonata for Violin and Piano; Trio for Piano, Violin, and Cello, "Vitebsk"

Hilde Somer, pianist; Carroll Glenn, violinist; Charles McCracken, cellist; Composers Recordings, Inc., CRI-171 (monaural)

Although these works span a considerable distance in time, the *Vitebsk* trio dating from 1929 and the two sonatas from the early 1940s, they share a sense of controlled intensity and economy of expression. The *Vitebsk* trio, a study on a Jewish theme, comes closest to the open romanticism that pervades some of

Copland's subsequent works, but it also displays an almost classical restraint. Musicians particularly will relish the compositional skills involved, as well as the sensitivity of the three excellent performers.

Mozart: Sinfonia Concertante in E-flat for Violin and Viola, K. 364; Sinfonia Concertante in E-flat for Oboe, Clarinet, Bassoon, Horn, and Strings, K. Anhang 9

Victor Desarzens conducting Chamber Orchestra of Lausanne, with Stephan Romascano, violin; Marie-Rose Guiet, viola; Eduard Meylan, oboe; Robert Kemblinsky, clarinet; Jozsef Molnar, horn; Bozidar Tumpej, bassoon; Westminster WST-17036 (stereo) and XWN-19036

One of the two pieces Mozart called "sinfonia concertante" is an almost romantic double concerto for violin and viola, the other a semibaroque showpiece for four solo winds. Despite their disparity in style, they make a fine combination on a record that shows off the virtuosity and musicianship of the Chamber Orchestra of Lausanne. Although the violin-violata work is the more popular and admired of the two, it is the *sinfonia concertante* for winds which comes off more glowingly. As a matter of fact, it is difficult to imagine it being played with more grace, life, and buoyancy than it is here — almost as if the performers, no less than the composer, were discovering the sheer joy to be found in blending and alternating four wind instruments in various combinations and sequences. The clear, bright recorded sound makes the performance seem all the more sparkling.

Poulenc: Concert Champêtre for Harpsichord and Orchestra; Concerto in D Minor for Two Pianos and Orchestra

Aimée van de Wiele, harpsichordist; Francis Poulenc and Jacques Février, pianists; with Conservatoire Orchestra conducted by George Prêtre; Angel S-35993 (stereo) and 35993

The death this year of Francis Poulenc closed a career which produced little music that is powerful, but much that is debonair and delightful. Two excellent examples are provided here, the *Concert Champêtre* being particularly lively and engaging. Poulenc wrote it for the late Wanda Landowska in 1929, brilliantly combining harpsichord and orchestra and artfully accommodating twentieth-century musical

ideas in an eighteenth-century framework. The two-piano concerto has more surface than depth, but it is a surface that sparkles with light and with life. Poulenc may rate only modest mention in future musical histories, but he was an individualist whose music could be brave, gay, and ironic, and in many ways caught the spirit of his country and even his era admirably. Not least among the attractions of this record is the fact that it presents a sample of his talents as a performer, too.

Songs in Spanish for Children

Martita, Jesus de Jerez, and Juan Rojas, singers, with Fred Mendez conducting an orchestra and children's chorus; Columbia CS-8697 (stereo) and CL-1897

Observe that the title of this cheerful record is "Songs in Spanish for Children" and not "Spanish Songs for Children." The distinction is significant because Elena Paz Travesi has had the bright idea of writing Spanish-language versions of such popular non-Hispanic favorites as "Here We Go Round the Mulberry Bush," "Old MacDonald Had a Farm," and "Ten Little Indians." These are alternated with "*El Barco Chiquitito*," "*Los Pichones*," "*El Zapatero*," and other authentic ditties. All are sung zestfully and winningly by three folk singers, in bright arrangements by Fred Mendez, who also conducts. Spanish lyrics and an English vocabulary are included in the accompanying brochure. The educative benefits of the record may be modest, but at least one listener who does not speak Spanish can attest that hearing the songs is a fresh and delightful experience.

The Rooftop Singers: "Walk Right In!"

Erik Darling, Lynne Taylor, and Bill Svanoe, folk singers; Wendell Marshall, bass; Bobby Donaldson, drums; Vanguard VSD-2136 (stereo)

Of the formation and re-formation of folk-singing troupes there is no end. Erik Darling, formerly of the Weavers, has surrounded himself with two accomplished partners to make up a trio with a good sense of rhythm, well-blended voices, and a fresh repertoire. Their prize song here is a Western ballad entitled "Cool Water," a haunting evocation of a desert landscape. The Rooftoppers provide their own guitar and banjo accompaniment, and have some expert drum and bass support as well.

BOOKSHELF

THE ATLANTIC



Karsh

The Peripatetic Reviewer BY EDWARD WEEKS

IT is usual in America to lament the vanishing past after the bulldozer and highway engineer have demolished it beyond recall. Here and there little pockets do survive to remind us of the style and beauty of colonial life. Main Street, Nantucket, with the Starbuck and Coffin houses; Chestnut Street, Salem, with the McIntire houses and stables, the gift of the clipper ships; the splendid river plantations on the James, like Westover, Berkeley, and Shirley; Beacon Hill in Boston; Richmond's Church Hill; the gardens and mansions of Charleston, South Carolina; Orford, Lyme, and Haverhill on the Upper Connecticut; and the Vieux Carré in New Orleans have all become national monuments, too precious to destroy, though it is seldom appreciated how much individual effort is required to keep them in a healthy state of preservation. These will be shrines in the future for a people who are history-hungry.

But for every town which has protected even a fragment of its heritage there are fifty which have wiped it clean away. The river towns of the Midwest, as I walk through them, seem to have been most ruthless in their self-effacement. St. Joe, the jumping-off place for the forty-niners, has — or had — a row of spacious two-level mansions, Southern in architecture, with a commanding view of the broad Missouri below. I suppose they were built on the proceeds of the outfitting; when I last saw them they were going to rack and ruin, too big to be lived in without servants, too vulnerable to preserve. History lives on in a city's street names and in symbols: Fort Wayne, with its forlorn plaque to remind us of the once-shaded river bower where Audubon loved to paint; Pittsburgh, with its lone, small blockhouse, last vestige of the river frontier; Cincinnati and St. Louis, where the old excursion boats are the only suggestion that those riverbanks were ever used for anything but commerce. Washington alone,

because it is by nature a decorative, not industrial, place, has sought to beautify its riverbanks.

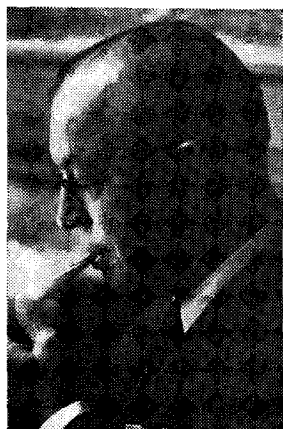
The desire to preserve and restore became a determined force in this century, as it had to if the urbanization of the contractor and developer was to be held at bay on the ancient sites and if the fragments of lovely but doomed dwellings were to be kept. We are all grateful to the Emerson family for buying and presenting Walden Pond to the Commonwealth; to the Pell family for their restoration of Fort Ticonderoga; to Mrs. Watson Webb for her forethought in collecting and mounting the New England antiquities at Shelburne Museum; to Harry Sleeper, the architect, for the interiors, salvaged from ruin, which he fitted together in his Gloucester Museum, Newport; and to Henry DuPont for the exquisite taste and impeccable authenticity with which he has built up the even more comprehensive Winterthur in Wilmington. Some, like Sturbridge Village or the Whaling Museum at Mystic Seaport, were the result of committee planning, and I hope I shall live to see many more such projects in being, ranging from the restoration of a famous house like General Beauregard's in New Orleans, rescued by Frances Parkinson Keyes, to the resuscitation of a deserted mining town, as Walter Paepcke did with Aspen. But I doubt if any in the future will exceed the vision and generosity with which that quiet giver, John D. Rockefeller, Jr., revived colonial Williamsburg.

Mount Vernon and Monticello came down to us intact; and the problem, once the roof was tight, was to refurnish the dwelling as nearly as possible in the style of the famous owner, in itself an incredibly expensive undertaking. The vision with which Dr. Goodwin, rector of the Bruton Parish Church, inspired Mr. Rockefeller in 1926 was to reawaken the colonial capital of Virginia; this had once been the heart of a vigorous, loyal colony — could it be made to beat again? A careful ap-

The fine art of non-fiction

The next 50 years will see the small businessman vanish from America; Europe united as a separate entity or as an extension of the USSR; dictatorships entrenched in many underdeveloped nations. This is just *part* of **THE COMING WORLD TRANSFORMATION**, as envisioned by sociologist and bestselling author **Ferdinand Lundberg**. This is not science fiction — but expert prognostication, in the great tradition of de Tocqueville, Orwell and Russell. You may challenge some of its conclusions — but only the most inflexibly unimaginative reader will fail to find **THE COMING WORLD TRANSFORMATION**, in the words of John Barkham of the *Saturday Review Syndicate*, “one of the mind-stretching books of recent years, [with] just the right balance between sober fact and far-ranging imagination.” \$5.75

“Today, in the era of Mao Tse-tung, heaven is here on earth!” sings the *People's Daily* — and all Red China echoes the slogan. Now, in **MAO TSE-TUNG, Emperor of The Blue Ants**, **George Palocz-Horvath** documents Mao's personal and political background and his present ominous ambitions. He shows, with disturbing clarity, why this absolute monarch — who controls one-quarter of the world's population — feels he will gain, not lose, from nuclear war. \$5.75



Alan J. Beardon

Today we face *one* Castro; how many tomorrow? No American is better qualified to appraise this question than **Milton S. Eisenhower**, who served throughout the eight years of his brother's administration as Special Ambassador and Personal Representative to Latin America. Now, in his just-published book, **THE WINE IS BITTER**, he makes public for the first time important facts about the Alliance For Progress and the Tractors For Freedom controversy. Dr. Eisenhower records past misunderstandings and recent progress, and candidly evaluates the several potential Castros who threaten to dominate the inevitable revolutions to come. **THE WINE IS BITTER** is articulate as well as knowledgeable — a book of history, warning, and constructive suggestion. \$4.95

“Civilization, as we know it today, owes its existence to the engineers.” So begins **L. Sprague de Camp's THE ANCIENT ENGINEERS**, a profusely illustrated history of the advance of technology from the earliest times to the Renaissance. Orville Prescott of the *N. Y. Times* describes it as being “packed with solid information, crowded with odd facts and jammed with good stories . . . a lively, educational and interesting book that surveys nearly 5,000 years of history from a fresh approach.” \$4.95

We call it a “cold war” — but it's remarkably *hot* in Laos, Viet Nam, and all the battlegrounds for the kind of fighting **James Eliot Cross** analyzes in **CONFLICT IN THE SHADOWS: The Nature and Politics of Guerrilla War**. The *Washington Post* calls it “a model of forthrightness and clarity,” and comments: “One can only wish that [it] will be read with great attention in high places. To listen to this eloquent message now may save Washington a good deal of blood, money, and agonizing reappraising later.” *With a Foreword by Stewart Alsop.* \$3.95

In 1954, when **THE HEAD AND HEART OF THOMAS JEFFERSON** was first published, Charles Poore of the *N. Y. Times* immediately hailed it as “**John Dos Passos'** best work since his trilogy, *U.S.A.*” And Allan Nevins called it “the best extant popular introduction to the eighteenth-century career of Thomas Jefferson.” Out of print for some years, and now fortuitously reissued, Mr. Dos Passos' book is once more revealed as a strikingly different biography, which does not *set* the scene so much as it places the reader *in* it. As Max Eastman put it: “Jefferson's mind and heart are so livingly related to our problems today, that the result seems hardly to be history!” \$5.95



George Csenna

from Doubleday

praisal was made of the eighteenth-century houses still standing, eighty-three in all, some brick, some frame, many hidden and defaced. The public school which obscured the sight of the Governor's Palace would have to be moved elsewhere; of the Capitol with its Hall of Burgesses, where Patrick Henry, Washington, and Thomas Jefferson spoke on the eve of independence, not a brick remained. But in archives, American and British, were wills, inventories, diaries, and books to tell how Williamsburg was built, where one supped and danced, what was argued, and who carried weight. Not just the taverns and showplaces must be revived, but the workshops, the public jail, the handicrafts, the Magazine, the gardens, yes, even the mental hospital (the first established in North America, and still something of a problem). Appraisers, architects, historians, curators, and archaeologists, the team grew to be an institution dedicated to the accurate exposition of a colonial community. Those who have seen the films of the dusty, sleeping town before the renovation can get some idea of the ever-increasing scope of the undertaking.

When, in June of 1928, Dr. Goodwin revealed at a town meeting that Mr. Rockefeller was in back of the project, it was understood that the latter would finance the whole operation, even if the costs ran to four or five million dollars. No one could possibly have realized that thirty years later the work would still go on, that the total cost would have soared to more than seventy million, and that the Rockefeller brothers would continue to finance new acquisitions.

Once begun, the ambition to round out every aspect of a restored area becomes as compelling to the trustees as it is to the professionals on the team. The property of Widow Custis, the Martha who was to marry George Washington, is a case in point. Only a fragment of the kitchen outbuilding now stands, for the house and gardens were in time gradually engulfed by the expanding mental institution, but the ground plans, the interior detail, and the avenue of trees which bordered the estate are all known, and all this will be more than a gleam in the eye when the title is cleared and the funds are available.

Upwards of a million visitors come to Williamsburg each year, a third of them repeaters. They return to saturate their children in the spirit of the place, to see anew George Seaton's stirring film *The Story of a Patriot*, which portrays so vividly the anguish of indecision in the days leading to independence — whether to be loyal to the King or to stand up against the grievances. They come back to marvel at the handmade beauty of the town, to sense the snugness as the little houses light up of an evening, to watch the militia drill,

to enjoy the taverns, and to feel at day's end a re-identification with a young, audacious America.

A DETECTIVE OF HISTORY

Since 1957 **IVOR NOËL HUME** has been the chief archaeologist at Williamsburg, and in his delightfully detailed book, **HERE LIES VIRGINIA** (Knopf, \$7.95), he combines the faculties of a trained historian and detective, expert at unearthing the past. Old cellars, wells, and trash pits are the mines he explores, and from the fragments of glass, the pottery, the old buttons, or a rusted flintlock, he recreates the life which actually went on in these dwellings.

He begins by describing the three periods of settlement: the sixteenth-century adventures on Roanoke Island and the mystery of the Lost Colony; then Jamestown; and on to the security and flowering of Williamsburg in the eighteenth century. He writes easily and imaginatively of the little ships which must have been so claustrophobic during the five months' voyage; of the constant fear of fire and the sniping Indian which haunted the settlers once ashore; and of the massacres, like that of 1622, of which no one seems to have been forewarned. "Getting down to hard work," says Mr. Hume, "was not the strong suit of Englishmen in the golden age of Elizabeth."

His best chapters are those in which, by piecing together and by his remarkable power of deduction, he leads us to see the life that went on in the great houses which tobacco built, or the equally vivid activity, let us say, in the jail. Nothing escapes his notice; the seals with which a wealthy planter like Robert Carter embossed his wine bottles are just as telling to him as the clay pipes, the silver teaspoons, or the fragments of Rhenish stoneware dated 1661 which he found in the ruins of the first State House at Jamestown. When the cesspit of the Williamsburg jail was explored, there came to light a massive padlock, iron leg shackles, then a skeleton, and, last but not least, gilt and brass buttons which helped to establish when this building was destroyed. The jail could never have been a bed of roses; and there must have been no little satisfaction when the detested British General Henry Hamilton, known as the "Hair Buyer General" because of the way he sicced his Indians on the nonmilitary, was captured and locked up in it for more than a year.

In this book one sees the earthiness, the intimacy of a famous settlement. Mr. Hume has the light touch of an English stylist and a sense of humor which prevents his archaeology from ever being tedious. Some of the people he is dealing with did things on a large scale. I remember on one of my visits to Westover, Sir William Byrd's



Why Mrs. White never lights the oven any more -without looking inside first

Irene White of Oakland, Maine, still tells this one on her husband, Clayton.

It seems that on moving day Clayton thought it would be a good idea to put his Savings Bonds and other valuable papers in a safe place. He picked the oven.

Like most safe places, it was completely forgotten. Until next morning when they lit the stove—and Clayton smelled something burning.

The story has a happy ending, though. Clayton sent the charred remains of the Savings Bonds to the

Treasury Department and received new ones in exchange.

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famous plantation, asking old Uncle Jim why there was no chapel close to the big house. "Oh, but there was, suh," he said. "You can see the foundations of it right over there. After Sunday services Sir William would ask his friends to come back for a drink, and, well, some of them would stay until Wednesday. It was Lady Byrd who stopped all that. She made him build a new chapel a couple of miles from here."

A DETECTIVE IN WAR

Sir William Stephenson, M.C., D.F.C., is a quiet Canadian who received his first decorations as an aviator in World War I. At the end of World War II the Presidential Medal for Merit and a baronetcy were conferred upon him for his brilliant, inconspicuous success in drawing America and Britain into a closer, protective partnership during the peril of 1940, and in thwarting German spies, sympathizers, and saboteurs on this side of the Atlantic. In *ROOM 3603* (Farrar, Straus, \$4.50) H. MONTGOMERY HYDE shows what manner of man he was and how he operated.

Stephenson had built up a comfortable fortune in Britain in the 1920s, and it was his friendship with a fellow Canadian, Lord Beaverbrook, which brought him to the attention of Winston Churchill when Britain stood alone. Churchill sent him to America to set up the secret, highly intelligent outfit known as the British Security Coordination. Working first from his apartment and then in his headquarters in Room 3603 at 630 Fifth Avenue, "Little Bill" Stephenson was quick to win the trust and admiration of "Big Bill" Donovan. Unobtrusive and wonderfully farsighted in his undercover work, liked and trusted by Lord Lothian, FDR, and J. Edgar Hoover, Little Bill began his mission by building up a climate favorable to Britain at the time when the America-firsters and even our ambassador in London had written the English off. As his organization grew—it was to number in the end more than 3000 agents—he was better able to intercept the German strategy and to intervene against the Germans' economic warfare in Latin America and against those subsidiaries of I. G. Farben which were being quietly poisonous in this country. Little Bill's swiftness to act, his ability to confound, his uncanny anticipation of where and how the Germans would react, his coolness when pressed, and, above all, his secretiveness are the attributes of an admirable chief of intelligence. If the author occasionally overestimates his influence, we can charge it off to hero worship. When Sir Winston recommended Little Bill for a knighthood, he appended the note to the King, "This one is dear to my heart."



Reader's Choice

BY WILLIAM BARRETT

WALTER LIPPMANN has said of himself that he is a man leading a double life. As a philosopher he deals with the general problems that are the background for his day-to-day observations of men and events; his journalism, on the other hand, has been a "laboratory in which to test the philosophy and keep it from becoming too abstract." In fact, the two lives have been one and indivisible; and in *THE ESSENTIAL LIPPMANN*, a selection from his books and columns made with painstaking care by Professors Clinton Rossiter and James Lare (Random House, \$7.50), the writings of theorist and journalist fit smoothly together without any makeshift joint. Indeed, it is just this dual function of philosopher and journalist that has given Mr. Lippmann his unique stature as a political writer. Over the last thirty years his column, "Today and Tomorrow," has come to have the authority of a national institution.

This collection, a large and impressive one, ranges over the writings of more than fifty years. During that time Mr. Lippmann's politics often varied. He backed Republicans or Democrats as the occasion seemed to require, and during the leftist 1930s he looked like an archconservative to the more ardent New Dealers. But however his politics may have varied, his political philosophy has remained singularly consistent. He believes in liberal democracy, but this does not mean that he has any mystical worship of the majority. Fifty-one percent of the people, he tells us, do not necessarily have a greater wisdom than forty-nine percent. The rule of the majority is simply to save us from the reign of brute force. What is essential to our constitutional democracy is that this will of the majority can be exercised only under the law.

It was this emphasis upon law that made Mr. Lippmann seem to swing far to the right in the 1930s, when many intellectuals, under Marxist influence, thought legal principles and institutions unimportant beside the need to save a failing economy. However, in the late 1950s he was pulling on the other oar and chiding the Eisenhower Administration for not meeting urgent problems of

social welfare. Here again, there is no inconsistency of principle; he was simply putting emphasis where it was needed at the time in order to restore the balance in our political thinking.

James Reston of the *New York Times* has called Mr. Lippmann "the great simplifier." The phrase, though facetious, is a fine compliment. The art of simplification — an important and difficult one — requires a thorough grasp of one's materials and a mind that can cut through irrelevancies toward the essentials. With his simple and perspicuous style Mr. Lippmann has achieved a rare mastery of the short column of 1500 or 2000 words. The column always has a single central point, clearly stated and often repeated; qualifying and subordinate points are neatly arranged so as not to obscure the central issue; and when one arrives at the last period, one feels that a "Q.E.D." could be neatly tacked on.

In making intricate things simple, he has sometimes seemed a pontifical writer to some people. "Pundit" was the invariable epithet *Time* magazine applied to him. In fact, as this collection shows, Mr. Lippmann has always been a man of great humility of mind; and the words he wrote in 1915 apply very well to himself: "This is what kills political writing, this absurd pretense that you are delivering a great utterance. You never do. You are just a puzzled man making notes about what you think." The notes of this puzzled man have probably done as much to educate the American electorate as any other writings in our time.

SINFUL CITIES

Young writers tend to make transparent and undisguised use of personal experience. When the experience is out of the ordinary, it may bring a shock of surprise or serve to open our eyes to some strange and unnoticed stratum of society. But sensational material also has its drawbacks for the novelist; it can lack the range and depth of feeling to be found in more familiar human relationships, and in big doses it runs the risk of becoming monotonous, as too much spice will jade any palate.

JOHN RECHY'S *CITY OF NIGHT* (Grove, \$5.95), a first novel, is the

story of a young man's adventures as a homosexual prostitute in the big cities of America — New York, Los Angeles, Hollywood, New Orleans. His story begins and ends in El Paso, but his unsavory career starts in New York. One of the many young fellows, broke and hungry, hanging around Times Square, he lets himself be picked up by a middle-aged man. The experience terrifies but also fascinates him, and, anyway, he needs the money. Thereafter Times Square becomes a regular beat.

When Mr. Rechy is writing in straightforward reportorial style, some of his single incidents and characters emerge in remarkable and lurid life. One of the best chapters has to do with another young man, Pete, who works the same beat and with whom the narrator becomes friends. They combine forces and sometimes go out together with the same client. The pathetic thing about the friendship is the complete emotional confusion and emptiness under their surface bravado. Two small boys lost in the night of the big city, in their loneliness they hold hands, but that is as far as they go. Neither knows where he stands on the question of his sex.

Unfortunately, Mr. Rechy does not stick to simple reporting; his style turns lyrical and subjective in the worst way, and he tries to build a book too big and ambitious for his talent to manage. Inevitably, the sheer sexual mania becomes monotonous, and the characters, interesting for a while as grotesques, become bores. The more soul-searching Mr. Rechy goes in for, the more he leaves doubt that the narrator is not being quite honest about himself or his experience. "No, I'm not what you think I am!" he cries out time and again to the men to whom he is giving himself. The literature of the confessional loses a great deal of its power when the person confessing pretends he was not really involved in what he was doing.

CHARLES WRIGHT'S *THE MESSENGER* (Farrar, Straus, \$3.95), also a first novel and dealing with a similar urban underworld, avoids Mr. Rechy's mistakes of self-inflation. Spare and quiet in style, less a novel than a series of vignettes, the book carries the reader immediately and easily into the bustle, the sights, sounds, and smells of the streets of New York.

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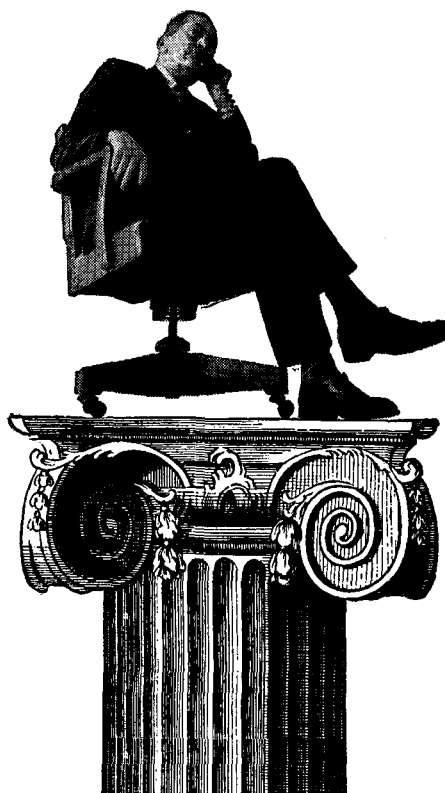
Few writers in any generation have created as strong an impression on their contemporaries as did Albert Camus. These notebooks, begun in 1935 and continued until his death in 1960, provide the closest thing to an autobiography that we will ever see.

Here in the first of three volumes are the young Camus' ideas for future works, reflections on death and war, his youthful feelings about women, his response to loneliness, art, and the Algerian sun and sea, as well as snatches of remembered conversations and excerpts from books he was reading. This is the spiritual and intellectual record of Camus up until the time when the publication of *The Stranger* in France made him famous.

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Mr. Wright is a young Negro, born in Missouri but now living in New York. Until recently he worked as a messenger in Rockefeller Center. In some ways, it seems, the job was a privileged one for a budding novelist, since it sent him to all parts of the city and enabled him to encounter all manner of people. The protagonist here is also a messenger with the full range of the city. Mr. Wright does not get in front of his own camera; he is almost the pure spectator, letting his characters walk in and out of his book as naturally as his hero lets them walk in and out of his life. As a novel, it is very slight, but manages nevertheless to carve out a pretty large slice of New York life; and it is all done with an economy of means that would be admirable in an older writer but is little short of amazing in a first novel. Mr. Wright is that rare thing, a natural writer, and it is to be hoped that this novel is a portent of many fine things to come.

NOVELISTS-ESSAYISTS

What ever happened to the essay? A very good answer to this question, so commonly asked, is provided by **FIRST PERSON SINGULAR: ESSAYS FOR THE SIXTIES** (Dial, \$4.50), a very lively and readable collection edited by Herbert Gold: the essay is far from dead, it is simply undergoing an evolution. Though the old-fashioned rambling essay has now only a few successful practitioners, its place is being taken by a new and exciting form, halfway between reportage and fiction, which employs all the descriptive and anecdotal resources of the novelist's imagination. And, as could be expected, the more successful writers of this kind of essay — like James Baldwin, Mary McCarthy, Saul Bellow, Elizabeth Hardwick — are normally writers of fiction. Novelists today find it harder and harder to go off by themselves and write their novels; they are so involved with the issues that trouble our world that they need, from time to time, to drop the masks of fiction, get on the stage themselves, and speak their minds directly and bluntly.

The new essay is a literary form with immense possibilities. Saul Bellow, for example, writing here about Khrushchev and his two visits to this country, can give his novelist's imagination free rein in trying to

assemble some human picture of the man beneath all the buffoonery and threats. Is the result fact or fiction? One cannot be sure; but in any case it is a portrait in depth suggestive of a more profound human truth than can be found in the tedious analyses by Kremlinologists.

Sometimes the issues that draw the novelist to the essay are so urgent that they may, at least for the time being, turn his best energies away from fiction. Such is the case with James Baldwin, whose finest writing recently has been not in his novels but in his various tracts on the Negro question. Two eloquent essays here, on Negro housing in New York, were clearly the spadework for his subsequent book *The Fire Next Time*. However, the novelist sometimes ventures into the essay form out of sheer playfulness, as in Mary McCarthy's "America the Beautiful," which seeks to refute the common cliché that ours is a materialistic country. From sentence to sentence she seems as surprised and delighted as a child at the next unsuspected and clever thing that will pop out of her mouth.

Nearly all the contributions are so well done that it seems unfair to single out individual names. My only cavil is directed at the editor's subtitle, which would seem to imply that the collection announces some new and special literary climate for this decade. Ever since the 1920s and 1930s Americans have tended to think each decade must bring forward a new literary generation and bear its own distinct literary physiognomy. If this book is any evidence, the sixties are all variety and no unity. More protest and dissent are in the air now than ten years ago, and the tone of vigorous dissent runs throughout these essays. But the dissent comes from every quarter of the compass, is supported by convictions of every shade and stripe, so that there hardly seems to be any unified climate of opinion among the literati — and perhaps that is all to the good. Moreover, such oldsters in this collection as Mary McCarthy, Nelson Algren, and William Saroyan were formed in an earlier period and can hardly be taken as spokesmen for a new generation.

COURAGEOUS WOMAN

MARGARET BOURKE-WHITE'S PORTRAIT OF MYSELF (Simon and Schuster, \$5.95) is a spirited account of an

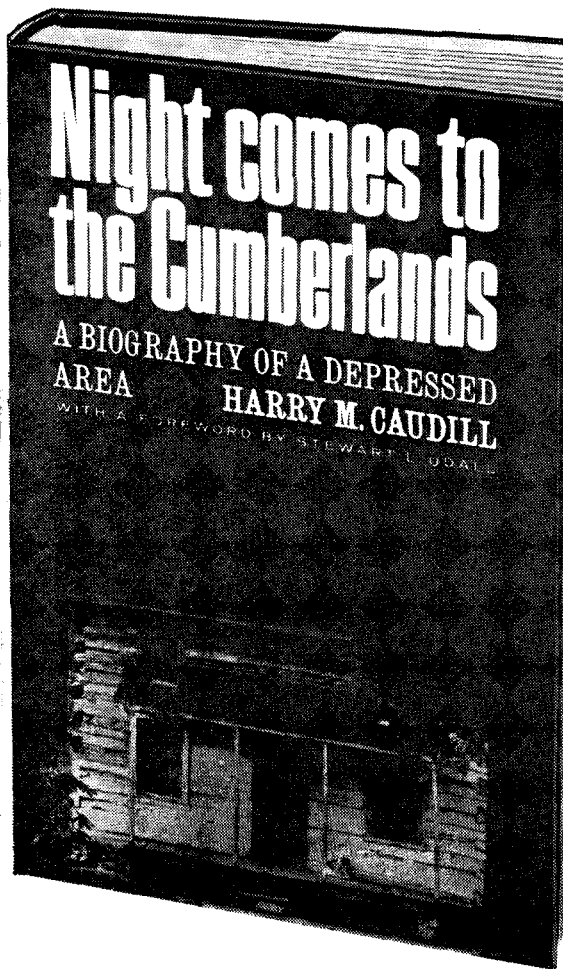
indomitable and energetic woman's rise to fame as a photographer and her subsequent gallant and successful struggle against a near-fatal disease. As a story of human courage, told simply and gaily, it is a most moving book.

Miss Bourke-White became a professional photographer through a series of accidents. A number of bad investments by her father left the family penniless at his death. One of the few possessions she was able to salvage was a camera with a cracked lens. With only an amateur's knowledge of photography, she went to work taking shots of the Cornell campus, where she was then a student. The finished photographs, fuzzy and shadowy as Corots, were offered for sale to her fellow Cornellians. To her surprise the pictures were eagerly bought up, and she was in business — for life, as it turned out.

A flair for the pictorial possibilities in industry led her to photograph, at great pains and danger to herself, the steel mills and furnaces near Cleveland. These early photographs came to the attention of Henry Luce, who was just then preparing to launch a new pictorial magazine. Miss Bourke-White joined the staff of *Life*, and for twenty years she was one of the mainstays of that magazine.

One of her most fortunate talents seems to have been an unusual capacity to infect other people with her enthusiasms. When she was broke and just starting out, she could get camera dealers to lend her equipment, and she could persuade tough foremen to let her hang around dangerous blast furnaces. It was a talent that helped her to wangle her way past many official barriers; she was one of the first Westerners, for example, allowed to photograph Russian industry. And she was even able, when she photographed him, to coax the ghost of a smile into the granite face of Stalin himself.

It was a cruel irony that this woman who was always on the go should be stricken by Parkinson's disease, which threatened her with total paralysis. But, luckily, before the disease was too far advanced, a new and miraculous surgical treatment had been found, and the operation upon her was successful. Nevertheless, she had, doggedly and painfully, to learn to use her limbs and body all over again. She never quit;



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and during the long years of her sickness, surgery, and slow recovery, she worked on this book, a testament to an undaunted spirit.

REUNION ALBUM

Despite the pressures of wealth and class, a rich girls' school need not be a hive of conformists. In the school described in *MISS BANNISTER'S GIRLS* by **LOUISE TANNER** (Farrar, Straus, \$4.50), all sixteen members of the class of 1940 turn out to be weirdly individual. The school is located in New York, geographically in the neighborhood of Miss Chapin's — which, incidentally, the author herself attended, though there is the usual disclaimer that no actual school is intended. Fictitious or not, Miss Bannister's has enough colorful inmates to satisfy any reader. This novel does not make any claims to profundity, social analysis, or even to being literature; but as a simple class album, etched in acid, its cattiness is unrestrained and delightful.

Nancy Young, the narrator, is a little bit out of place in the school because her father, a Columbia professor, is not only poor but a New Deal Democrat to boot. Much put upon by her more affluent friends, Nancy is now having her well-earned revenge by writing a report of them twenty years later. The anecdotes of school life are blended very cleverly with the girls' later careers, so that we see not only the continuities in their lives but the comeuppances that were long in the making. Miss Bannister's claimed to turn out "the well-rounded girl," but the most rounded part of some of the girls seems to be their heels. Wicky Adams, for example, class beauty and sexpot, has made a habit of stealing the other girls' boyfriends. She is a little less dazzling, though, glimpsed as she is pushing forty, with her features already a little bloated by alcohol. Her second marriage has broken up, and the only men she can now steal she deserves. But Nancy does not have a poison pen for all her classmates. Some of them are likable, some pathetic, a few have somber histories. Nevertheless, the dominant mood of the book is flippant and acidulous.

The sixteenth case history, of course, is Nancy herself; and there, as you might expect, the author runs into some difficulties. A catty nov-

elist has unlimited freedom to make fun of other people, but she seems always required for some reason or other to take herself seriously.

HONEST EROTICISM

Justice has now been done to that much-beleaguered heroine Fanny Hill, who, imprisoned for more than two centuries below the counter, can now emerge into the open daylight of our bookstores. **JOHN CLELAND'S MEMOIRS OF A WOMAN OF PLEASURE** (Putnam's, \$6.00) is certainly a classic in the only sense of this word that counts — it has endured.

Cleland wrote deliberately to inflame the sexual desire of the reader, and in this he succeeds. To accomplish this is no mean feat when one considers that most modern writers leave the experience of sex ugly and unappetizing. His is honest pornography, and, as such, healthy and wholesome in its instincts, though you might not want to leave it lying around for your young daughter to read. In comparison with the simperings of our girly magazines, his vigor and directness are like a breath of fresh air.

He is also a writer of considerable skill and refinement. Apart from its erotic interest, the novel gives a graphic picture of its age. The situations it depicts must not have been uncommon in 1749, when it was first published. As the countryfolk were being uprooted, many young girls, flocking to London, must have followed Fanny Hill's profession. Even those who obtained service in more legitimate households might be pressed into much the same condition at the hands of their masters.

Peter Quennell, in his introduction, remarks that Fanny Hill and the other young ladies in her establishment would have shuddered at some of the language in *Lady Chatterley's Lover*. The Georgians may have been earthy in their pleasures, but they pursued them with grace and refinement. But something else in *Lady Chatterley* might have disturbed Fanny Hill much more deeply — the amount of self-consciousness and intellectualization with which Lawrence surrounds the act of love. For the Georgians sex was to be pursued as a pleasure and not as an intellectual program. What mars a good deal of modern writing about the subject is that it is really about sex in the brain.

POTPOURRI

BY PHOEBE ADAMS

PAMELA HANSFORD JOHNSON, wife of C. P. Snow, is an accomplished novelist in her own right. Her latest book, **NIGHT AND SILENCE WHO IS HERE?** (Scribner's, \$4.50), is clearly the result of personal observation of the academic world in the United States, but unlike most satirical novels on this topic, it reveals no personal grievance whatsoever. Miss Johnson simply thinks the whole outfit monstrously funny, and backs her opinion with a comic tale of life in a mythical university somewhere in the New Hampshire ski country. In addition to dismantling a dozen types of learned lunacy, she has invented, and solidly supports, a truly impressive piece of critical research. One of her characters is busily proving that Emily Dickinson was an alcoholic. This enterprise wobbles through the book, ridiculous, unlikely, and obliquely persuasive, for Ruddock's rum theory, presented deadpan in a more suitable context, would in fact be respectable, bolstered as it is with interminable quotations from the poems. It is satire of a high order that gets its deadliest effects without resort to exaggeration.

In 1860, **RICHARD BURTON**, that unorthodox Victorian and irrepressible explorer of odd places and odder people, undertook to visit the Mormons in Salt Lake City. He had, after all, done rather well in Mecca and Harar, and the supply of holy cities is not unlimited. The book that he wrote about his journey, **THE CITY OF THE SAINTS** (Knopf, \$8.50), has been reprinted, edited by Fawn M. Brodie, whose introduction is a good, sympathetic short biography of Burton. A sloppy but spirited and highly intelligent writer, Burton is still excellent reading, jumbling together practical advice, anthropology, descriptions of landscape, complaints of the weather and the cooking, references to Africa and the Orient, and comic asides. He is sometimes a bit like Dumas and again a bit like Twain, but essentially a nonesuch and well worth reviving.

HARRY M. CAUDILL'S NIGHT COMES TO THE CUMBERLANDS (Atlantic-Little, Brown, \$6.75) is a quietly hor-

rifying study of a region which it is flattery to call a national disgrace. A Kentuckian by birth, Mr. Caudill is a lawyer and state legislator, and well qualified to describe the bloody history and current misery of the Cumberland area. The district was first ignored by the authorities, the early settlers being a hopelessly lawless lot, and later stripped bare by irresponsible coal companies. That the ignorant, clannish, intransigent mountaineers connived inadvertently in their own ruin is no consolation for the poverty and hopelessness that have settled over the whole Cumberland Plateau. Mr. Caudill's account of the situation is clear and knowledgeable and, considering the infuriating nature of his material, presented with great restraint.

HAL BORLAND'S WHEN THE LEG-ENDS DIE (Lippincott, \$4.50) gives a frontier setting to the fashionable themes of rootlessness and isolation. His hero is an Indian boy whose childhood is spent in the Stone Age world of his ancestors. When his parents die, he is scooped into a reservation school and from there booted into the twentieth century, where he becomes a successful rodeo rider. The whole thing understandably remains an irrelevant bad dream to Bear's Brother, and the book's optimistic conclusion is its least convincing feature. The antique Indian life, however, is fascinating, the rodeo episodes are a lively muddle of action and chicanery, and Mr. Borland's descriptions of Colorado scenery are enough to make one give up civilization forever.

In editing **THE CONCISE ENCYCLOPEDIA OF MODERN WORLD LITERATURE** (Hawthorn, \$15.00), Geoffrey Grigson ordered his contributors, an international assemblage of literary critics, to write their opinions of authors' work and forget minor biographical details. The result of this editorial instruction is a collection of short literary essays, weak on mundane facts but strong on quotation and full of the kind of unbridled enthusiasm and uncontrolled malice that are normally printed only over a signature. Presented anonymously, this mixture of insult and adulation seems a bit unsporting, unless one simply blames it on Mr. Grigson, who candidly explains his responsibility for the nature of the book. Despite all this, the book has merit. One cannot read a page of it without being driven to think.



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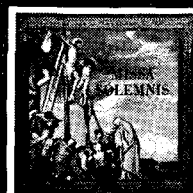
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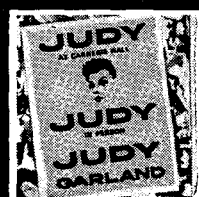
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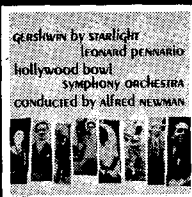
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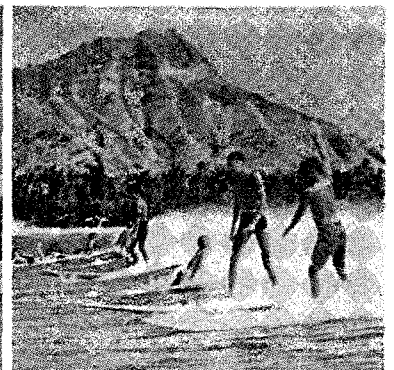
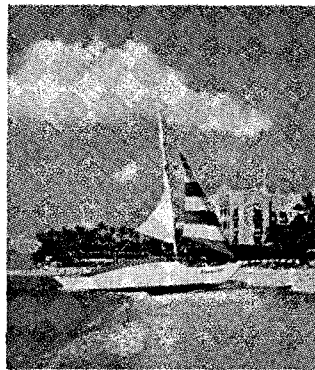
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